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June Allyson: She's No Angel

James Dean: Excitement for the Lovelorn?

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LOVEJOY NICOL SULLIVAN BENNETT

Produced by SAMUEL J. BRISKIN • Directed by ANTHONY MANN • Screenplay by VALENTINE DAVIES and BEIRNE LAY, Jr. • Story by Beirne Lay, Jr.

A Paramount Picture
STILL JUNE—Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher had to change the date of their wedding again! Just after they announced it would be June 17, the anniversary of their first date together last year, Eddie had a wonderful offer to appear for several weeks at the Palladium in London. With that time out, he couldn't work ahead far enough to film all his TV shows before June 17. So now the wedding is set for the end of June. "But still June," insists Debbie. Meantime she, accompanied by her mother, went to London to enjoy Eddie's triumph there. But despite that trip, she and Eddie still plan a two-month honeymoon in Europe this Summer. Before leaving she told us her matron of honor will be her sister-in-law, Joyce Reynolds, and her bridesmaids will be Lori Nelson, Peggy King, and an old friend from her Burbank high school days, Jeanette Johnson.

LORI'S DATES—Debbie's close friend, Lori Nelson, who gave one of the first bridal showers for the future Mrs. Fisher, admitted she was very happy to be busy making "The Jagged Edge" because her two favorite dates, Tab Hunter and Bob Francis, were both out of town. Tab was in Europe on vacation, Bob on an extended p.a. tour with "The Long Gray Line." Lori won't say which of the handsome lads is ahead in the romantic race. But in her dressing room where there used to be only a picture of Tab, there is now also a photograph of Bob.

THEY DID—Dan Dailey and Gwen O'Connor who went to Las Vegas for a surprise wedding ceremony, are adding two more bedrooms and another bath to Dan's small bachelor house in Northridge so there will be plenty of room for Donna, Gwen's daughter by her previous marriage to Donald O'Connor, and Dan III, Dailey's son who visits his dad periodically. Donna will spend most of her time with the Daileys. While all the rebuilding is going on, they're living in Gwen's house in Van Nuys, which they plan to sell after they move to the ranch.

DATA ON DATES—Mary Murphy QUICK Nevada divorce was obtained by Betty Hutton so she and Alan Livingston could wed.

and Dale Robertson definitely plan to wed, but there are legal snags with Dale's ex-wife to be untangled, so it doesn't look as if the wedding will be soon. . . . George Nader and Martha Hyer each date with other gals and guys but all their important dates in the last few months have been together. . . . Rita Moreno and Oreste Kirkop "discovered" each other while making "The Vagabond King" and had lots of dates. But Rita also did the night club circuit with Marlon Brando! However, Rita insists she and Brando are "old friends" and their dates did not indicate romance. . . . Rock Hudson continues to square no one but Phyllis Gates.

TEN HAPPY YEARS—Bob Cum- mings knows "How To Be Very, Very Popular." (That's a plug for his current pic, of course.) Just after the film started his wife Mary presented him with their continued on page 12
Behind these masks lies an excitement the screen has seldom captured...passions, emotions, fierce human hungers that probe deep into the very heart of life itself!

stands alone!
first as a book...
now as a motion picture!

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Coming! – Watch for it at your favorite theatre!
All the Fun of Life is in it!

STEP OUT with Fred and his loveliest entertainment date!

It's all enchantment... and pure delight... because "Lili's" in love with Daddy Long Legs... all the way from Paris to the Waldorf.

Oh Daddy! What Songs!
SOMETHING'S GOTA GIVE - DREAM HISTORY OF THE BEAT - SLUEFOOT WELCOME EGGHEAD CAT SPELLS CAT

Terry Moore Thelma Ritter

with Fred Clark
Ray Anthony (and his orchestra)
All the Joy of Love is in it!... It's the whole world dancing to the music in your heart!

Long Legs Daddy

Starring in 20th CENTURY-FOX'S America's best-loved story becomes its most enchanting musical in CINEMASCOPE. Color by De Luxe.

fourth child, Laurel Anne, and Bob and Mary also celebrated their tenth wedding anniversary. So he gave her ten presents. Because that's the "tin" anniversary, all the presents were in part metal, but only one was actually tin—a pie plate from the 5 and 10, as a gag! The others included a metal and glass dining set, an electric gate to lock the children in the yard, an elaborate shampoo chair, jewelry and a new Buick.

ELOPERS—Julie Adams and Ray Danton didn't wait for the date they had announced for their wedding. Instead, they eloped to Santa Barbara. And the reason they advanced the date was practical, but a laugh. Julie was about to be ousted from her apartment and didn't want to move twice! Her lease expired and she had hoped to stay on for another two months, but the owner wanted to move in. So instead of moving into temporary quarters, she and Ray decided to wed then! Fortunately, they found an apartment just to their liking, and quickly. It has three bedrooms, two baths—and a pool. Because they hope to buy a house in the not-too-distant future, they're furnishing the living room only temporarily with modern rattan and wrought iron pieces which eventually they'll use in the patio of a house. Watch for Ray to get a big, big buildup at U-1 now; he's merely great in "The Lovers." Julie and Ray met and started dating while making this picture.

MAYBE?—Barbara Rush's friends say there is still a chance that she and Jeff Hunter may get back together again, but Jeff's friends don't think so. You guess.

BUSY BABIES — Rosemary Clooney and Jose Ferrer made sure their baby son, Miguel Jose, was started in "the business there's no business like" at a tender age by having him make his debut with them on Ed Murrow's "Person To Person."

CHANGING PARTNERS—No sooner was recording executive Alan Livingston legally free than Betty Hutton hied herself to Las Vegas for a quick Nevada divorce so she and Alan could marry without further delay. Hutton had received a California decree from Charles O'Curran last year, but it wouldn't be final until July and Betty didn't want to wait that long. Meanwhile, Charlie has been whipping up a night club act for Patti Page—and also dating her. . . . Ray Anthony, bandleader turned actor, went to Mexico to divorce Dee Keating, once vocalist with his band. Ray has been dating Mamie Van Doren exclusively, but Mamie denies any plans for marrying Ray. "I'm too wrapped up in my career right now," she said, but also admitted she's "very fond" of Ray.

SHOCKER—You could have knocked us over with one of Edward G. Robinson's chewed-up cigars when his wife Gladys sued him for divorce after 28 years of marriage! She asked for half of their community property which she valued at $3,500,000. Crime—the cinema variety—certainly has paid off for Eddie!

ANOTHER SURPRISE—Even their close friends were amazed when Anne Francis announced she'd start divorce proceedings against Bam Price. Bam says he "loves Anne so much he'll do anything to make her happy"—even including agreeing to the divorce. But he's hoping for a reconciliation. Career conflict can be blamed for this split-up.

ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY—William Holden's 14th anniversary present to wife Brenda will be a long trip through the Orient and Europe this Autumn. They'll take the children out of school six months to make the trip with them, because of its educational value, but will also take a tutor along, too. Among other countries which they will visit will be the Philippines, where Brenda was born.

ALL'S WELL—Confounding the "experts" who keep predicting marital troubles, Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh go merrily along. And now each has a new hobby, not unusual in their household. Janet has started designing clothes which you'll be able to buy in your favorite store soon; they'll be tagged "The Janet Leigh Line for Natlly" and she'll design eight dresses five times a year—quite an assignment. And Tony has taken up the bongo drums! Janet says this doesn't bother her a bit, even when she's concentrating on her designing.

MR. AND MRS. NOTES—Doris Day and Marty Melcher will hire a car and take a leisurely tour of Europe this Summer. . . . Virginia Mayo and Mike O'Shea will have a long vacation in Hawaii. . . . Rory and Lita Calhoun are remodeling and refurbishing the house and other buildings on their Ojai ranch and Rory's doing a lot of the work himself. . . . Pilar Palette, who once was an airline hostess, is urging continued on page 69
VACATION in Hawaii is the Summer plan of Virginia Mayo and hubby Mike O'Shea.

THEY date others, but Martha Hyer and George Nader are happiest when together.

Pleased by turnout for him in hometown, Kirk Douglas and Anne Buydens celebrate.

Jane's got Jeff

...living every passionate page of Anya Seton's Best Seller!

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CO STARRING

DAN DURYEA

WITH MARA CORDAY · BARTON MACLANE · FRIEDA INESCORT

Directed by JOSEPH PEWEY · Screenplay by KETTI FRINGS · Produced by AARON ROSENBERG
GREG chatting with Katy Jurado at Foreign Correspondents' party.
THE PRIVATE REVOLT OF GREGORY PECK!

Greg, the wanderer who finally returned home, is quietly, but insistently, declaring his independence

By BILL TUSHER

IN HOLLYWOOD, as in other targets for the caprices of fate, the portents of a gathering storm are frequently laughed away and not called back to memory until after the disaster, once ridiculed as unimaginable, has struck.

It scarcely seems ten years ago that a tinseltown beauty sidled over to Gregory Peck at a Hollywood party, draped her predatory arm around his manly shoulders, and with an audacity common to the breed, whispered in his ear, "Darling, I'm going to be alone tonight. How about you?"

Gregory Peck's fatal charm for errant females, then as now, was no secret. The self-control he was famous for exercising found no echo in the prowling women of the cocktail set who for more than a decade fixed him with acquisitive glances, and often accompanied their adoring appraisals with brazen propositions that fell on deaf, often amused, ears.

When blonde, almost imperturbable Greta Peck recalled the incident to which she had been a gaping eye-witness, she confessed, "I was so darn mad, I thought I'd hit her. But I shouldn't get mad; I should remember that a movie star isn't supposed to have a wife. It isn't tactful."

A movie star isn't supposed to have a wife. It isn't tactful!

Greta had dusted off the fleeting threat to the man of her heart with wit and sophistication. Only time, the great unmasker, was to reveal that her riposte also had the gift of prophecy.

The fact is that today, tall Lincolnesque Gregory Peck, the movie star in question, no longer has a wife, and from the evidence Greta Peck poured into the record in a Santa Monica divorce court, it was broadly suggested

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QUARTET of glamorous personalities features Greg, Marlon Brando, Maureen O'Hara and hostess Marguerite Piazza (left) at her soiree.
that the restrictions of marriage indeed were not tactful.

Throughout the three years of their growing estrangement, there were recurrent signs that the dark-haired movie idol was growing restive under the restraints of marriage. Whether with reason or not, his name was linked repeatedly in the gossip marts with other women. And while he did not dignify most of these reports with denials, his silence gave license to new and more captivating rumors.

Today his affections have been transferred from a devoted wife and mother three years his senior to a gamin-like Gallic doll 17 years his junior. And between the time he tired of Greta and the time he became enamored of the lovely Véronique Passani, a 22-year-old French-newspaperwoman, there were rumored to have been numerous other dalliances during Peck’s two years of itinerant movie-making away from the American mainland—and away from his wife.

Greg’s name was paired with Audrey Hepburn before she married his friend, Mel Ferrer. The matchmakers coupled him with Hildegarde Neff when he made a film with her in Germany, and a romance was rumored with pert British actress Jane Griffiths.

However, more than six years ago, long before Greg became a globe-trotting movie idol, he established what was to become a pattern when he went AWOL from home for two days.

But as the surprising denouement to the romance of the aspiring young actor and the Broadway hairdresser ultimately unfolded, it developed that Greg himself proved something of a prophet in his pre-breakup statements to Greta that “we would be better friends if we weren’t married.”

Greta well may be doing an artful job of masking her heartbreak, but from all appearances they now are better friends. When Greg visits the palatial Pacific Palisades home which went to Greta in the fabulous settlement he made upon her, all is sweetness and light—albeit not romance.
EARLY contentment of Greg and Greta’s marriage dissolved into friction. Love of their sons (Jonathan, below) staved off divorce at first.

saw signs of the coming storm

To be sure, the main reason for those visits—which he made virtually every spare moment when he returned from Europe—was to be with his three sons, Jonathan, 10; Stephen, 8 and Carey, 5. Greg is a proud and loving father. No matter what other dream castles have crumbled for Greg and Greta, their devotion to their children is undiminished. Both were genuinely scrupulous throughout their difficult period of adjustment to avoid the slightest act that would jeopardize the emotional welfare or the security of the boys.

As a matter of fact, it is Peck’s profound concern for his children rather than his professed jealousy of his privacy that would seem to explain his unyielding refusal to discuss with anyone his personal affairs.

Although Greta did not regale the public with lurid details of any triangle, the impassive Finnish beauty was not content to seek her freedom on general grounds of incompatibility. In addition to portraying Greg as a mysteriously absentee hus-

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A brilliant career has brought Peck into contact with many of the movies most glamorous women.

LOVE scene with Anne Baxter was feature of Western, "Yellow Sky."
band, she cited several instances that certainly were not calculated to fit his noble head for a halo.

She seemed particularly put upon as she related Greg's alleged reaction when she rented a five-bedroom home near Paris.

"It had central heating and two fireplaces," she testified, "but he belittled my efforts by calling it a miserable cold-barn, and he stayed away from home."

Interestingly enough, it was in Paris, too—from whence hails the lovely Veronique Passani—where Greg was accused of another affront that pointed up the mounting hopelessness of their marriage. She told of the time she and Greg had been invited to spend the evening at the home of their friends, Dr. and Mrs. Jack Voskamp.

"We went there together and stayed an hour or so," Greta related, "and he decided to leave. He got his coat and hat and was going down the stairs. I followed him and asked if he wanted me to go along, and he said it really didn't make any difference. I went back and I stayed the night. I saw him the next afternoon."

Two days after Greta paraded Greg's offenses across the courtroom, a strange thing happened. His lawyers entered a categorical denial of Greta's charges of cruelty. But Greg did not undertake to disprove any of her contentions specifically, nor did he act to contest her divorce action, pointing out in his brief that he was anxious to facilitate a speedy trial. That one short-lived protest was the only luxury of justification Greg allowed himself.

Greg's amours before and since the divorce have been largely subjects of groping, uninformed speculation—either because he didn't have as many amours as commonly supposed, or because he was too much of a gentleman to flaunt them, and too clever and discreet a gentleman to be caught indulging the continental pleasures that—supposedly—were providing him with diversion.

But, either out of guile or as an honest by-product of standards he refuses to compromise, Greg has kept Hollywood guessing. And the more Hollywood guesses, the more it romanticizes. And the more it romanticizes, the more mysterious and glamorous does the Peck legend get.

The one time Hollywood thought it had the goods on Greg romantically was when he was persistently linked with Audrey

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Hepburn during and after the shooting of "Roman Holiday" in Rome. The fact that Greta had taken a villa with Greg on the outskirts of Rome, only shortly thereafter to bundle up the children and leave, did nothing to discourage this.

Peck himself called the reports of a romance with Audrey ridiculous. But he startled reporters when he told them:

"Certainly I love her, but not like you think. We worked together as a team on that picture and very often dined together. I consider her one of the best friends I have."

Whatever Greg's intention, that kind of talk did not put out the fire. Quite the contrary, it added fuel to it.

Back in Hollywood to make "Sabrina," Audrey, too, pooh-poohed the Peck romance reports.

"Actually," Audrey admitted ingenuously, "you have to be a little bit in love with your leading man and vice versa. If you're going to portray love, you have to feel it. You can't do it any other way. But you don't carry it beyond the set. To be convincing, you have to fall in love a little."

Audrey did little to alleviate the confusion when she showed up as Greta Peck's guest several days after Greta's Independence Day announcement of her separation from Greg.

"Greta is one of my best friends," Audrey said, which was just what Greta said of Audrey when asked about it.

But in retrospect, the capper to Audrey's denial of a romance with Greg came when she told me:

"We made a movie together. Naturally, we're friends. That's all. I had dinner with Greg a couple of times in Paris, as I did with Mel Ferrer, but it meant absolutely nothing. Everybody exaggerated and made it something it was not."

As everyone now knows, they must have been keeping their eyes on the wrong man. Her Paris lunches with Mel Ferrer, as with Greg Peck, may have meant absolutely nothing, but she ended up marrying the guy.

Probably it is mere coincidence, but nevertheless it has not escaped notice that the fetching Veronique Passani bears a striking resemblance in pixie-like manner and appearance to Audrey. She has the same kind of delicate face, the same bright, dancing eyes, and full red lips.

In the case of Veronique, more than any other girl, Greg has given evidence of being committed by his actions. He has taken characteristic pains to draw a curtain of privacy around his relationship with her, but he has been seen with her too often and in too many places to succeed.

Not only was Greg spotted with Veronique in Madrid, but after he finished "Moby Dick" in the Canary Islands, he...
spent his vacation in Paris, ostensibly the better to be at Veronique's side. He was reported to have toured the Paris night spots with her, to have seen her every day, even to have gone to church with her. One report went so far as to assert that Greg was considering embracing Veronique's faith.

Greg's enchantment with Veronique was so firmly established that her failure to arrive with him upon his return to Hollywood occasioned outspoken surprise. He told newsmen that no definite plans had been made for Veronique to follow him, but not many weeks passed before she landed at Idlewild Airport in New York, and Greg flew in from Hollywood to meet her.

However, as far as Greg was concerned, Veronique, like his divorce, was his private affair, and a press and public consumed with curiosity would have to fight and speculate for every morsel of information.

He remained virtually incommunicado in Hollywood. His studio did not even have a direct telephone by which to contact him. He had to be smoked out via his agents, MCA. And when he landed in New York to greet Veronique, Greg politely but firmly refused to pose for pictures or talk to reporters.

Throughout this whole intriguing interlude, Greg has been the soul of propriety. Nobody can accuse him of seeking notoriety, but gathering from all the hubbub, it is quite obvious that notoriety, quite possibly in vain, is seeking him. As one stymied Hollywood wit was prompted to remark:

"As I always say, if you're going to commit an indiscretion, the least you can do is be discreet about it."

END
She's No Angel

JUNE ALLYSON is delightfully deceiving. She weighs 95 pounds when dripping wet, yet can speak up loud and clear when she thinks she's being pushed around. She doesn't own a mink coat, but is continually described as one of Hollywood's best-dressed. She has a voice with a built-in gurgle, yet leaves all the party singing to husband Dick Powell. She reads medical books and immediately gets symptoms, yet when Richard recently broke his shoulder while skiing, she hovered over him like a little mother.

June always appears crisp and alert, shiny and well-scrubbed. One look at her fragile stature and men immediately offer her their chairs, women turn apple green at her 19-inch waist, and everyone believes she's a wisp of femininity who needs protection.

Dick Powell agrees with this assumption, but adds, "She's more of an off-beat angel."

He has good reason for such a description. He maintains his bride of 10 years has a sensitive streak that runs parallel with a spunkish disposition which occasionally knocks her halo to a cockeyed angle.

Take the other evening. Dick suggested June phone three couples and invite them to meet a friend who was visiting with them. She did that and more. By the time she called Dick at his RKO office, she asked, "What would you like served for dessert?"

"Dessert?" quizzed Powell, "Who eats that at a cocktail party?"

"But, Richard, we're having a sit-down dinner."

"Well," he shrugged, "an informal little party would be nice."

"Oh, did you want a little party?" she replied.

"I wouldn't call three couples exactly a crowd."

Then, he noticed that funny little sound in her voice continued on page 24
Life with Junie means delicious complications and Dick adores it

Fireside dinner on a tray, with records playing, is a favorite evening diversion at the Powells—even if Junie spills that coffee.

like a tot's alibi when he's been caught in the cookie jar.

"June, how many have you invited?"

"Forty," she answered meekly.

By the time Powell arrived home, their 16-room house looked like the lobby of the Waldorf-Astoria. A quick count revealed there were 100 guests present. There was no need for quarreling or scolding, for June just looked up at him with trusting eyes and said, "Isn't this fun?" and he could feel his arguments being carefully wound around her finger.

In most matters, Richard, as she always calls him, is boss. When it comes to redecorating the first floor of their canyon home, he has the final word.

There is good reason, too. As June admits, "I'd lived in apartments and hotels most of my life, so running a two-story house was something new and challenging."

In their honeymoon home, June was rather timid about selecting wall paper, fabrics for the furniture and the like. Finally, the decorator, after consulting at great length with Dick, asked, "Doesn't Mrs. Powell have any preferences?"

She got that determined lift to her chin and plunged, "Yes, that paper there," she pointed to a yellow and brown design. "I want that on the wall by the stairway."

"But . . . but," sputtered the decorator.

"That's my decision," she announced and quietly unleashed a freeing sigh. When the wall was papered, the design that seemed so tiny in the sample had expanded into a riot of colors. "Did I do that?" squirmed June, looking at the eyesore.

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CHEEK to cheek dancing still makes Junie swoon—so what if June isn't always an angel.
BUDDING ACTOR Ricky can make as good a face as Ma, should soon rival his father, whom he clearly resembles. Ricky is pushing four.

AWAY to explore "The Farm," their 58-acre Mandeville Canyon estate, go Junie, Ricky and sister Pam. (Right) Nice harsey breaks dawn.
Mischievous Junie has a lark playing with the kids; she doesn't spoil them, but every scolding ends in a hug

“Really, it's not half bad,” mused Dick, “as long as you keep your sun-glasses on.”

The paper stayed on the wall three months. Each time June went upstairs, it was there to remind her that, when it came to decorating, she'd make a good plumber. Eventually, it was re-papered and the event dissolved into a family joke.

Today, June is much wiser in her color schemes. Now, when she wears a smartly tailored black and tan suit, it starts a new fashion trend. Her favorite shade is pink, and she would have every room in the house painted that color if she had her way.

When she reported to Warners to star in “The McConnell Story,” the studio had an oversized portable dressing-room waiting for her. It was pink—right down to the carpet—and boasted a built-in phonograph and telephone. The latter June shies away from. She hates to talk on the phone and her conversations have the same hurried frenzy as if she's rushing to catch a train. It's a different story, however, with the phonograph. Both June and Dick love music. An ideal evening at home is sitting before the stone fireplace in their living-room with a stack of records softly purring on the phonograph. At times like this, June prefers eating on trays before the sputtering fire.

Where June goes, there go the records. Even at the studio, a continuous hit parade of popular tunes announce she is at work. Many of her fellow-players share her penchant for record playing.

“I have to like music,” she reasoned. “Everyone in the house plays an instrument except me. I just listen.”

Dick, whose first professional band engagement was at Indianapolis where he jangled away on a banjo, can play most instruments. His favorite is the trumpet, and he practices occasionally “just to keep my lip.”

June starts hunting for the earmuffs when she sees Richard reaching for the trumpet. “He's really quite good, but when you're doing needlepoint, a sudden blast of music makes the needle jump like a bucking steer.”

Such music sessions don't create any hardship. After all, the Powell home is surrounded by 36 acres, which allows plenty of room to blow off steam or tootle on a trumpet.

“The Farm” is truly a good dubbing for the acreage, for it boasts everything from cows and lambs grazing on the hillside to dogs, cats and even turkeys.

“Once, I had the idea of raising turkeys,” Dick mentioned. “but I hadn't reckoned with June.”

He'd ordered a dozen turkeys, which the family immediately regarded as pets—not investments. When Richard casually brought up the topic of using a hatchet on the birds and putting their future in the deep freeze, June would have none of it. Now, the Powells have 30 turkeys which gobble away like a boisterous chorus whenever any car drives up the long, winding private road to “The Farm.”

RICHARD, who acts, directs, and produces, never becomes too absorbed to advise June on career matters. He reads scripts submitted to her, helps on business arrangements, and occasionally comes on the set to see his lil' woman. Friends agree Richard is June's greatest security. When rumors wildly fly about as they have a habit of doing, Dick shrugs them off. So does June. She knows she'd be lost without him. And he knows life would be much duller, less fun-loving, and boringly uncomplicated without June and her pixilated sense of humor.

The Powells attract friends like they were going out of style. There's always someone visiting at their home. And even when it's a quiet evening with the family, it's a crowd. There are June and Richard, their children, Pamela and Ricky,

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BIKES and bedtime stories keep the Powell sense of humor in top shape. Family "crises" always end up with a discussion over dinner.
JUNE ALLYSON continued

A busy housewife and mom, June becomes a fine, dramatic actress at the studio

her college-age brother, Arthur, Dick's teenage daughter, Ellen, and the three servants.

A crisis in the household usually winds up in a discussion. After-dinner talk bounces from everything to should Ellen speak to the classmate who threw chalk at her in her math course to why Pammie shouldn't "liberate" mom's best perfumes to the revised starting date on the musical version of "It Happened One Night." June is to star in it, and producer Jerry Wald wants Powell to direct it.

When June studies a script, her favorite spot is the bedroom. She piles pillows behind her, places a plate of cookies on the night-stand, and munches while she memorizes.

Dick has taught her to look upon acting as a business. June agrees. When she has a difficult scene, she's untalkative and has the special pink-and-black screen Warners made her put before her dressing-room door. Alone, she concentrates on the dramatic scene, then walks out before the cameras and quietly turns on the tears that the sequence demands.

She seldom has an occasion for such a "rainmaker session"

"THE McCONNELL STORY": This Warner film biography co-stars Alan Ladd and Junie as the great jet ace and his wife.

when she's home. Dick has a placid personality and a dry sense of humor. Recently, she was a little irritated with him. He'd been offered a starring role but turned it down in favor of directing and producing. Finally, he answered the barrage of "whys" with, "I'd rather direct than act. I'm tired of remembering to hold in my stomach."

No one in the Powell household has to worry about calories. Occasionally Dick will drop by the RKO gym and decide he really should go on a diet. This isn't too easy to do with June around. She's a nibbler from the word go. A meal isn't a success in her estimation without two vegetables, potatoes, and gravy. Dick often kids that his petite missus is part cannibal.

But, when Dick kids too much, she'll gently point out that he's the one who spoils the children. For all of her Dresden appearance, June makes the youngsters toe the line. It's quite a sight to see her firmly send Ricky marching to his room when he turns the goldfish bowl over on the carpet. The
"Being together is just our nature. One starts a sentence, and the other will finish"

Gay musical products of a disc jockey's afternoon turntable. The maid appeared and disappeared quietly and pleasantly and Sue herself brought forth chocolate brownies and a steaming jug of coffee. Little Alana burst in from school and proudly showed her mother her homework. Opulent though the English contemporary furnishings were, it was the kind of a lived-in house where you had to push a dog off a couch to sit down. There were children and grownups and dogs all over the place—and there wasn't a note of tension in all the bustling traffic. The thought struck me that in a very real sense this home held not one, but two sets of newlyweds. The quiet re-dedication of Alan and Sue Ladd to their marriage was not to be denied.

To begin with, Sue was downright radiant. I don't know when I've seen her lovelier.

"Will you excuse me?" Sue asked as I settled down to my brownies and coffee. "Alan has intestinal flu. The poor guy is as sick as a dog, and I want to look in on him. I feel so terrible. He got up last night and I didn't hear him. But he didn't want to wake me, so he put on a light and read a script."

Sue did not make a big thing of her solicitude, but it was there as real as life. Throughout the long, pleasant afternoon I spent chatting with her, she periodically took off to check on Alan's wants, and once when Alan felt the healthy pangs of hunger, Sue went to the kitchen, scrambled a few eggs for him, and brought them to him on a tray.

If the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, Sue has the road all to herself. Life without Sue's cooking—as well as life without Sue—would be a nightmare of denial for Alan.

"I usually cook all night," Sue confessed, notwithstanding her ample retinue of household help, "because that's when Alan gets hungry—at night, not during the day. We get out of bed, and drag out the stools in the kitchen, and Alan kind of grins as he sits there and watches me prepare the food. It sort of tempts his appetite. During the day he has very uncomplicated tastes in food, but late at night he seems to have a yen for fancy omelettes, German pancakes that fluff up and roll, cheese souffles and that sort of thing."

**SHARED** fun gives the Ladd home a feeling of relaxation. Above, Alan and David. Right, with Lonnie dining al fresco.
"THE McCONNELL STORY": In Warners' biography, Alan plays the title role of the heroic jet ace, who crashed on a test flight.

Most women would rebel at, and even flee to the divorce courts from a fate that took them from between warm bed covers in the middle of the night and deposited them over a hot stove instead. But Sue's words were not even faintly long suffering. They were the expression of a woman who knew the idiosyncrasies of her marriage—one of the many things that were such fun to her and Alan, one of the little foibles that made them right for each other.

"I guess you'd like to know about the trouble," Sue offered with an understanding smile, thereby relieving both of us of the awkward necessity of verbal parrying and hemming and hawing. The trouble, of course, went back to the momentous day the inseparable Ladds had gone their separate ways—Sue with daughter Alana in tow to visit her Aunt Fanny in Las Vegas, while Alan stayed behind in Hollywood and played golf. It was just after Alan had finished "The McConnell Story," with June Allyson, at Warners, and Sue's trip to Las Vegas had precipitated an instant flood of dispatches that the Ladd marriage, which had sailed so long on a smooth, even course, suddenly had hit the rocks.

Sue's attitude about that unpleasantness was a healthy one of looking the issue squarely in the eye. She took the refreshing position that it was just as bad to sweep it under the rug as it was to blow it up out of all proportion to its actual importance.

"There were some flareups, of course," Sue acknowledged matter-of-factly. "Sometimes people get too busy with other things. I got all enmeshed and too busy to do the things I'd always done.

"You see," she explained, her voice warm, "I always had lunch with Alan. I had lunch with him every day of our lives. This was the secret of our success. We had always done everything together. Then, before I knew it, I had become too busy—and I have only myself to blame for allowing it to happen.

"The essence of it," she smiled ironically, "was that I went to Las Vegas with Alana. I was there Friday, Saturday and Sunday. We came back Sunday night and joined Alan the next morning. But in our business, when you do a thing like that, there are rumors of discord immediately. Actually Alan and I separate so seldom that I guess for us to do this made it a big thing. There are other couples who are always going their separate ways, and nobody actually gives it a

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There are two sides to Susan, but only when you get to know her do you learn the truth about her

By JACK HOLLAND

S USAN HAYWARD is two people. There is the fictional side of the lady, the side that's magnified and emphasized by those who know little or nothing about her. And there is the real side—as seen by those who know her well.

There are all kinds of impressions the uninformed have about Susan Hayward, but perhaps none gets such a gleeful play as the old one: "Doesn't that reserved ever come down? She's always so formal, so business-like."

When Susan hears that, a broad smile crosses her face, her eyes do a twinkle, and she shrugs her shoulders.

"I'm not the 'darling' type, that's all," the star of "Soldier Of Fortune" said, "I'm not and never have been the hail-fellow-well-met type. On first meeting I don't usually shoot my bolt with anyone. It's like meeting an opponent on a football field. In business he measures the opposing player, eyes him, and the first thing he knows he's playing the game. But I'm not aloof and stand-offish."

"Formal? Who's kidding? Cold? Well, I have my warm moments. Reserved? There's a time and place for it."

Some people have said that Susan snubs you at times. "Why, you walk on the set and she doesn't even speak to you," one of her co-workers recently remarked. There is the funny payoff to that—and having known her for several years I know it to be true. Susan is near-sighted. She has a hard time recognizing anyone on a dimly-lit set. Besides, she must watch her step, for there are cables lying around on the floor. She's tripped over a few so she's pretty careful.

You may consider this a pat excuse, but it happens to be a fact.

Actually, Susan likes people—and she likes some of them impulsively from the beginning, even as you and I. However, she hasn't trusted her impulses too much because they have landed her in a few jams. She likes people with a humorous manner, those who are relaxed—because then she can in turn relax. She is shy to an extent—and this has made it difficult for her to know people. And, as she puts it, a lot depends on the mood she might be in.

"Sometimes I feel happy, outgoing," Susan went on, "and continued on page 41"
MARLON BRANDO, another star Hollywood doesn't dig, finds a sympathetic listener in Susan, who also has had her share of criticism.
sometimes I don’t. No one is the same every day. Reactions are different. And, naturally, this affects those I meet.

“I’ve read where I’m too much on the defensive too. I am—if I have something to be on the defensive about. Criticism about my work, for instance, doesn’t make me put my guard up—if it comes from people who know what they’re talking about. I’ll listen to anyone when he has good constructive criticism to offer. Don’t forget that an actress takes criticism and help every day from her directors. She can’t indulge in anything like a defensive attitude. It would interfere with her work.

“I am a friendly person—but I’m definitely not the goody-goody, pollyanna type.”

**Susan** has a basic philosophy in her relationships with people. She has always tried to help those in trouble and is always aware of the basic dignity of a fellow human being—regardless of race, color, or creed. She has no biases or prejudices about people. She puts it very simply when she says, “I just try to do my share—and whenever I can, a little bit more.”

Actually, Susan is a very easy person to get to know. Once she went to dinner at the house of someone she knew well. It was her first time there, though, and yet from the moment she walked in she was gay, carefree, relaxed. She enjoys food and she has a healthy appetite. In this case, the host was celebrated for his excellent cooking. After having generously sampled of his culinary artistry, she was rather uncomfortable so she went into the living room and nonchalantly lay down on the floor. This is not exactly the way an iceberg acts.

No one can know Susan unless he sees her in her own home—and around her children, Timothy and Gregory. You walk into her place and at the least provocation she’ll sit down and play a number on her chord organ for you—or you will find her in the kitchen cooking up a snack for the boys or herself. There is no pretense in this house.

You hear that she is so career-minded that she has no time for anything but her work. Actually her life centers around her twin sons—and don’t let anyone tell you differently.

“I try to be friends with my sons as well as their mother,” Susan said honestly. “And friendship can only result from patience and understanding—and from working at it. My boys and I have a lot of fun together. We go to most of the football and baseball games, we love to go fishing, I attend most of their club meetings at school, and we have many long talks about anything and everything.

“I think if I have tried to instill any one thing in them it’s a feeling of self-reliance. I help Timmy and Gregory to be aware of themselves as individuals, to think for themselves in all things—and especially about their home work. Naturally, I help them with their studies, but I will never do their work for them. If they ask me for the answer to an arithmetic problem, I won’t give it to them. Instead, I’ll encourage them to get it for themselves.

Susan also has a terribly sentimental side. “I always cry at sad movies,” she admits unashamedly. “When I was seeing ‘A Star Is Born,’ I was trying so hard not to cry that the tears went down my throat and choked me. Then I started to cough so I left the theatre. I had to go back a few nights later and see it again. I can never see a parade without

**“SOLDIER OF FORTUNE”:** In her latest film, life takes on a new meaning for dejected Susan when she meets up with devil-may-care adventurer Clark Gable.
"Marriage is for squares"

By PAUL BENEDICT

At the adventurous age of 24, Tab Hunter finds life too exciting to settle down

LOVE-HAPPY HOLLYWOOD simply takes it for granted that Tab Hunter and Lori Nelson are preacher bound. Not long ago while they were driving home from a party, Tab put his arm around Lori. His eyes sparkling mischievously, he said to her:

"The studio wants me to let them be the first to know when we get married. What do I tell them?"

Lori turned her playful blue peepers on Tab, burst out laughing; and cried:

"Tab, how can we possibly get married? I haven't gotten on my knees and proposed yet!"

And that's how it stands. As far as the sandy-haired erstwhile figure skater who vaults to full-fledged romantic stardom with his poignant lovemaking in "Battle Cry," Warners CinemaScope anthem to entertainment and the Marines is concerned, the idea of marriage is, and will continue to be, a laughing matter.

Tab laughs every time the proposition is broached, and his soft, boyish laughter brightened our luncheon at Warners' Green Room when I cornered him on the question of marriage, imminent or ultimate.

"Why should I get married?" he demanded incredulously. "I enjoy myself too much now!"

I started to point out that there was the small matter of Lori Nelson, the demure blonde belle with whom he has been turning up so constantly in the flesh and in gossip columns, but Tab pleasantly ordered an arrested breakfast of bacon and eggs, and expounded on his devotion to the institution of bachelorhood.

"What are the advantages of marriage?" he attacked the subject clinically. "People say the comforts of home and the charm of a wife. Well, they don't prove it to me. I have the comforts of my apartment right now, and when I want the company of a charming girl, I call up and make a date.

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A date with Lori is fun, but young Tab isn’t marriage-minded yet

"I’m in no rush to get married," Tab made his position crystal clear. He looked pretty sharp, but not sharpie in his brown herring-bone tweed coat, tab collared shirt, blue knit tie, ice skate tie clip and clergyman gray slacks. "I’ve seen too many go on the rocks."

I was about to form the words Lori Nelson again when Tab shook his head in puzzlement and sighed:

"I don’t know why everybody in this town wants to push you into getting married. And when you get married, they push you into divorce. They can’t wait for you to get married, and they can’t wait for you to split up. If they don’t see you kiss your wife goodnight, they say there’s a rift."

But how about Lori? I finally got it in. How would this emphatic declaration of independence sit with the sweet girl whose attentions—and affections—had been so thoroughly monopolized by Tab?

"DON’T want to be rushed into marrying Lori," Tab said simply. It wasn’t quite as blunt as it may seem in cold print, nor was it in any way intended as a rebuff to Lori. It merely was the honest statement of the application of Tab’s philosophy of single blessedness to a specific young lady. Quite the contrary, Tab praised Lori to the skies as a friend—but not as a bride-to-be.

"I’m nuts about Lori," Tab told me sincerely. "Lori and I have talked about marriage a lot. But we’ve never discussed us getting married. We merely discussed marriage in general. We’ve discussed it in every possible way. She sees my point.

just like I see her point. Lori and I have a wonderful understanding and a wonderful relationship.

"What other girl," he challenged, "can you not see for months, and then go back and see her, and everything is fine? You know how it is. You get tied up in business. You forget to call and write, and yet she’s so understanding. I’ve never met a girl like this. Most girls are possessive, you know. A possessive woman—ugh—this has got to go."

Since Lori was all things glowing to Tab, how did such an appraisal square with his unqualified marriage disclaimers? Tab obliged with a fat clue when he told me one of his main cautions.

"In the first place, I don’t want to marry a girl in the business," he declared bluntly. "When a woman is concerned about her career, that’s bad. Your job takes you to different places. A woman is smothered with attention at the studio. Everyone is catering to her—wardrobe, makeup, the works. She hears compliments all day long, ‘Oh honey, you’re the greatest!’ And when she comes home, she’s not the housewife—she’s a movie queen!"

If that statement didn’t appear to take Lori out of the marital running, it would do until a more emphatic one came along. But Tab scratched his chin and grinned boyishly as he tossed a joker on the table.

"Lori said if she were ready for marriage," he smiled cagily. "her career would come second. But she wants a career now. It’s exciting to her, and she’s not tied up in any way."

Among the many things he and Lori enjoy in common is a

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**SALAD** made by Lori looks so good Tab can hardly wait to taste it.

**EVEN** doing the dishes, Tab and Lori seem to go well together.

**WITH** everything under control in the kitchen, Tab and Lori take time out for a whirl around the music-filled living room.

**SPAGHETTI** is Tab’s weakness and he digs in with abandon.
disinclination to toss over their freedom in exchange for honeymoon tickets.

Tab leaned forward intently, a forkful of scrambled eggs in mid-air, to make his point.

"I'm not going to say to Lori," he assured me with that soft-voiced earnestness which can melt an iceberg down to maternal instincts, "'Honey, I think you're the greatest. Don't go out with any other guy.' This is the bunk. I'm not going to tie myself to any girl, and I don't see why any girl should tie herself to me. I don't care if when I take her home, there's another car waiting to take her out. That's none of my business. There's plenty of time for that. You should see what other people are like first."

Having thus stated the platform on which he is running—away from marriage—Tab inadvertently brought into perspective his barrage of dates with lively, lovely brunette Pat Crowley. A lot of Hollywood observers had these shenanigans pegged as a case of the mouse-will-play-while-the-cat's-away.

Certainly Tab was anything but mousey about being seen with other girls while Lori was in New York chaperoning Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher. Tab is perhaps fonder of Lori than any other girl he knows, but he is not fond of her to the exclusion of others. His admiration for Lori has not so blinded him that he's unable to see—or unwilling to proclaim for all to hear—the attributes of a pert chick like Pat Crowley or a budding flower of beauty like Margaret O'Brien.

There's no doubt that Tab is in love—but he's in love with freedom, with youth, with women in general and no girl in particular. He is caught in the first flush of success, and obviously he would feel trapped, rather than caught up, if he were restricted, at this adventurous stage of his life, to the charm of just one girl, however captivating.

"Pat is wonderful," Tab enthused, his lean, friendly face warm with appreciation of her. And she's always so alive! Pat's got a lot of sparkle. You just walk in the front door, and she says, 'Hi, there. How are you?' and you just boom. It picks you up right then and there. If you were beat, you wouldn't be for long. You get on the same level with her. You snap out of it.

"She's also a very intelligent girl. She can talk good music, books, the latest plays, anything. She enjoys every minute of life, and I enjoy every minute with her. I've been out with Pat quite a few times," Tab owned up without the slightest compunction. "She's a fun date."

Tab has been so attentive to Pat recently that he not only has done photo layouts with her, but even was on the sidelines giving her moral support when she shot a pilot film for a TV series at the Hal Roach Studios in Culver City.

But just as Tab's fondness for Lori has not left him impervious to Pat's charms, his appreciation of Pat has not left him indifferent to other eligible Hollywood beauties—not the least of them former child star Margaret O'Brien.

"I took Margaret out on her 18th birthday," he smiled dreamily. "She's a lovely girl and beautiful. We had dinner, then I had to do a television thing at the studio, and afterward we had a bite to eat at the Vine Street Brown Derby. We sat in a booth and had ice cream. Isn't that crazy?"

One of the beguiling things about Tab as he unabashedly enjoys bachelorhood to the full is that he is just as fond of his former girl friends as he is of his current flames. Even though

"BATTLE CRY": Tab vaults to full-fledged romantic stardom with his poignant love-making in this lusty saga of the Marines.

"THE SEA CHASE": In his latest film, Tab has another meaty role as a member of Capt. John Wayne's crew on a German freighter.
his once frequent date, Marilyn Erskine, has taken the marital plunge, Tab still goes into raptures over her.

"There's no girl like Marilyn," he asserted. She's got the greatest sense of humor. I don't know anyone who can make me laugh the way she can."

When Marilyn saw Tab for the first time since her marriage, she chided him:

"You've been away so long. We just couldn't wait for you to come back from all your ventures."

Marilyn's words, uttered in jest, may well be prophetic. That may prove the epitaph on more than one Tab Hunter romance—"We just couldn't wait for you to come back from all your ventures."

As far as Tab is concerned, so be it!

"Love doesn't happen just like this," he snapped his long, tapering fingers to illustrate. "Love is the building together of two people. If one outgrows the other, that throws everything out of balance. You have to grow together all the time. This is something that's beautiful."

Right now, Tab is not in the market to grow together with anyone. He wants to blossom out in his own manhood before he sinks roots in a common garden with any fair flower of womanhood.

"I'm not ready to settle down and have a family," he pointed out. "I'll be glad to get married when I feel ready to get married. I'd like to be able to give my wife a home, a car, security—which I can't give her now. Oh, I know a lot of other people have married and struggled together, and it's made them closer—or so they say—but I don't want that for me."

The question before the house, then, is when is Tab Hunter apt to get ready? He gave me his own estimate:

"I'm starting a trend," he laughed. "I'm not going to get married until I'm 30 or 40. You're still young, you know, at 30 or 40."

So Hollywood seems assured at least of one ranking bachelor who intends to remain eligible, come heavenly dolls or high water. When Tab Hunter takes the fling, he doesn't want to have to look back over his shoulder and wonder what he's missed.

In the end, it will be nice for his wife, too. She won't have to wonder, either.
Something for

When jet-powered Jane judged the March Air Force Base beauty contest, they sure had a heat wave

BRIEFED by M/Sgt. T. Simons, Jane is thoughtful. The 33rd Bomb Squadron is based in Riverside, Cal.

ALL EYES are trained on Jane, the star of the day, from Col. G. F. Fredericks to well-drilled airmen to beauty contestants.
COOL BAND is playing counterpoint to Jane's warm warbling of "I've Got A Crush On You." Every man is jealous of that mike.

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WISTFUL airman strikes a blue note; with Jane singing, he should soon cheer up. Plans to beautify the base are booming.

MOBILE queen and Col. Fredericks crown the new "Queen Of March Field," Barbara LaVerne. All money the boys raised goes to landscaping the field.

From the first song to the signing off, Jane is strictly wow

STAMPEDE for autographs follows the show. Jane's just back from starring in her own production of U.A.'s "Gentlemen Marry Brunettes."
BREATH of air refreshes Jane the end of an evening well-spent.
Filmland is fascinated by the puzzle of Jimmy Dean; will he become a new formula for romantic TNT?

JAMES DEAN:

Excitement for the lovelorn?

"THAT GUY'S A schmoe!" Debbie Reynolds cried aghast when she first laid vivacious and usually discerning peepers on Jimmy Dean, a brooding species of Homo sapiens who moved about with furtive, simian grace. "He doesn't have enough brains to act!"

Debbie's innocent outburst caused some dismay among her auditors, but her reaction to the unconventional young man who rode to the studio on a motorcycle and almost always walked bareheaded in his black leather motorcycle jacket, blue jeans and black motorcycle boots, was neither a surprising nor an unusual one.

Jimmy Dean's physical appearance is not exactly calculated to make anyone sit up and take notice. As Lori Nelson's father succinctly described Jimmy for me, "He's no dude." Jimmy keeps his head burrowed into his chest and peers up at people through probing blue eyes. His shock of blond hair is no more pampered than the clothes he wears, and he walks in an almost perpetual slouch which doesn't even pretend to make the most of his wiry five feet ten inches. He constantly seems to be in or about to retreat, and his manner commands great indifference. He comports himself with the unpracticed anonymity of a bump on a log.

Debbie wasn't the only Hollywood doll who failed to get the Dean message right off. He's been called spooky, an oddball, a non-conformist, sullen and withdrawn, a member of the dirty shirt school of acting, a crazy mixed-up kid, a working eccentric—and yes, a 14 karat, ball-bearing genius.

Some months after Debbie dubbed Dean a schmoe, she was invited to a special preview screening of Jimmy's maiden movie effort, a CinemaScopic milestone called "East Of Eden." Debbie came to scoff and remained to pray. She drifted out of the projection room in a sheer trance. "He's the greatest!" she gasped, overcome with emotion by Dean's remarkable performance as the misunderstood, neurotic Cal. "I'd give anything to do a picture with him."

The same honesty which had led Debbie to write off Jimmy Dean at first glance impelled her to embrace him when she was exposed to the magic of the one-time farmboy's person...

By MARK DAYTON

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ality on the screen. Jimmy has inspired other, more opportunistic manifestations of that old Hollywood two-step—the right-about-face. Now that the word is out that Jimmy Dean is the most, the rat race for his favor is on. Tinselville glamor girls who used to cut him off with a deep freeze are now busting their thermostats defrosting and proposing to throw parties for "poor Jimmy because he must be so lonely."

But the odds are that very few of the army of femme fatales on the Jimmy Dean kick have the foggiest notion of what manner of prey they hope to bring to bay. Jimmy is no garden variety male animal, and although the acclaim for his acting approaches unanimity, there seems little else about him on which even his closest friends are able to agree.

Dean already is a battle-scarred veteran of Hollywood's romantic wars, having emerged dazed and battered from his abortive romance with Pier Angeli. However, while Jimmy took no pains to conceal his disappointment in losing to Vic Damone, he did not bitterly swear off women, nor did he inveigh against Pier for exercising so dramatically the feminine prerogative of changing her mind. Instead of grousing, he went on living, and dating other girls in a rather remarkable display of maturity for one of such tender years, and one whose maturity has been called into question by many who know and love him.

He dated a dazzling variety of filmland beauties, including Lori Nelson, Terry Moore, Columbia starlet Lillie Cardell, and Ella Logan. One minute, when Jimmy squired such fetching elders as Ella, the self-styled experts were knowingly letting it out that he had a weakness for older women. And when he dated pretty young charmers like Lori, the few who were aware of this quietly thriving friendship became convinced that he was a pushover for sweet young things.

"If Jimmy were all the things those who know him believe him to be, he would be that strangest of paradoxes—his own opposite. He eludes pinpointing in a town that goes wild with frustration when it encounters a personality who defies pigeonholing. Even at his uncommonly rapid rate of progress, the full and final Jimmy Dean has yet to emerge.

Some cronies, in an effort to classify Jimmy's personality, freely acknowledge that he has much in common with Marlon Brando—not only in acting technique, but in psychological makeup. By the same token, others who know him equally well insist that such comparisons not only are odious, but unwarranted and scurrilous.

But whether or not there is any basis for the recurrent com-
His acting is the greatest!

parisons between him and Brando, Jimmy is irritated by them.

“I know I’m constantly reminding people of Brando,” he conceded. “People were telling me I behaved like Brando before I knew who Brando was. I’m not disturbed by the comparisons, nor am I flattered. I have my own rebellions and I don’t have to rely on Brando’s. Of course, there are obvious resemblances. We’re both from farms, we both dress as we please, ride motorcycles and work for Elia Kazan. But that’s as far as it goes. I feel that within myself there are expressions just as valid or more valid, and I’ll have a few years to develop my own style.”

Many who have fallen under the not inconsiderable Dean spell are charmed, as were Lori Nelson’s parents, by the fact that Jimmy still appears to be a farmboy at heart, and in spite of his astonishing variety of interests and the sophisticated Broadway circle in which he travels, seems to have preserved his affinity for the simple things in life.

Yet there was one pal, anxious for Dean to realize his full potential, who was impatient with the farmboy façade.

“Jimmy’s left the farm,” he said irritably, “He went to UCLA. He’s been on Broadway. He’s studied with Elia Kazan. He’s not a farmer any more.”

It will have to be left to Jimmy’s admirers to fight their continued on page 70
It was Saturday night, the “best” night in the week in Bill Holden’s busy life. He could stay up late, which was exactly what he was doing. He could sleep in the morning, which was exactly part of the plan.

“What’ll it be, folks?” inquired Bill, who was tending bar in the combination den and playroom.

Seated in a semi-circle on the opposite side of the highly-polished counter, the Ronald Reagans, the Billy Wilders, Eleanor Parker and Paul Clemen named their poison. In the meantime as Bill blended Scotch with soda and stirred martinis, he nodded his head toward a glass-covered dish surrounded by crackers.

“I got a wonderful buy on some imported pâté de foie gras,” said Bill quite casually. “I’d like to know what you think of it. Help yourselves.”

While everyone sampled the tempting delicacy, Bill continued to dispense beverages. Out of the corner of his eye, however, he was watching the entire procedure in the mirror in back of his bar. “It’s unusually good pâté, don’t you think?” Bill solicited. Had his favorite friends paid closer attention, they might have detected an over-anxious note in his voice.

Very good, in fact quite excellent, Bill’s guests chorused. It had such a distinctive flavor, it was most palatable and quite unlike any pâté they had ever tasted before. Could Bill order some of same for them too? They just had to have it for their own domestic consumption.

“I’m awfully glad you like it,” Bill dead-panned, “you see, it isn’t imported pâté de foie gras at all—it’s imported rattlesnake meat!”

Who’d suspect Hollywood’s solid citizen is such an off-beat character?

By JAMES HAMMOND
the unwary and whose earthiness once made a producer blush

This bit of buffoonery revealed a contrasting side to Bill that's completely unrelated to the conservative, serious-thinking William Holden they publicize to the teeth.

Of course Bill is forthright, idealistic and civic-minded—when the occasion calls for it. Otherwise he'd hardly attend five committee meetings on as many nights during the week. Neither would he work for $40 a month serving the city government on the Board of Recreation Park Commissioners, or take those trips to Korea and Greenland to entertain our Armed Forces stationed there.

To really know Bill is to be well aware that there's a humorous, provocative, tempestuous streak in his makeup. It's startling if you're unprepared for it—and so ingratiating once you've been exposed! Bill's quite an earthy guy too, one who locks horns with reality and leaves little doubt that a spade should definitely be called a spade. Take that time, for example, when Bill tried to get a certain off-beat role that would have been the turning point in his career—then. He looked like the character, his studio owned the story, but the part still went to an outside actor. So Bill went directly to the producer and wanted to know why? For a solid hour the fanciest kind of double talk flowed from the front office.

"Okay," said Bill at the end of the boring discourse, "we've had all the hooey (only he didn't say hooey!) and it wouldn't even make good fertilizer on a bed of cactus. Now let's have the TRUTH!"

"Well, you see it's this way," the red-faced producer tried to save himself, "you're an excellent actor, Bill, and I have complete confidence in you. But this particular role requires great sex-appeal and I don't think you have it."

"So how would you know if I have sex-appeal?" Bill came back at him. "What do you want me to do? Maybe I should—!"

Discretion forestalls completing our account of the suggestion Bill made to the producer! Then the following morning these same two happened to meet again on the lot. Now that Bill had unburdened the well-known chest, he'd dismissed the incident from his mind.

In Hollywood, the unexpected has always been the expected in Bill Holden's book. And the whole truth is, it's the ironical twists of fate that secretly amuse him and give him his kicks out of life. Five years after the producer incident, Bill was cast in "Sabrina," because, the studio informed him—"the role requires an actor who can look like and play a super-sexy, devil-may-care son of an industrial tycoon!"

Bill relished the role for several reasons, among them the opportunity to work with Humphrey Bogart. It all went well enough for the first couple of weeks and then the inimitable Mr. Bogart displayed a bit of temperament. One particular day there was considerable lapse of memory when Bogie tried to read his lines. On the other hand, Bill was not only letter perfect, he finished his scenes early and was dismissed for the day.

"How do you expect me to remember my lines when Holden stands over there lighting cigarettes and shifting from foot to foot. It's very distracting," Bogie snapped.

Among the many things Bill's learned during his 16 years in Hollywood is diplomacy and how to get the best results without resorting to violence. So he quietly put out his cigarette and apologized in front of everyone.

"I'm very sorry I'm disturbing you, Bogie," said Bill. "I didn't realize I was doing it."

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As serious as he can be on screen, Bill is always ready for a laugh

After a few more takes Bogie finally got through the scene. Then Bill with his dry, off-beat humor, slyly added:

"And now if you'll excuse me, I'll finish emptying the waste baskets!"

Despite a lengthy list of pictures to his credit, until Bill Holden made "Sunset Boulevard" he could go everywhere and remain unrecognized. Under the same circumstances some actors might have dissolved in their own tears, but the situation was highly amusing to Bill and by his own admission, if the truth must be faced, not too flattering!

HOWEVER, since such startling success in "Sabrina," "Country Girl" and "Bridges At Toko-Ri," Bill Holden in the flesh is just about as inconspicuous as a Marilyn Monroe calendar. So look what happened to Bill recently when he didn’t work for eight consecutive months and loved every moment of it.

"One Thursday our help was off and we were having the kitchen painted," laughs Bill, "so I went down to Toluca Lake Village to bring back some hamburgers for Ardis and the children. While I was waiting, a woman in another car kept staring at me.

"After excusing herself, the woman asked if I had ever considered going into pictures! At first I thought it was a rib but she was dead serious. So I explained I had given it thought quite often, but why was she interested? Because, she said, I looked enough like Alan Ladd to be his double and she was sure if I wrote to Alan and enclosed a picture, I could get a job as his stand-in!"

When he resumed professional activity again, Bill reported to Twentieth Century-Fox for "A Many Splendored Thing." On location in Hong Kong a unique situation emanated from his hotel headquarters. The first morning as Bill stood before the bathroom mirror brushing his teeth, he heard smothered hysterical giggles. It was an inside bathroom and the one and only window, which faced the hotel corridor, was covered with unmovable slats. Bill finally managed to bend one back enough to look out.

"So help me," grins Bill, "there pressed up so close I could feel them breathing, were 30 or 40 people! Now I’m grateful for fans and I know an actor must forfeit reasonable rights of privacy. However, there are little moments in life when one must be alone and THIS was one of them!"

"So I called the management who couldn’t have been sorrier or more concerned. There was just one teeny-weeny little technicality, however. In Hong Kong, a hotel corridor is considered public property and people have a right to be there. The management had no authority to call the police unless they were disturbing the peace.

"During my salad days I had a pretty good temper, but with experience and maturity I’ve learned to save it for special occasions. As I was the ‘inside’ man on this occasion—it seemed VERY special to me! No I’m not exactly sure what I said, but I’m positive they must have heard me out in the lobby. In less time than it takes to tell—the corridor was clear again!"

Whenever Bill works with a new director, or makes a new friend, the association invariably leads to the same observation. Before they really got to know him, they say, they didn’t realize he was such an expansive person with so many fascinating facets. Most actors try to make the entire world think of them as colorful, dynamic personalities. But the general impression Bill gave was just the opposite and it didn’t seem to bother him. Why? Bill’s so used to the question, his face automatically breaks into a wide grin as he answers: "I guess it’s just the ‘Garbo’ in me!"
“I was an ugly duckling!”

Once this beauty was “so miserable, it hurts even to remember”

By DENNIS JAMES
Star of TV’s “On Your Account”

EVERY 'teen-ager suffering from shyness and an inferiority complex—and adults are prone to forget what an agonizing burden of adolescence this is—should take heart from the story of Kim Novak.

It seems incredible that this 22-year-old blonde beauty with her sleepless green eyes, whistle-bait figure and come-hither voice only a few short years ago suffered from such an overwhelming inferiority complex that she was shy, diffident and even belligerent because she felt she was too different and rejected!

Says honest and earnest Kim, “It hurts to relive those days in memory, even now, because I was so miserable!”

And the young woman on whose account Kim is grateful is Norma Kasell, who made Kim overcome her complex by inducing her to help others.

Don’t dismiss Kim’s former problem as “trivial.” True, others have suffered real poverty, privation, physical handicaps. Also true that a large percentage of adolescents go through a phase of shyness during which they feel they are unwanted. But Kim’s case was so acute, she was so convinced that she was a hopeless misfit because she was “tall, skinny and gawky” and hated her naturally deep speaking voice, that her mother was finally led to seek outside help for the girl.

Kim was born in Chicago and grew up there. Her father, Joseph Novak, was and still is an office employee of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad and with his steady job the Novaks lived comfortably, if not lavishly, even through the Depression. Her mother, Blanch, was a history teacher before her marriage. Kim’s parents are American, but all four of her grandparents were born in Czecho-Slovakia.

Her maternal grandparents lived upstairs in the two-family house where Kim grew up. That grandmother made all
the clothes for Kim and her sister Arlene, 2½ years older. Kim now appreciates the beautiful hand tailoring and fine detail that her grandmother put in those clothes, but at that time she didn’t like them because they were “different.” When skirts were being worn very short, the Novak girls wore theirs at a conservative longer length, at Grandma’s insistence. And kids don’t like to be different; their herd instinct is too strong.

But these were minor worries as compared with Kim’s sudden growth. When she was about 10 she started sprouting like a bamboo shoot. For a few years after that she was taller than anyone in her class, always had to stand in the back row. The boys thought she was “too tall” and ignored her at parties.

“At school, the boys would do anything to help the little helpless girls, but if I did anything out of line, they’d snitch on me,” she recalls. “And they teased me because I was tall and my voice was so low-pitched. I hated it.

“Most kids in my class lived much closer to the school than I did, so I was left out of playing with them. I had to go home when they were all together. They weren’t really excluding me but at the time I thought they were.

“And instead of trying to win them to my side I became belligerent and withdrew within myself.”

Kim was miserable. Even her schoolwork suffered. Nothing that her sister, mother or grandmother said or did seemed to snap her out of her doldrums. Finally her mother took her to the Fair Teen Club, which later became the Calling All Girls Club, sponsored by a Chicago department store. Among its activities for teen-age girls were fashion shows. The director was Norma Kasell, a petite blonde with big blue eyes, then only about 21 but with a wonderful faculty for guiding teen-age girls.

“Norma seemed to sense immediately that I desperately needed confidence. When she interviewed me—all prospective members were interviewed—I admitted I was six months younger than the required age but I begged to become a member and she let me in. Although she was young and vital and fun, she had wonderful dignity. In no time at all she became my idol and I’d tell myself, ‘If only I can grow up to look and be like Norma,’ ” relates Kim with real deep affection.

Because she recognized Kim’s feeling of alone-ness, Norma immediately put her to work, which of course was the smartest thing to do. “See that girl over in the corner? Let’s get after her a little,” she told Kim. And presently Kim was making a new friend and forgetting herself in trying to help someone else.

After a while Norma made Kim an unofficial assistant, helping with filing and other details, but the great distinction to Kim was the fact that she was given a key to The Office. At that time it seemed as important as a key to the White House!

Meantime, Norma also started Kim modeling in fashion shows. Fortunately, Kim’s mother had encouraged her daughter to maintain fine posture; unlike so many girls who grow too fast, Kim had not slumped to hide her height. Her splendid carriage, her height and her youthful beauty—although she was convinced she was an ugly duckling—made her a perfect teen-age model.

After seeing several of the fashion shows, another department store executive asked Norma, “Why don’t you put Kim in some of those lovely formals? She’s the prettiest girl in the club!”

“Everyone knows that except Kim,” Norma replied. “Besides, she doesn’t need fancy clothes; she looks great in the severest sports things or even jeans.”

Norma advised Kim on make-up, hair styling, clothes. Eventually the young girl won a modeling contest which gave her a professional modeling course. Norma saw to it that Kim passed on her training and knowledge to other club members. And Kim, on her own, tried to help some of her friends who were not members of the club.

“It was the responsibility to help others that Norma passed on to me which gave me confidence,” Kim reiterates. “In school I used to long to help grade papers, as other pupils did. Just once a teacher asked me to help; I really learned a lot and I wanted to continue, but I was never asked again. I was crushed. So it seemed all the more wonderful to me when Norma asked me to help her.”

So through four years’ work with Norma, Kim came out of her shell, began to enjoy people and friendships. She became a professional model, was signed for movies by Columbia and won co-star billing in her third picture, “Five Against The House,” with Guy Madison—a remarkable record.

And she has not forgotten Norma. They’re now close friends. Norma, married and the mother of three small children, lives in Los Angeles and she and Kim see each other frequently.

“Norma did just as much for hundreds of other girls as she did for me. I was no special case. She has so much to give—and gives it! I feel sure that when her children are a little older and don’t need all her attention she’ll start working with other girls again. She just must help people. She’s a wonderful person. I’ll always be grateful to her.” Kim concludes with genuine warmth and affection. END

CO-STAR billing with Guy Madison goes to once-shy Kim in “Five Against The House.”

See Dennis James daily on “On Your Account,” CBS-TV, 4:30 PM EDT, sponsored by Procter & Gamble.
ANY MAN who puts as much heart in his work as Jan Murray does is lucky he's alive. And, of course, it is lucky that Jan is alive. If he isn't the funniest man in the world, he is certainly one of the most likeable men in the world.

He's a man who could probably tear your heart out with stories of a poor childhood in New York, a mother who was bedridden when he was a kid, an only brother who was shot down during the War when he was a pilot, a life of bobbing around on the Borscht Circuit, of one-night stands, of fears he'd never make the big strike, but he isn't that kind of talker.

But if he doesn't sob up the past, he remembers it. And there's pride in his
voice when he mentions the ambition of his oldest son, who's going on thirteen. "I don't think he's interested in show business," he says. "Ever since he was three he said he wanted to be a doctor. So who knows, maybe he will be a doctor."

Jan Murray is a man so involved in the present, so wrapped up in his work and family he doesn't have time to brood about anything else.

"One thing my ulcer taught me," he says. "If I don't have my health, I have nothing. I'm not a businessman who can sit back and let the profits come in. If I don't show up Friday, I don't get paid."

So he shows up—for "Dollar A Second," the zany, increasingly popular quiz show, part of which he owns and all of which he emcees on ABC-TV every Friday night. A little later that same night he "lays dead" in his dressing room while a strapping physical culturist pounds his (Murray's) long, lean torso into shape for another bout with the TV camera—a show called, "Jan Murray's Revue," (Channel 4) which is likely to run anywhere from no minutes to a full half hour, according to how fast the principals in a boxing match preceding Jan Murray time knock themselves or each other out.

"DOLLAR A SECOND" is much easier to see than to explain; also much more fun. As Murray says, "The contestants on this show don't have to be funny because the show is funny—so anyone can play. All a contestant has to have is a healthy physique and if you're a married woman you don't even need that; all you need is a husband to take the penalties when you make a wrong answer. And the questions are usually no threat to your I.Q. On a recent show, a lady contestant was confronted with a stack of dishes. "Every time I say something complimentary about you, kiss me on the cheek," Murray told her. "But if I say something insulting, take one of those dishes and smash it." Then he started talking—so fast he was lucky she didn't lose her head and whack him on the jaw with a piece of china. Meanwhile this lady was earning a dollar for every second she was on stage.

But whatever is good for the show is good for Jan, who's driven by the impulse to keep everybody happy. And that's a serious business to which he devotes all his time. Ever since he became aware of his ulcer, discovered after he collapsed of "complete fatigue" last December, he's curtailed a lot of his former activities. Like one-night club and benefit dates all over the country. These were offered to him with such frequent regularity that half the time he didn't remember where he was going till he was on the plane.

Mondays, Jan prepares the Revue for which he hires a variety of celebrated entertainers. That's easy. The hard job is working all that entertainment into a show and then being told, "The fights ran twenty minutes over tonight; there's only

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ten minutes left for the Revue.” And right on the spot Jan has to figure what he’s going to do in those ten minutes.

Tuesday he prepares “Dollar A Second.” Since he was the guy to whom ABC executives handed the show in bald form, he’s the guy who worries when the gimmicks don’t seem fresh enough or complicated enough or original enough. “But now,” he says, “I have a staff working with me who know what I want so well they could do it all without me.” Which is a statement the staff would be likely to question. Even though the show is smoothly wacky, its main charm is the Murray personality holding it all together.

Wednesday’s for correspondence, odds and ends of business, interview time. Thursday he rehearses the Revue. Friday both shows go on. Somewhere in between all this he tucks in three singing lessons.

“So Saturday I’d like to lay dead,” he says. “But I can’t even do that. I have a guilty conscience about sleeping late on week-ends. I feel I should get up and take out the kids. So one kid wants to dig sand in the playground; another kid wants to play catch. They all want to do something else.”

Jan’s been married five years to a lovely blonde named Toni, who was once publicized as the Copacabana’s “most beautiful showgirl.” Nowadays, the people who see her most are their children, Celia, Howard, and Diane. Jan’s older boy, from a previous marriage, spends most week-ends with them in their Long Island home, a home Jan decorated himself in the record time of four weeks.

“No comedian ever got on top without the help of other comedians, even when those other comedians knew they were cutting their own throats,” he says.

And he remembers the time when he was a kid of twenty playing one of his first big dates in Miami. He was dying on his feet, but not without a struggle. After the last show he got a note from Al Jolson who wanted to see him.

“I asked you to come see me because I think you’ve got it,” Jolson told him. “Work yourself to death, but keep at it. No comedian ever improved by sitting around in a hotel room. What if you have to take a cut of a few bucks? Don’t worry about your pride; or figure you’re ruining your potential. If you’ve really got it you’ll get there, and they’ll have to pay you. I tell you this because I want to save you from learning that the hard way, like I did.”

Jan took that advice to heart, wore himself out in burlesque shows for sixty dollars a week, took offers that didn’t look so hot but kept him busy, kept his name before the public. (A habit which made him an easy catch later when he was a name and everybody wanted him.)

And there was the time in Boston when a club owner wanted to buy out Jan’s engagement. A man came up to the owner and said, “This boy is great. I hear you’ve got him booked for a week. Tell you what. Keep him for two weeks, and if he isn’t a sensation I’ll pay his second week’s salary.” Jan stayed thirty weeks, because George Jessel stuck out his neck for him.

Seven years after he met Jolson, Jan hit the big-time—at the Copa in Miami. Only trouble was the Ritz Brothers were playing across the street. They heard

**WEEK-ENDS** in his Long Island home, Jan has time for the kids, or coffee and a kiss from Toni. After years of one-night stands, this is living
about Jan and one night, fifteen minutes after their own show, they came bursting into the Copa and stayed to ad lib for an hour. They came back four straight nights before they said, "You're on your own, kid." By that time, Murray was popular enough to do without them.

And there was the time Milton Berle, who was starring in the "Ziegfield Follies," came into the Martinique night club at two-thirty A.M. because he heard that Jan's late show was playing to empty tables. He'd never met Murray, but figured a little heckling would do some good. "We're all in the business," he told Jan. "Who can help a comedian except another comedian?"

Naturally, they helped, but none of their boasts could have lifted him off the pavement if Jan Murray didn't have the stuff. His big break, which eventually led to television, came when Eddie Davis picked Jan as his replacement at Leon and Eddie's. This led to guest spots on radio shows and, in 1947, to Broadway, where he co-starred with Vivienne Segal in "Music In My Heart."

When TV was an infant Jan was there to help it grow; he stayed to appear as guest on variety shows and finally to emcee shows of his own. When you ask him about his future he knows where it is—it's in television, the greatest thing that happened to him.

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Susan Hayward—Fact and Fiction

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No one can possibly know Susan unless they see her with her sons, Timothy and Gregory.

This has crept into more than a few papers. While Susan won't make any pat comments about the kind of man she may marry, and while she is in no hurry to take the step, she is definitely going to take it some day.

"I doubt, though, that I'll ever marry a man in the motion picture field," Susan said, "and there I go making a pat statement. But this isn't a business conducive to great emotional stability. It's also highly demanding, especially for a man. Then, socially, in this town you're more or less with one group all the time and while it's a lovely group of brilliant, talented people, it's difficult to live with them constantly.

"As for the kind of man I'll marry, the qualities I want—when I meet him, I'll tell you."

Susan is happy now. Her life seems serene—and one of the main reasons is the faith that guides her life. She believes simply that we're all heading up the same road and that a belief and a trust in God is the only key to a full life.

Such is the real side of Susan, but her maid, Cleo, pin-points the Hayward girl quite well. Cleo has often been asked by people when she's gone shopping what Susan is like. Most believe that stars aren't human beings. Cleo has said sincerely, "When she walks in the front door she's a mother and a real fine lady. Sometimes she washes the dishes and even scrubs the floor. She acts just—well, human, I guess, like anybody else."

That's the pitch—she is perfectly normal. Star dust may glitter in her hair but it doesn't get in her eyes so much that she can't see the world around her. END

crying. Weddings always make me dissolve—and an unexpected kindness sometimes fractures me. I am deeply affected by things that are given to me, too. People from all over the country have sent me many kinds of religious medals. I keep them in my bedroom in a definite place where I can always see them. It's an expression of their goodness to a stranger.

One of my most prized possessions is a rosary my boys made me. While I'm not Catholic, it touched me quite deeply. They made the beads from the tin foil they had saved from their packages of chewing gum and the cross was made of cardboard.

"I like mood music too—and that's pure sentiment. I play my records all the time at the studio. It soothes the savage beast in Hayward. Besides, I work better with music going. I have records on almost constantly when I'm home."

Yet, at the same time I have a definite temper. I blow off steam but not without a definite reason—in personal relationships or in my career. I have had moments when I have lost my temper with the boys—and when they have blown at me. I think it's important for them to know that people get angry sometimes, and that getting it out in the open does ease pressure.

"But me temperamental? You'd better ask any director of any picture I've made if I'm temperamental. I try never to be late on the set, know my lines, and never keep anyone waiting. Oh, I've had arguments about a story or about a scene and will stick to my point unless I'm convinced my ideas are wrong. But a certain amount of temperament is necessary in this business. All performers have to have it if they're to express themselves strongly. But I don't mean temperament as pictured in Hollywood. I've seen highly excited actors and actresses, but I've never seen one who is falsely temperamental—who shirked his responsibilities.

"I can remember doing the 'walking off the set' routine just once—and that was when I was at Paramount in the early stages of my career. The director kept riding me. Nothing I did was right. One day he got particularly nasty and I blew. I said to him, 'You can take the rest of your picture and throw it in the ash can.' I then went to Buddy DeSylva's office—he was the producer—and said, 'I won't go back on that set until that man apologizes.' Mr. DeSylva called the director to his office—and he apologized. I haven't had to do that since."

There has been much discussion in gossip circles about Susan's being money-mad, a person who would sacrifice almost anything to further her financial status and her career. The facts are otherwise.

"How do I feel about money?" Susan asked. "Well, I have both had it and been without it so I know what it's like on both sides. Money is nice if you have it, but it's far from being all there is. And no human being, and that includes me, can allow such a fluctuating commodity to rule his life.

"As for the emphasis I am supposed to put on my career, I think I put it in its proper place. Naturally, I like my work. It's wonderful. And it's fun. It's a great way to make a living. I have always known, though, that it is not the most important thing in my life. I said recently, somewhat facetiously at the time, that I might work a couple of years more and then quit, get married, and have more children. I'm not at all sure I didn't mean that.

"If I should ever stop working, I think you'd find me living on a ranch. I'm the outdoor type. I like to ride horseback, and I love animals—except cows. I'm frightened to death of them. Maybe it's their eyes—the way they look at you! You never know what they might do. They always seem to be planning a way to chase and attack. Often I've had to cross a field to get to a stream to fish and I've invariably run into a stray cow. I shudder just thinking about it. That and the dentist's drill are my main fears."

The other main topic about Susan is her alleged aversion to another marriage.
NEW TWOS—Lots of eyebrows went up when Greg Peck and Jane Wyman went to a couple of parties together—but don't make any bets that this is a romance. Same situation on those much-publicized dates of Liberace and Sonja Henie. In the Younger Set, Marla English and Larry Pennell have been having many coosome dates. They're both under contract at Paramount, where their romance started, and now they're also working together—this hadn't happened on their home lot—on loan-out in "Hell's Horizons". Another attractive young couple, Barry Coe and Marjorie Hellen. Although both are at 20th, they're not working together, so their dates don't fall in the "publicity" category.

NO ROMANCE—Despite printed rumors, Piper Laurie says she and G. David Schine have no marriage plans. When a columnist printed that Joan Crawford was in love again, Joan told your reporter, "I'd like to know who it is!" Sheree North also says her romances are "exclusively in print," and adds, "I even bought my own mink coat!" When Gene Tierney arrived here for "The Left Hand Of God," she said she expected no dates in Hollywood because her beaux are "all in New York." Aly Khan was not in New York when she made that statement; he was in Brazil.

ROMANTIC—It looks like a serious romance between Cleo Moore and singer Tony Travis. But they're separated so often by their respective personal appearance tours that they've agreed to "understand" each other's dates with other guys and dolls—and ignore column items about them. Paul Gilbert, following his comedy hit in "So This Is Paris" with another U-I pic, "The Second Greatest," and also readying a new TV series on NBC, nevertheless finds time for itsa dates with cute blonde dancer-medienee Barri Chase. Mari Blanchard, whose hair is now orange-red, has been dividing her date time betweennce Fuller and Don Barry. Denise Marcel has resumed with Steve Cochran. Diana Lynn and Andy McGaglen married "when it's legally possible." Clark Gable and Kay Williams have any dates but The King's theme song continues to be "Don't Fence Me In"—even though he's just had his Encino ranch re-fenced!

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Excitement For The Lovelorn?

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tug-of-war over that old saw that you can take the boy out of the farm but you can't take the farm out of the boy.

As if acting were not a demanding enough taskmaster, Jimmy was studying direction at Elia Kazan's Actors Studio in New York up to the very day he had to report back to Hollywood to start work on his second Warner opus, "Rebel Without A Cause," and after that, "GIANT." The fact that he reads five or six books a time, and runs from one to the other, is the tipoff to his strange drives.

Not content to bone up on acting and directing with Kazan, Jimmy is studying dancing with Katherine Dunham and composition with Leonard Roseman, who scored "East Of Eden." He collects guns and records and plays chess. He plays the bongo drums (and owns same), the piano and a flute-like instrument called the recorder.

And although he wears glasses when he is not before the cameras, he also is a whopping old movie man. This is merely suggested by his means of transportation — his new French motorcycle "for me," and his new Porsche car "for my dates.

It comes into full focus with his enthusiasm for shooting, sailing, fencing, gymnastics, boxing, tennis, horseback riding and bull fighting.

In many ways, indeed, is brother Dean unusual. None of the girls he has gone out with considers him a wolf. He dated glamorous doll Terry Moore a number of times, took her to premieres and showed up in blue jeans for dinner with Terry and her folks at her home in Malibu. Terry confided to friends that she found Jimmy very intelligent, but she reported that he was not very much of a gentleman and not very much romantically.

"If he was around Terry at all," one pal of Terry's assured me, "he'd have to have a sense of humor.

While people generally find Jimmy shy and unpretentious, there also have been dissenting minority reports.

"His conversation is brilliant," I was informed by one objective member of the Jimmy Dean fan club, "but a little studied. He has in back of his mind, 'I am Jimmy Dean, the genius, and I must impress these people.' He seems to make a self-conscious effort to shock or jolt people.

This criticism would seem to stem from Jimmy's sometimes disconcerting habit of saying just what he thinks when he thinks it to the person of whom he thinks it. While wooing Pier Angeli, he didn't do his cause any good by bluntly telling Pier's mother to mind her own business. On the other hand, his frank manner won him an advocate in Lori Nelson's father.

As an intrigued Hollywood works especially at filling in Jimmy Dean's portrait, the inconsequential pros and cons of his personality are lost in the over-riding fact that his charm is so unique that both the love confession set and the theatre Arts set are in a race to take him to their bosom. He stimulates the intellectual and excites the lovelorn. He conjures up a haunting image of a lonely, rejected boy, and he has a manner which would make a harridan want to mother him.

While the petty quarrels rage as to what is the real Jimmy Dean, the big judgment that has shaped up without a dissenting voice is that this young lad is marked for greatness.

Whether he also is marked for happiness is another question.

Unlike the proverbial cleavage between East and West, there are times when the twain do meet. After all, Hollywood is the land of the happy ending. END
VICTOR is atwitter—and with reason—about singer Jaye P. Morgan, specially her "Danger! Heartbreak Ahead" and "That's All I Want From You." At this rate, Jaye P. will be richer than John D. ... Peter Lind Hayes and wife Mary Healy debut on a Columbia label with "Could Be I Love You" and "The Year We Fell In Love." Smooth singing, plus deft and daft imitations.

Atlantic's Ruth Brown and her Rhythm Makers know their way round an A and B tune. prove it with "Ever Since My Baby's Been Gone!" and "Bye Bye Young Men." Latter has a neat comic twist ... Movie star in the groove—Debbie Reynolds sings "Never Mind The Noise In The Market" and "Carolina In The Morning" per MGM. Calypso and nostalgia, respectively. ... Jeff Chandler, another studio slave, who is breaking into the disc field, returns with my Prayer and "When Spring Comes" by way of Decca. ... Rosemary Clooney is still another doubling in records and movies. The new Columbia-Clooney is Where Will The Dimple Be and Brussels Lullaby. The dimples, by the way, will be on her baby son.

Julius LaRosa has a happy duo in Pass It On and "Let's Stay Home Tonight." Cute rhythm number and a strong allad (Cadence). ... David Whitfield, English tenor who guested on Ed Sullivan's TV show, has made "Open Your Heart" and "Beyond The Stars" for London. The superb Mantovani orch co-stars, "Door Of Dreams" and "Nobody Knows." The latest Perry Como at Victor they're a return to the Como balladeering style PC fans cry for. ... Famed for their "No More," the DeJohn Sisters have written and performed a pair that should aid and abet them. The pair: "O'Ya Hear What I Say?" and "A Present for Bob" (Epic). ... From Detroit a new cry-style, belonging to Frank Castro. As comfortable as a convertible, Castro warbles "Say Something" and "Why Don't You Fall In Love With Me" via Mercury.

Archie Bleyer and his boys at Cadence have found the formula for sock instrumental backing for a neat voice—that of Mary Del. Proof? "Leave My Heart" and "Nobody Asked Me To Go." ... MGM shows its satisfaction with Joni James by backing her with a fine orch for "This Is My Confession," and adding the Ray Charles Singers for flip "How Important Can It Be."

She's not as highly touted by London as are some of their other singers, but you may agree that Australia's Kathy Lloyd is another Dorothy Shay. See for yourself with its "It Worries Me" and "Tomorrow Night." ... Besides Castro, Detroit has also provided a blonde named Bunny Paul. A looker who also writes songs, she does "Please Have Mercy" and "These Are The Things We'll Share" for Capitol. ... From the 20th Century-Fox film, "The Racers," Peggy Lee has chosen "I Belong To You" for her newest Decca. Flip is, "How Bitter, My Sweet," both are love-Lee. ... "Cloud Number 7" is the Tony Bennett LP album for Columbia. It offers a dozen fine standards à la warm-Bennett. ... "X" Label is X-cited about Richard Maltby's "Begin The Beguine March!" and "Six Flat Unfurnished." The double-Maltby treatment for a variation of the Cole Porter Beguine semi-classic. ... In case you've forgotten, there are two Liberaces, and the one named George conducts his orch through "Stars And Stripes Forever" and "Madeleina" (Columbia). George is the one who, in the story, helps his brother lug all the money to the bank! 

By HOWARD MILLER

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thought. Some couples live that way, and it works very well."

But Sue was not about to suggest that absentee marriage was her cup of tea.

"We find actually," she said softly, "that we're better off doing everything together. Alan is just wonderful about including me in everything. He has never gone on location or anywhere else, or done anything that he hasn't wanted me to be with him, and made me feel that he really wanted me around, or I wouldn't have gone along.

"Alan and I have been so close," Sue pointed out, "that when the time came when I had to give other things so much attention, our relationship subtly began to suffer. Of course, the happiest people in the world have an occasional spat, and we're no exceptions, but it doesn't mean anything. You wouldn't be human if you didn't disagree once in a while."

But since strife makes juicier conversation and more lurid headlines than bliss, the real story, the actually big story involving the Alan Ladd has been overlooked in the evident disappointment of the town's trigger-happy crepe hangers. That is the story of their second honeymoon!

Far from an uneasy truce, Sue and Alan's kiss-and-makeup literally has taken on all the dimensions of a brand new marriage. Soon after Sue returned from Las Vegas, Alan suggested—and Sue jubilantly seconded the motion—that what they needed was not a vacation from each other, but a vacation together, a vacation from all their tensions, a vacation from business, and even a vacation from the children. Just the two of them, alone—together.

They took off on a 30-day hideaway to rustic, remote Rancho Santa Fe, inland from Del Mar, the same idyllic retreat where they had spent their joyous first honeymoon in Bing Crosby's cabin.

"Some friends let us stay at their house in Rancho Santa Fe," she said dreamily. "It was a guest house on a big estate, a rustic log cabin furnished early American just like our ranch, with a big beautiful driveway surrounded by trees and full of the scent of oranges and flowers, two big picture windows overlooking a valley choked with trees, and a wonderful, beautiful big fireplace so enormous you could almost walk in it. We loved the peace and quiet and the beautiful sunsets. Even the coyotes howling at night might have been romantic, I suppose, but I could live nicely without them."

From every point of view their second honeymoon was just what the doctor ordered, or would have ordered had he been consulted. There was only one mishap.

One morning Alan ran a fever and showed Sue a bump behind his ear. Two hours later he was ill with chicken-pox. "Not a very romantic disease for a honeymoon," is it, dear?" he said to Sue, who laughed as she recalled the siege. But Sue and Alan were determined not to let a little anachronism like chicken-pox interfere with their second honeymoon.

"Alan stayed in bed a couple of days," Sue said, "but it worked out fine, because I was so tired after the wedding that I stayed in bed and slept for three days myself. It really wasn't bad at all. We had a television set in the bedroom, and Alan now claims that he discovered television down there."

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In their determination not to let the world of Hollywood close in on them, Alan and Sue told everyone they had no phone at Rancho Santa Fe. Actually they did, but the only purpose for which they used it was their daily calls home to check on the children. Aside from that, and aside from the fact that Sue cooked all the meals, they lived the lazy, luxuriant life of vagabonds.

"Being together is just our nature," she sighed. "A friend once said talking to the Ladds is like watching a tennis ball. One will start a sentence and the other will finish. They've been together so long they both know exactly what each one is thinking."

Evidently this is true even when Sue and Alan are not in the same room. For suddenly Sue got up again and said, "I have to look in on Alan. Would you pardon me?"

I don't know how things are at your house, but at Casa Ladd, love is better than ever.

END

Coming Attractions
continued from page 8

Cagney becomes her self-appointed manager-agent. An ex-dancehall hostess, Doris turns down musician Cameron Mitchell and permits Cagney to strong-arm a way for her via speakeasies to a featured spot in one of the "Ziegfeld Follies." The payment Cagney expects for his efforts is too steep for his protege. She holds him off with promises, but eventually the floodgates break. In a hotel room scene, unsurpassed for raw lust, Cagney takes what he feels is due him. The fact that he marries Doris soon after does nothing to restore her morale. Tied to a man she clearly loathes, her career means nothing to her... in fact, it stands for everything ugly and cheap. After several years of this low-gear existence, Doris again meets Mitchell. It isn't long before their past romance takes a firm grip on the two. About to divorce Cagney, Doris finds she still isn't finished paying off. This time, Cagney, in an insane fit of jealousy, shoots Mitchell. Sticking fairly close to fact, this picture takes no refuge in making up pretty excuses for anyone's actions. Real cheers are in order for Miss Etting, her ex-husband, and her present husband, Myrl Alderman, for having the courage to allow their story to be told with such startling frankness. (MGM.)

Daddy Long Legs

On an economic mission to France for the State Department, Fred Astaire, scion to the Pendleton fortunes, adopts a French orphan. She's a winsome thing,

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Coming Attractions

continued from page 73

bright-eyed, intelligent and all of 19—that's years, buster, not months. However, Astaire's ideas are more philanthropic than philandering. He merely wants the girl, Leslie Caron, to have more out of life than being a drudge on a farm. And so it is that Leslie is sent to one of the finer finishing schools in the States, not knowing who her kindly benefactor is. A few years pass and Leslie develops into quite an attractive young lady. She writes regularly to Mr. Kindly Benefactor telling him of her progress, while secretly she goes through mental gymnastics wondering who he is and what he looks like. Then one day, she meets roommate Terry Moore's uncle. Lovelight dawns! Let it be said for Unc, he's more than willing to cement American-French relationships but, alas, there's one hitch. The State Department takes a dim view of the romance because Unc, Mr. Kindly Benefactor and Astaire are one person. According to protocol, you just don't adopt foreign girl-orphans, wait a bit until they ripen, then marry them. A delightful Technicolor musical comedy treat as bouncy and catchy as the Stujoft, the new dance sensation Astaire introduces. (20th Century-Fox.)

Five Against The House

WHAT starts out as a college students' prank winds up in one of the most fantastic crimes dreamed up by any author. That learning that it would be impossible to hold up one of Reno's biggest gambling spots, Kerwin Mathews spends the better part of one college semester convincing roommates Brian Keith and Alby Moore there's no such word as "can't." Moore, who'll do anything for a gag, plays along. Keith, however, isn't playing—he's dead serious. The other members of this Rover-Bot troupe are Guy Madison and his doll, Kim Novak. They don't want any part of the hold-up, but since Keith emphasizes his point with a gun, who are they to become indignant? Entertaining enough, but gee whiz, any ten-year-old could find at least three reasons why this so-called "fool-proof" plan would be the biggest mess in crime history. (Columbia.)

Escape To Burma

WHEN a Burmese prince is found shot in the back, the search, led by David Farrar, is on for old jungle hand Robert Ryan. His road to escape leads Ryan to the isolated tea plantation owned by iron-willed Barbara Stanwyck. Hunting tigers and having a mutual fondness for elephants brings them closer together (things happen differently in Burma, that's all). This tender interlude is ended when Farrar arrives to take Ryan back where he'll stand trial for murder. Ryan escapes, with Farrar and Barbara hard on his heels. They finally catch up with Ryan, and Barbara convinces him he stands a chance of proving his innocence in court. Events don't work out quite as she planned. A band of jungle robbers pouces on the trio, and if it weren't for some fast work on Ryan's part, Farrar would be dead and Barbara kicking around a bandit hideout as a rainy day diversion. That chilling episode in the background, a new hazard presents itself when the dead prince's father orders his guards to bring in Ryan. There's no telling what horrors would have been inflicted upon Ryan had not Barbara arrived in the nick of time with a long-delayed letter from the prince to his father (even the postal system in Burma is different, too). The letter explains everything. There'll be no suspicion, no trial, just Barbara and the elephants. (RKO.)

The End Of The Affair

WHEN English novelist Graham Greene—isn't writing about foreign intrigue, he's preoccupied with the effect religion has upon various people. This emotional drama falls into the latter category. Swept into a wartime love affair, writer Van Johnson and Deborah Kerr, wife of British Ministry Civil Servant Peter Cushing, find illicit love is not a free proposition. Jealous and suspicious, Johnson suffers countless agonies for every furtively snatched moment of happiness they experience. Though she tries in every way to reassure him, the blackness of doubt remains between them. One evening while Deborah is in Johnson's flat, a German V-2 rocket explodes in front of the building. She finds her lover lying in the rubble pinned beneath a heavy door. Thinking him dead, Deborah falls to her knees and prays his life be spared. If it is, she promises never to see him again. Johnson lives, but is completely ignorant as to why Deborah left him. From then on, the two embark on desperate searches—Johnson to find ways he can vent his bitterness on the woman he thought unfaithful, and Deborah seeking justification why she should break her promise to God. A difficult picture to put on film, this sometimes suffers for want of clearer explanation. (Columbia.)

The Man From Bitter Ridge

TO further his political aims, lawyer John Dehner is the brains behind a series of robberies that have been putting the local stagecoach company in the red. A thorough person, Dehner also sows seeds of suspicion against the shepherders, a clannish group led by Stephen McNally. None of this talk, however, can convince Lex Barker, special investigator for the stagecoach company, that Dehner is innocent. He gets McNally to help him track down the one man who can point the finger of guilt to Dehner. Grateful though he is for McNally's assistance, Barker has no qualms about playing it cozy with the shepherd's fiancée, Marn Corday. For a while there it's difficult to decide who wants Barker out of the Technicolor picture more—McNally or Dehner. A good western. (Universal-International.)

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ON THE COVER: DEBBIE REYNOLDS, STARRING IN MGM'S "THE TENDER TRAP"

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Coming Attractions

BY RAHNA MAUGHAN

The Seven Year Itch

According to one psychiatrist the "urge-curve" in married males rises sharply during the seventh year of marriage. It's a time when even the most faithful feel some temptation. To Tom Ewell, married lo! seven years to Evelyn Keyes, the "whom" is that big, luscious bauble of temptation, Marilyn Monroe. Alone for the summer in his air-conditioned apartment after Evelyn and their son go off to a vacation spot, Ewell makes the mistake of wanting more than time lying idle in his hands. He invites upstairs neighbor Marilyn in for a drink. Simmering from the heat, Marilyn is immediately taken by Ewell's air-conditioning unit. It's not exactly what Ewell intended, but Ewell has some unexpected and hilarious results. Marilyn, it develops, is of the firm opinion that, like any fragile flower, she'd benefit tremendously by spending sultry summer nights in refrigerated surroundings—Ewell's apartment, for instance. Though a vigorous clean-up job was done on the original Broadway script, this zippy item still remains charged with high humor and low sex. (20th Century-Fox.)

The Shrike

To look at her, so pretty and bright-eyed, it's difficult to imagine June Allyson cast in a role which calls for her ruining her husband's career, driving him into the arms of another woman, and being one of the reasons for his suicide attempt. The unfortunate victim of June's psychopathic desires is Jose Ferrer, a once successful Broadway director who, because of June's meddling, is almost forced to take a job in her father's store. Told in flashback from the time Ferrer is brought into Bellevue Hospital, near death from an overdose of sleeping pills, this is a powerful drama of a woman's do-or-die attempts to become part of her husband's career. It's not love for Ferrer's profession, but jealousy that prompts June's actions. After years of subtly conditioning him to failure, Ferrer cracks under the strain, leaving June to lurk in the hospital corridors waiting to pick up pieces. Based on the Pulitzer Prize-winning play, in which Ferrer also stars, the movie version tags on a new ending which, under the circumstances, makes all the despair seem worthwhile. (Universal-International.)

Mister Roberts

The Bluejackets' Manual and Navy Regs cover almost any pressing problem a Navy man will run into. There are exceptions, however, are women and boredom. Every sailor can handle the first without book-learnin', and the second, nobody, but nobody could have written anything telling how to scrape off barnacles of boredom that slowed down the USS Reluctant, a supply ship cruise.
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and-wife" look in their eyes whenever I've seen them together. The first Mrs. Gable, Josephine Dillon, by the way, was heartbroken over that very unflattering picture of her on a magazine cover. I asked her if she ever heard from Clark. "Not a word since our divorce and I've never received a cent from him either."

Greater love hath no wife dept. Evie Johnson has tinted her hair the same shade as Van's. Although I hear strong rumbles about this marriage...

Everyone wants luscious Jane Russell for a picture, but she wants to work for her own company, headed by husband Bob Waterfield. "I like working for Bob," she told me when she put in an appearance on my television show. "He understands me."

Kim Novak says those ads she posed for way back before Hollywood discovered her won't embarrass her in the slightest when they're released. They'd never make good calendar material, she insists. "I don't know why all this talk about my face being red," Kim said when I asked her about the pictures. "They're certainly nothing I'm ashamed of. I posed for them when I was a model back in Chicago, and, as I recall, they weren't even sexy."

Debra Paget has to wear brown contact lenses to cover her blue eyes in "The Ten Commandments." She wore them once before when she played an Indian maid in "Broken Arrow." Which reminds me that during a very romantic scene in the picture, Jimmy Stewart took Debbie in his arms, held her tightly, and whispered softly into her ear: "I love you, but one of your eyes is slipping."

Jane Powell is unhappy with the way her career is going. "I thought they'd let me do adult roles after "Seven Brides For Seven Brothers," she pouted to me at lunch. "But they've put me back into little girl parts. I don't know what I have to do to prove that I'm grown up. Maybe having another baby will do it." Jane wanted desperately to do "Love Me Or Leave Me," but the studio gave the role to Doris Day, as you know.

Dr. Lew Morrill denies emphatically that he has any designs on divorcing wife Rhonda Fleming's film earnings. "I borrowed $5,000 from Rhonda while we were married, but I'm paying it back to her, with interest," he insists.

Cary Grant, who was Mae West's leading man in her early Paramount pictures, got a big kick when La West, at her Ciro's opening, opined, "Every one of my men has been stamped Grade A." Remarked Cary, "I don't know what letter of the alphabet Mae stamped me, but I'm proud to have been stamped at all."

Gary Crosby's secret new flame is Antoinette Napoli, a cute Italian-born waitress at the Tablehoppers on the Strip. Although Zsa Zsa Gabor insisted to me she won't marry Porfirio Rubirosa, she doesn't mind using him as a traveling companion. She also reminded me that none of her ex-husbands has remarried. "After they've been married to me, they've had it," she said. And sister, she ain't kidding.

A big, big male star is in the hands of blackmailers because of a very silly escapade. It's serious between Scott Brady and Broadway star Gwen Verdon. They met when they appeared in "Gentlemen Marry Brunettes." It's about time Scott married someone—blonde or brunette... But it's not serious between Bob Wagner and Mona Freeman.
Happiness and contentment has been found by June Haver and Fred MacMurray.

I'm told that Rita Moreno answered the front door at Marlon Brando's new Mulholland Drive diggings two nights in a row when one of my operatives went seeking the elusive one. But Marlon, I'm also told, is still serious about Josianne Mariani. I just don't dig this gentleman at all.

Tab Hunter is worried about his career, but he shouldn't be after "Battle Cry"... Pier Angeli and Vic Damone bought their dream house in Bel Aire—a two story white colonial. Pier's so happy being married that I wouldn't be surprised if she up and quit acting altogether in a very short time. But her twin sister, Marisa Pavan, tells me wedding bells won't ring for her for at least another three years. However, a gal can change her mind, and Arthur Loew, Jr. may change Marisa's.

Donald O'Connor is mighty fond of pretty Gloria Noble, and is spending all his spare time with her, but says they have no plans for marriage. "Gloria is a very nice girl and the only one I'm seeing at present," he told me. "But then I'm not much for this business of dating a different doll every night. What for?" he added with a shrug. "It's much better to find someone you like and can be relaxed and comfortable with."

Sterling Hayden brushes off any questions about his divorce battle with ex-wife Betty, with the curt remark, "I can't talk about it. I'm in litigation." Meanwhile, he's looking after their four children, all of whom are under seven.

Mamie Van Doren claims that the reason she doesn't wear anything beneath her evening gowns is "because there's never any room." Doris Day has been offered one million dollars by MGM to sign a four-picture contract with them. That's a dollar for every freckle she has.

Jack Webb received a fan letter from an inmate of San Quentin which read, in its entirety: "Dear Sgt. Friday—Get me outa here."

And with that I'll leave you. END
REAL SMOOTH—One of Hollywood’s really happy marriages and one that has little fanfare as such is that of Jane Russell and Bob Waterfield. They actually shied away from publicity about their home life, so nobody thinks about it—and they go on their merry way. Now that Bob has given up pro football for movie producing—he and Jane have their own company, Russell—they even have careers in common. And their first picture, “Gentlemen Marry Brunettes,” was a real smash hit when sneak previewed here. Well, all this is just to remind you that Bob and Jane just celebrated their 13th wedding anniversary.

TY PAYS—What a settlement Linda Christian got when she divorced Ty Power! It will amount to more than a million dollars if she doesn’t remarry for eleven years. Ty really pays for his marriages. His first, to Annabella, reputedly cost him $500,000 in alimony spread over 10 years!

BUSY DAY—On the same day Linda received her divorce, Dale Robertson’s estranged wife, Jackie, received her interlocutory decree from Dale. And a few days later, one of the Las Vegas hotels sent an invitation to Dale and his steady date, Mary Murphy, to be married up there a year from now, when Dale’s divorce is final. The date coincides with the first anniversary of the hotel. But how commercial can you get? We hope Dale and Mary have better taste than to accept!

DATA ON DATES—Bob Francis has been mystifying chums with talk about his new “girl friend” Vicki. Well, Vicki is really a 10-year-old with whom Bob is doing some exhibition water-skiing down at Long Beach this summer! But he does think she’s a great kid. Meanwhile, Bob’s real date interest continues to be Lori Nelson . . . And Lori’s former best beau, Tab Hunter, has been dating Dorothy Malone. Maybe continuing the romance of “Battle Cry”?

OFF-SCREEN LOVE?—Hugh O’Brien, who at one time or another has dated most of the younger glamour gals, has flipped over Carol Ohmart, Paramount’s new find who has the entire studio so agog she’ll be starred in her very first film, “Too Late, My Love.” After his first date with Carol, Hugh rapturized to one friend, “She’s the greatest thing since sliced bread.” And to another, “She’s like perfume. If we could bottle her, we’d make a million.” Sounds like love, doesn’t it? But Hugh’s been known to change his mind before.

ON-SCREEN LOVE—Anna Maria Alberghetti is recovering from a stiff neck—and it wasn’t caused by a draft! For three days straight she was doing love scenes with Sterling Hayden for “Texas Legionnaires,” and had to keep looking up into his eyes, plus the usual clinches. And she’s 5’4” while he’s 6’4”! Off-screen Hayden has been discovering The Real Thing with Helen O’Connell.

TENDER TWAINS—Dick Contino, who used to date Piper Laurie, is now rushing Leigh Snowden, the young beauty who ironically is also under contract to Piper’s studio, U-I. Leigh just finished a good role with Rock Hudson and Jane.

INSIDERS say when and if Bing Crosby re-weds, his bride will be Katherine Grant.

Wyman in “All That Heaven Allows,” Piper, meanwhile, has been shying away from romance . . . Steve Cochran has been having lotsa dates with Jayne Mansfield . . . And George Nader, on location in the Virgin Islands for “Away All Boats,” seems to have found romance with a blonde named Linda Francis who sings in a night club down thataway. That news breaks the hearts of a few Hollywood lasses.

NO WEDDING BELLS—We can tell you that one columnist’s item announcing “Kim Novak and fiancé Mac Krim are making plans for a honeymoon house” is just so much eyewash! Kim told us, “I’m not about to marry—not Mac or anybody!” She added she is not engaged. Kim, by the way, has dyed her silver-blonde hair to a towny brown-red for her continued on page 73
April 22, 1955

Mr. Bill Tusher,  
c/o Screenland Magazine,  
10 East 40th Street,  
New York 16, N.Y.

Dear Bill:

Under a hectic schedule, I don't usually have time to keep track of fan magazine stories. This situation may have to change.

Fortunately, someone brought the Screenland story, "The Plot Against Frank Sinatra" to my attention.

During my career many nice things have been said about me; talent wise and other directions. This is the first time I have ever been defended so completely and honestly - in almost a spiritual sense.

Sincere thanks is the roughest thing in the world to paraphrase. Please accept mine as it is meant.

Sincerely

FS:gl

*"THE PLOT AGAINST FRANK SINATRA" appeared exclusively in the May issue of SCREENLAND
From T-Shirt to Bow Tie

A changed Brando is with us and, from appearances, he is here to stay, much to the delight of fans who've made him their new idol

By FRANK DEGAN

NOT LONG ago, on a date of major importance to Hollywood, and even of some minor consequence to the United States of America, Marlon Brando appeared in public wearing a bow tie. The occasion was the dispensing of Academy Awards, and the television audience was considerable. Brando, in fact, was in dinner dress. And besides, he addressed the television onlookers via a lobby master of ceremonies, mumbling conventionally that he didn't know out getting an Oscar, yet, for his memorable performance in 'On The Waterfront' but he was certainly glad to be here.

The moment in its way was historic, disclosing as it did that there really was a Marlon Brando and that he was a clean-shaven, not terribly extraordinary young man whose upper lip tended to overlap his lower and whose diction was than enough.

Till then, there had been a suspicion that the person on the screen was a triumph of sleight-of-hand, foisting on the public by mirrors a presentable edition of a myth, the myth being of course a shambling, truculent figure in blue jeans and a T-shirt.

Actually, the transition should not have been too surprising, for months earlier, Brando had turned up in New York with a fiancée named Josianne Mariani, a quiet French girl he fully intended at last notice to wed, and here again he had been adequately, if not conservatively, clothed. The Ivy League, that is, would not have spotted him for one of theirs. But the necktie was present, all right, and the ensemble was topped by a Homburg hat either Parisian or bucolic—it was hard to say.

Also, Brando discoursed at that time in a civilized manner and evidently did not regard himself as outrageously badgered by public curiosity.

So a point had to be raised. And it was raised— emphatically. Was this relatively conservative fellow a new Brando? Was the maverick beginning to come to terms with society?
Marlon at work is gay and uninhibited

HORSING around between scenes of "Désirée," with Jimmy Dean and other members of the cast, is further evidence of the change in Marlo
a far cry from his former self

The answer, with final returns not yet in, seemed in late spring to be at once, yes and no.
There was a different Brando, the product of a psychiatrist's ministrations. To a certain extent, he had turned—or been turned—outward, away from himself. At the same time, he is gradually becoming aware of a certain debt to society, of which hitherto he had claimed bitter independence.

But the core of the individualist was undamaged; unaltered, if you wish.

It is doubtful, for example, that the changed Brando would affront interviewers for asking mildly personal questions. He might even answer the questions provided they were not invasive. But he still wouldn't like them and he still wouldn't wholly acknowledge the questioner's right to ask.

Brando cannot or will not acquiesce to a widely held professional theory that when an actor accepts stardom, he waives privacy to a great degree. Whether he's right or wrong, is subject to unlimited debate.

The changed Brando, however, is indeed with us. He was manifest in New York and on that night of the Oscars, and very much so on the movie lots whence he makes the bulk of his living.

As a matter of fact, Brando at work is a gay and uninhibited man whose constraints fall away when he is with those whose special knowledge and attributes he understands—because they are his own.

Thus while he was making "Désirée" on the 20th Century-Fox lot, it was his pleasure to horse around between scenes, and visitors at last became accustomed to the peculiar spectacle of

REMINISCENT of the old Brando is this napping Napoleon, but when visitors come on the set, Marlon now whips into gray flannels.

A PERFECTIONIST, Marlon listens attentively to instructions during rehearsal for dance sequence with co-star Jean Simmons.

the Emperor Napoleon pitching a football around with various of his screen lackeys.

Then again, Brando is fond of a skunk hand puppet he owns, or used to own. (He is likewise fond of skunks or any other creature of the animal kingdom.) A skunk hand puppet, if the definition eludes you, is a life-like replica of a skunk made up so that it may be maneuvered with the fingers in such a way that you are harrowed by the probability that Brando is about to reward you with a skunk. An unpleasant probability, particularly to women. Brando was greatly pleased with the device.

There is in addition these days a naive Brando, by Hollywood standards. When he first turned up in filmland with Mademoiselle Mariani and was quizzed by a studio publicist with regard to his marital plans, he replied: "I don't want to talk to the press about it." Then he went on, almost as an afterthought, "Oh, but I'll tell you about it. Don't think I'm being a Garbo."

"If," answered the startled publicist, "you don't want the

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press to know, then don't tell me. I'd be strictly unreliable."

So Brando didn't.

It is generally thought, though, that Brando, who recently told a friend, "You're lucky with your wife and children; that's for me, too!", will marry Mademoiselle Mariani—and in very short order, too.

Not much is left of the mop Brando with the mop vocabulary and the moody, sometimes snarling reticence. He is even taking up some reefs in his conviction that animals are measurably superior to humans. He still likes animals, and is said to mourn a bit over having forsaken his raccoon, Russel, but he likes some people as well.

Mademoiselle Mariani, for one. New York friends such as Phil Rhodes (his make-up man in Hollywood), Sam Gilman, and others. With Rhodes, Gilman, and two additional companions, he lives in fraternity house fashion in Beverly Hills Benedict Canyon, a rented place that wears habitually a disheveled air, as of a perennial morning after. Brando likes to work out on the drums, as viewers of Ed Murrow's Person-to-Person TV show know by now, and he's got a playroom where to do it.

(But elaborately, on the other hand, it should be inserted here that there are none of the usual mornings after for Brando. He doesn't drink. Doesn't like it.)

The changed, and still changing, Brando presents yet another facet. He tidies up now for interviews conducted on the set. He continues to prefer jeans for relaxation (as do many persons not scored for the circumstance), but has instructed his publicists to warn him in advance when any press callers are expected at the studio. These he will then meet in gray flannels.

But he has expressed public indignation, in other of his rare TV appearances, over that special segment of the press that concerns itself exclusively with skeletons in personal closets. On that point, Brando has professed himself helpless to deny what he says is not so, and charges magazine libel laws with laxity. Nor is he the only one.

In some respects, the re-tailing of Brando's exterior personality has been so vivid as to move a newsman (Vernor Scott of the United Press) to observe recently:

"No wonder Hollywood doesn't like him. He's so completely normal."

The words "Hollywood doesn't like him" are undocumented however; an opinion.

Brando said something once that may be revealing of his attitude toward celebrity as a state of being. He said, "Celebrity is irrelevant. If you truly want to act—or write or throw a javelin or whatever it is you want to do—you may become in the process a celebrity. It's incidental. But if what you want is to become a celebrity as such, you probably won't.

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WITH the bow tie came a more affable personality, as these candid camera shots of the new Marlon show.
MORABLE performance given by Marlon in "On The Waterfront" won for him Hollywood's highest honor. He's now in "Guys And Dolls."
Not much is left of the "bop" Brando, the old

MARLON's taken in a few reeds in his conviction that animals are superior to humans. He still likes animals but he now likes people, too.
lingo and the moody reticence

ONE thing Marlon cannot acquiesce in is the theory that when an actor accepts stardom, he waives privacy to a great degree.

It's an inane and poor ambition anyway. It's not even an ambition. It's a daydream.

At another time, informed that an exceptionally attractive woman reporter was waiting to see him, he exclaimed:

"Quick, where's my Liberace wig?" So perhaps, with full good humor, he does not disdain celebrity wholly—only its method of attainment.

THE re-vamped Brando, like the original model, goes on preferring the stage to pictures, but has forsaken his once openly expressed contempt for films. "On The Waterfront" had a lot to do with that, and he's happy over the more current "Guys And Dolls." "Medium-schedium," he says now. "So long as it's good." He does not disdain the movies' money either—which is the attitude of a sensible, well-adjusted man.

To put it in starkly simple terms, too simple really, Brando underwent psychiatry because he was miserable; blackly so. From the analyst, he finally found out why—self-absorption is supposed to have been part of it—and now he's better and happier. "I'm lucky," he once remarked. "I had the guts to go, to realize something was wrong and turn it over to the doctor. It's the luckiest thing I've done yet."

For diversion, Brando's a beach lover, his biggest single deal there manning a surfboard with a sail. He's a good swimmer and horseman, and he's played some football. Children and animals are instantly attracted to him, and he o them. His principal beef de profession, as partially noted,
is magazine and other pieces that get him "wrong." His feelings: "They seem either to want to deify me or make me a monster. No middle ground. And I'm like most other people. I'm in the middle."

The pre-analysis Brando once greeted a woman writer in New York (in Hollywood, it would have meant nothing), clad only in swim trunks. The post-graduate Marlon wouldn't dream of doing such a thing, not even in Hollywood. And so on and on the re-tailoring goes—for the better in every way, most think.

And that brings us to a summary point. Not too far back, Brando would not have cared what Most Think. Today he does. He's glad that Most are in his corner.

The pre-analysis Brandos and present day James Deans to the contrary, it appears best that man, however separate and talented, integrate himself with society. As a rule, it pays off. And so Brando is discovering. Wears neckties and hats, speaks when spoken to, and even at times blends gracefully into his background. Jeans and T-shirts are not gone, but they're in the closet.

Further improvement, if "improvement" is not in this case a haughty and arrogant word, is to be expected. By press time, the man may actually be posing for publicity pictures with chimps and writing by-line magazine articles on the subject of faith and fidelity, though this may be a little too much to count on.

Meanwhile, the millions of his supporters are increasingly happy as their idol becomes so himself.

END
ARLENE AND FERNANDO:

Two for the Show

Their marriage a wonderful success,
Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas now combine careers
by co-starring on the stage in “Liliom”

OPENING NIGHT finds Fernando and Arlene serious and just a bit nervous as they prepare for their debut.
ON-STAGE at the Sombrero Theatre in Phoenix, Arlene and Fernando regain their confidence as they do a gay scene in "Liliom."

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ARLENE AND FERNANDO continued

FERNANDO in the role of the young French boorder in the Ferenc Molnar play.
HUSBANDLY role is nicely handled by Fernando in their dressing room after the final curtain has rung down and they begin to relax.

Love and hard work go hand in hand as the romantic Lamas and his beautiful Dahl debut as a tandem

OFF-STAGE, Arlene reverts to being a wife to Fernando, whose latest picture is "The Girl Rush."
A DIET of laughter is one recipe for the Powells' healthy marriage.
By DICK POWELL:

"My 10 years with June Allyson"

We've romped through our first decade with so much rollicking give-and-take, I don't know where the time has gone

LIKE any happily, healthily married couple that has thing to hide either from each other or from a morbidly frivolous outside world, June and I are not past having an occasional scrap. But rack my brains though I may, I can't recall a time anything profound has ever been settled by one of our disagreements. Yet both of us, on those two instances we pause long enough in our full life to get nostalgic, remember our brannigans with profound tenderness tied outlandish laughter. Among other very cherished things.

Ten years with June Allyson have provided one delightful domestic Donnybrook after another. As a result, we have rolled through a decade of marriage with such a high content of laughter and hilarity, of rollicking give-and-take, that even I don't know where those wonderful ten years have gone.

It's not the extraordinary events that determine what kind of marriage you have. It's the ordinary things. And the test whether you can live with the ordinary things in life without the ordinary things invariably are tinged with the screwball.

Take a simple thing like a gun. Now there's no reason in the world for anyone to be intimidated by a well-behaved gun that is pointed in the proper direction—away from you. But Junie has never been able to let this simple fact sink in. She's not afraid of guns; she's just petrified of them. And she doesn't care who knows it. You can't get her to shoot a gun if her life—or yours, for that matter—depended on it. Although I always keep guns around the house, I appease Junie by showing her they're not loaded, and on that basis she's willing to co-exist with them. But the other day, with the rattlesnake season arriving in our rustic neck of the woods, my daughter Ellen put in a call for some shotgun shells, and Junie happened to overhear her. June got dressed in ten seconds flat, got hold of me in five seconds flat, and laid down the law.

"I forbid a loaded gun in this house," she said. "I forbid it!"

Dissolve to two nights later. We're suddenly awakened from a sound sleep by a terrible racket downstairs. June opens her eyes, and whispers to me in a trembling voice, "You bet-

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ter go downstairs and see what that commotion is about.”
I'm pretty sleepy—and, confidentially, pretty scared—myself, and I groan. “What? Without a gun?”
“Oh,” June says, and quietly buries herself under the covers.
Fadeout.
But at the risk of being anti-climactic, I have to admit I'm not at all sure I taught Junie a lesson. That's what I meant when I said that most of our bouts are no-decision affairs. I wouldn't like June to get wind of this, but frankly, I wouldn't have gone downstairs with a loaded gun. Let 'em take whatever they want!
For June and me, the first ten years were merely a warmup. As far as I know, there couldn't be a happier family in the business. You couldn't blast me away from June, and you couldn't blast her away from me. I'm sure nothing ever will happen to us, unless the whole chemical content of our brains goes out of whack.
I'm even getting the jewelry to prove it. A couple of weeks ago—well in advance of our tenth anniversary date—I found myself in Ruser's Jewelry Store in Beverly Hills, having our wedding bands brought up to date. When June and I got married, I gave her a wedding ring with diamonds half-circled around it. On our fifth anniversary, I gave her another band half-circled with diamonds. To celebrate our tenth anniversary, I'm having them put diamonds all the way around Junie's two rings. She, in turn, is having the back halves of the rings (the halves without the diamonds) made into a separate wedding ring—for me! She's finally got me branded.

Without a doubt, with my TV series, my acting, directing and producing, my independent company with June, "Pamric," and my direction of June in the musical remake of "It Happened One Night," I'm more productive than I've ever been. And a man is not productive in a vacuum. A man can function at work only to the extent that his marriage is functioning.

RICKY gives Mom a great big good morning. The Powells know that "the little things fill your life with contentment and meaning.

BRAIDS are a knotty problem to Pamela, but June untangles them.

YOUNG explorer, Ricky tries to explain his game to puzzled June.
that little success I've had the past few years, I really feel
owe to June.
I don't know of any couple in this town who totally escapes
be scourge of the unfounded rumor, and naturally we're no
ceptions, nor are we foolish enough to expect that we would.
Now June happens to be a very affectionate, warm, human
ing, which happens to be one of the reasons I'm so fond
her. She really loves everybody. I don't know anybody
she doesn't love or like. She'll walk into a room and think
thing of throwing her arms around nearly everybody she
ps into. That's the way she is, and she never dreams that
okers who don't know her are apt to believe implicitly
at they see, and are apt to read fantastic meaning into it.

OOK at that silly rhubarb in which she recently was in-
olved through absolutely no fault of her own. Naturally
't meddle in other people's lives any more than I'd want
m to meddle in mine, but I understand the Alan Ladds
re working out some personal problem. So when the little
fuss between Alan and Sue Carol got into the papers, the col-
umnists somehow linked June into that. And she had no more
do with that, for heaven's sake, than you did. Unfortunate-
ly for the gossip-mongers but fortunately for her career, she
happened to be making a picture with Alan at the time, and it
was easy for people to allow their imaginations to take them
over the deep end.

That, incidentally, is one thing we did not fight about, and
the kind of thing we never fight about. Junie and I don't have
to resort to anything as shabby as jealousy or lack of trust in
one another to find a reason to put on the gloves. We find it
more fun to keep our skirmishes in the family.

If I may paraphrase myself without getting too sticky about
it, if ever a man was happier with his lot in marriage than I,
I don't know who it is. You know the kind of marriage we
have? I don't know how the psychologists would describe it,
but it's so real you can taste it, and so natural you never give
it a thought. But it's always with you, filling your life with
contentment, meaning and direction. Take those little things I

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Warm-hearted, home-loving June gives new proof of her dramatic ability in a completely unexpected role.

Let me give you another sample of the kind of thing that goes on at my house. The other night when we got home from a late dinner at the Beachcombers, I went downstairs install another part on a radio I'm building. Pretty soon June came running down in her pajamas, yelling, "Richard! Why are you doing?"

"Fixing the radio," I called back.

"Darned," she laughed, "if you're not the craziest idiot I ever seen in my life."

And back she went upstairs.

You see, June hates to be alone, although I like to be by myself once in a while. She's always hunting me down I'm not at her side.

BEFORE June became my wife, she had always lived in an apartment. So when we moved into a house, I had to take charge of furnishing it, getting the cook, everything. No after ten years, June not only knows what to do about a house and runs it without a hitch, but she takes a darned sight better care of it than I ever did.

June has blossomed out in other ways, too, during my years with her. When we first got married, she was so darr shy that when I'd take her to a cocktail party, she'd hold on my hand all the time. I couldn't leave the room without h

"THE SHRIKE": June's gripping performance in the off-beat part of a wife who tries to destroy her husband, Jose Ferrer, will amaze y
in our house are always tinged with the screwball." June enjoys one of the children's books as she completes a full day.

I don't want to recite all June's virtues here. It might go to her head. But June's really a remarkable girl. And character is something she's got plenty of. June can be very helpless around me, but when trouble comes—like when I nearly died of a burst appendix a couple of years ago—she can take charge in two seconds.

When I get ill, she mothers me and nurses me like I was three years old. We had our first vacation together in five years at Sun Valley, so what do I do but fracture my shoulder on the fourth day!

I was pretty annoyed with myself at first, but I've been getting so much attention from June that I told her I was going to break the darn thing all over again. She drives the car for me. She fixes my ties. I couldn't get in the shower, so she gave me sponge baths. Everytime I open my eyes at night, she's looking at me.

There's one thing I know for sure after my ten years with June Allyson:
They don't hardly make them that way no more!
GLENN FORD:

He's Got All His Moxie

Did Glenn fold up like a wet Kleenex after a coupla so-so movies? Shucks no, he's back with a boom

By JOHN MAYNARD

HISTORY WENT into a quiet nip-up in Culver City, California, recently. Or fairly recently. It was an afternoon in mid-spring, and Glenn Ford, who, after a long period of semi-freelancing, was settling down at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer as a bit of a fixture, betook himself of something.

He betook himself that it was twenty years ago that very day that he had first reported to MGM.

Well, no, that isn't quite accurate. More properly, it was twenty years ago that day that he reported to MGM the fact of his existence. He went up to a man and said he was Glenn Ford and would as soon go to work as an actor. The man (or MGM) replied that it was a laudable ambition and that no doubt some other studio would applaud it. But MGM—no. Ford, MGM advised their downcast applicant, was a character juvenile. This means roughly a leading man who looks a little as though his face might have been stepped on at one time or another. MGM that year was going more for Robert Taylor types. As a matter of fact, they were going for Robert Taylor. Clark Gable, too, as usual.

Ford said thank you and took his face and went away. Twenty years ago last April.

Today MGM has a bit going about the 1955 Ford. It's complicated, but has something to do with three new parts: power steering, automatic acceleration and a butch haircut. The new Ford, you understand? It is a joke.

But at the same time, it is not a joke. It is a fact.

MRS. FORD, the lady of the house, was, of course; Eleanor Powell until Glenn asked her how she felt about his last name.

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THIS is how Glenn appears to his bedroom mirror when knotting his tie.
and family are the centers of gravity around which he revolves

when he got aboard MGM. On the contrary, he was still about the busiest actor in the business. But it would be difficult to say that he was gaining any professional stature. He was merely, as before, prosperous, famed and successful. A dreadful rut, a hopeless squirrel-cage.

Then there came along this role in "Interrupted Melody." Most of his friends and counsellors advised him not to take it. It was the woman's picture for one thing, the story of brave, polio-afflicted Marjorie Lawrence. The male lead had to be subsidiary. But it was a good part all the same. Gutty part. So Ford overruled his board of directors and played it. It was the smartest move he's made since he asked Eleanor Powell how she felt about his last name.

Next on his MGM agenda was "The Blackboard Jungle." "Interrupted Melody" had fiber to it, but beside "Blackboard Jungle" it was a care-free cream-puff of a picture. "Blackboard Jungle," an unabashed study of delinquency, sent strong men scurrying up the aisles for a quick one and induced at least one Hollywood columnist to shrill that it should never have been made. She apparently had in mind its reception at the Lyricovska in Moscow. Ford's powerful role was that of the mitigating influence in a classroom of youthful thugs and he made the most of it.

In fact, he made so much of it that he was promptly tapped for the top spot in "Trial," a film so definitely opposed to Communist skuldugger that it may pacify the lady columnist. It is Ford's third major consecutive opus, which is what MGM means by that three new parts business in the automative analogy.

He was working on "Trial" the day he came up with his realization of that twentieth anniversary. (To disclose the framework of "Trial" would scarcely be cricket, but you can bet your bank balance that at least one scene will have Ford and Dorothy McGuire seeing Arthur Kennedy and Katy Jurado off at an airport. And if Ford does not call across the barrier at Kennedy, "Hey, where'd you leave that key to the beachhouse?", it will be a crying shame. They shot it eight times. It's in Miss McGuire's purse, by the way. The key.)

Anyway, Ford and friends went to lunch thereafter, and all the foregoing came out. So did a large part of Ford's feeling toward this newest phase of his long and solid career.

NOW there are certain conventional reflexes generated in stars who have seen dizzying up-turns in their screen fortunes. It seems as a rule that they have been in deep despair, that they have prayed, and that they have been about to float away into limbo when Providence (divine) stepped in and rapped them briskly across the pate with its wand.

This is not true, however, of Ford, as we shall presently see. In the first place, he was not in despair, not even shallow, and positively not deep.

"I could tell it that way," he said not long ago. "Wouldn't make a bad story, I suppose. But it wouldn't be true either. And it wouldn't even make sense to anybody who thought about it, because look, suppose I had been in despair, which is a fancy word for feeling like a whipped dog. Have you ever seen a person in despair who had all his moxie? Could he write as well or do business as well or act as well as he could when he felt okay? I don't think so and I'll tell you why. A guy who's in the dumps, not only does he show it in whatever he does but his confidence is impaired. And when you've lost that, you're really on the slides.

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"Acting is my business. So every part isn't Hamlet, what right do I have to cry?"

"Maybe I wasn't on top of the world for a while there. Okay, sure I wasn't. But I wasn't gloomy. And don't make it sound like the stiff upper lip story, because that would be phony, too. There was no need for a stiff upper lip. I felt okay.

"I'm an actor. It's my business. It's a very good business. It pays pretty well—in every way. So every part's not Hamlet, what right do I have to cry? Or fold up like a piece of wet Kleenex? And if I had folded, where would I have been? Not over here having lunch today, I imagine.

"You know what I mean? As a despondent person, I couldn't have measured up to the chances I got.

"There are real and terrible and valid reasons to be despondent, but having to star in a couple of so-so motion pictures isn't one of them. And if I said it was, I'd expect the people with real troubles to organize posses and come after me with sticks. No, the point is just to keep pitching. That doesn't make you break. It just doesn't give you time to feel bad or even think about it. Then sooner or later, something comes along."

Ford, nevertheless, had a momentary sinking feeling after completion of "Blackboard Jungle." Called back to a prior studio of his for a one-film commitment, he was handed a script and, opening it somewhat at random, came across this:

A couple of Marines, one of whom was slated to be himself, are walking down the Ginza in Tokyo, occupied Tokyo presumably, when one of them (our hero) says to the other:

"If any of these guys yells 'Banzai', I'm going to take off like a pinwheel!"

Somehow Ford never found out what the other said. His eye froze and locked, and the next thing he knew he was in the producer's office declining the film.

Then "Trial" turned up.

Ford's distaste for the film he wouldn't do probably was founded on something other than artistic disapproval. He was a Marine himself in World War II, and for a good long time. He doesn't speak of it, but it's true. As a matter of fact, he does not often speak of being an "actor" either. For some reason he shies away from the term. "There's something about it," he has mumbled vaguely.

Thus thirteen years ago, when the Marine recruitment office asked him his occupation, he replied rather to his own surprise that he was a stamp-collector. The ensuing question had to do with his salary. He gave it; there was no way out.

"Trial": Glenn's latest movie for MGM co-stars Dorothy McGuire. It's based on a prize-winning novel.
The recruiting Marine did quite a take. "Buddy," he said reverently, "this is a market you must have cornered."

Glenn (actually Gwyllyn) Ford, of Welsh extraction, was born in Quebec thirty-some years ago, the son of a railway executive and the nephew of a one-time prime minister of Canada, Sir John McDonald by name. But Ford was raised for the most part—since the age of eight—in Santa Monica, California, which is nearer MGM than it is Quebec.

The customary session with the stage, he broke into pictures in 1939 with a quite audible crack, became solid before he left for the Marines, and continued onward and upward thereafter.

He is still a "character juvenile" (he is said once to have described himself as resembling a bullfrog after a trip through a vise), still plays the discerning poker he exhibited in young manhood, still declines the off-screen role of star, and still refuses to get ruffled over the minor occupational hazards of his profession.

The big change in him is exterior. He is coming into the full flowering of his screen growth. The parlay of "Interrupted Melody" to "Blackboard Jungle" to "Trial" has no equal in the year 1955. It is almost incredible. And it certainly could not have been achieved if Ford had not grown inwardly in his polished, unobtrusive talents to meet it.

He used to find gossip intolerable, especially that concern-
Rita Hayworth:
CONTINUING the pattern of her life, Rita today relies on Dick Haymes to guide her in every move.

SHE A Real-Life Trilby?

Hollywood blinked and wondered. One of its most glamorous daughters, Rita Hayworth, was back in the film capital, and she seemed to be a different woman.

Unlike her previous stormy marriages, her present one to Dick Haymes seemed to be idyllic. They seemed to be very much in love, and folks said this romantic contentment had brought a change in Rita. She was not the tempestuous, unpredictable girl whose life had been spread in headlines around the world.

Rita, who had lived in chateaux and palaces while married to Aly Khan, moved into a relatively modest apartment with Dick. It was in one of those modern buildings that have towered up on Wilshire Boulevard in West Los Angeles. The place had only one bedroom and when Rita's daughters, Rebecca and Yasmin, came to visit them from the Haymes' legal home in Nevada during the Easter holiday, another apartment next door had to be rented.

Rita had long been stand-offish with newspapermen. But shortly after she arrived in Hollywood, her studio called a press conference. Rita and Dick appeared, greeted reporters and answered questions about their activities. Both seemed confident and happy, despite the many troubles Dick had been having.

Rita had long been having wrangles with Columbia over contract matters. But she seemed to be satisfied with the new deal, under which she agreed to make two films for Columbia. She expressed approval of her first film, "Joseph And His Brethren," and the noted playwright, Clifford Odets, had been hired to polish up the final script. In the meantime, production details were being

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Rita—the actress and woman—

arranged and everything pointed to a new and happy Rita.
Then the bomb fell.
Rita notified the studio that she considered the contract to be broken. Shooting on the film had been delayed because of failure to cast a Joseph in the leading role. That delay wasn't according to her contract, she declared.

Her lawyer explained: "Rita is obligated to take her daughter Yasmin to Europe to fulfill visitation rights of her former husband, Prince Aly Kahn, and she feels that the picture's delay in shooting will not allow her time to get away."

The studio bosses were flabbergasted. Rita's ultimatum came just four days before the picture was to begin. "Joseph And His Brethren" was one of the most expensive films in the studio's history and a delay would be costly.

"There's no question that Rita would be able to keep the European date," an official remarked. "A large part of the picture has already been filmed in Israel. Rita would be through well before the end of June."

But Rita was not having any. Her lawyers filed in Federal Court to have her Columbia contract voided because the picture didn't start on time. And what's more, she wanted to be paid the full $150,000 she would have gotten for making it.

THE stage was set for legalistic fireworks. Only time will tell who will be the winner. But observers felt that the studio had the advantage, as far as time was concerned. Columbia, embittered by Rita's behavior, would doubtless carry the fight to the limit.

By the time you read this, the legal question may be settled by the two parties. But the whole hassle settled for Hollywood the question of whether Rita had really changed. The answer was NO.

Some insiders believe that Rita herself is not the cause of the split. They would lay the blame at the feet of her husband, mellow-voiced Dick Haymes. But even that would prove that Rita has not changed from the pattern that has dominated her life—her reliance on the men in her life.

As a girl, Rita never had to make decisions for herself. She was brought up in the strict Spanish tradition of her father and was taught to obey what she was told. When she was 14, she was dancing with her father in night clubs, but she was well protected from the dangers of show business life. Dates were practically non-existent and she seldom talked to men.

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was molded by four mates who guided her career-wise and socially.
Between marriages and raising a family, lovely Rita had a fling at dating

Papa Cansino decided everything for her in those early days. Then Ed Judson came along. He was a smoothie who knew a good thing when he saw it—meaning Rita. He wooed and won her in record time, though he was many years her senior. Despite the protests of the Cansinos, they were married. Rita was only 18.

Now it was the mature and knowing Judson who decided matters for Rita. He planned her career as shrewdly as any oil promotion he might have maneuvered. His guidance paid off. She rose from a bit player to one of Hollywood’s most exciting stars. But as little real love existed between Rita and Judson, their marriage eventually was dissolved.

Rita wasn’t single for long. She had a fling at dating, especially with Vic Mature. But Vic went away to war, and she needed another mastermind. By an odd bit of casting, it turned out to be Orson Welles.

They had met while Welles was putting on his magic show for Servicemen in Hollywood. The courtship was rapid. Folks wondered what she saw in the bulky, conceited boy genius.

The answer was simple. Rita was tired of being the love goddess of Hollywood films. She wanted to be known as an actress. At that time Welles was being hailed as a wonder man of the drama. She succumbed to his overwhelming intellect.

No deep thinker, Rita was impressed with Welles’ knowledge. She tried to follow his prescriptions for cultural improvement and made some progress. She even submitted her...
OTHERHOOD helped Rita mature and she accepted its responsibilities with ease, but it did not alter her basic submissive nature.

...
RITA HAYWORTH continued

On her way to stardom Rita became the darling of millions of fans

In her young career days, Rita would even go on publicity junkets.

Another intimate confirmed this. “Dick came to all the important conferences on ‘Joseph And His Brethren,’” he remarked. “Before Rita would make a decision, she would look to Dick for his opinion.

“It got so she relied on him for even the most minor decisions. Once I asked her if she wanted a Coke. She said she didn’t think so. Then I asked Dick. He said okay and added, ‘Why don’t you have one, too, Rita?’ She did!”

Those who attended their press conference noticed the same thing. Most of the time was taken up with Dick’s problems, which are many. When an important question was tossed at Rita, she usually looked to Dick for the answer. More often than not, he volunteered it. When she did make a statement, he often corrected it slightly. Reporters came away with a raft of statements from Haymes but scarcely a quote from Rita.

Their professional partnership became official when they signed a deal to make some pictures for United Artists release. The deal was made in both their names, not Rita’s alone.

It’s possible that the courts will eventually decide in favor of the Haymeses. But that won’t make Columbia bosses feel any less that they haven’t been hurt by Rita and Dick.

They argue that they have taken good care of Rita in the 17 years she has been at the studio. They set up her Beckworth Company, which allowed her to participate in the profits of her films. After she had been heavily censured for the Aly Khan affair, the studio gambled to bring her back before the public in expensive films.

Columbia also advanced her and Haymes large amounts of money to help straighten out their financial entanglements.

But, of course, none of this has any effect on Rita. She is being guided by a man, as she has been all her life. That’s the way she is and no one can change her. It remains to be seen where this course will lead her.

END
AME came to Rita through her dancing roles, the last one being in "Miss Sadie Thompson," in which she did this high-spirited number.
Janet has a new line these days but it’s strictly for Junior Misses—dress fashions she’s creating as part of a brilliant new career.
Housefrau, movie star and fashion designer—

ADDITION of pearls and black hat convert simple sheath into chic afternoon costume, Janet explains.
CHIFFON SCARF added to neckline of Janet's sheath also dresses up. Janet's creations for Natlynn Juniors are "wardrobe stretchers."

POINTING to photograph of another of her designs, Janet reveals characteristic intensity which she carries into all of her work.
Jane Powell, wife of the hot-shot car dealer down the street, is the happiest l’il doll ever.
WELL, THE returns are in, and there seems no
ion about it. Mrs. Nerney is back in the chips.

is emotionally speaking.

3. Nerney, who was Mrs. Geary Steffen, who was Jane
ill and in fact still is, had a time there when her stack
pretty depleted. She wasn't happy and she was very, very

used. Then along came Pat Nerney, a sales executive in
nobiles by profession, and you ought to see Mrs. Nerney

Happiest little doll ever!

er is quite definitely a point, by the way, in bearing
on this "Mrs. Nerney" business. One is not just being
There also is quite definitely a connection between it
ane Powell's state of well-being.

And the connection is that Miss Powell is in truth Mrs.
Nerney. Once she's away from the screen and off the Metro-
Goldwyn-Mayer lot, there simply ain't no Jane Powell. And
it is not always thus with the marriages of women film stars
whose husbands do not themselves happen to be in the
Hollywood firmament.

That is nobody's fault. It's one of those things. But the
precise circumstance that it is one of those things can plant
a nasty little bug in what might in all other respects be an
idylic set-up.

Let us, for example, plot the course that might have fol-
owed—but did not—the wedding of Jane Powell and Pat
Nerney in Ojai, California, last November 8. The route should

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Back in the emotional chips again, Jane's once

After a period of nervousness and bewilderment following her divorce from Geary Steffen, Jane is once more her old, outgoing, happy self.
have a familiar ring to you for it's happened so many times.
Nerney, as said, is a salesman of cars, and a very successful one. But it would not have jarred the Hollywood scene much if, after the marriage, he had abruptly become a talent agent, a business manager, or even a producer—the qualification being that his only client was his wife.
The woods—the Hollywoods, if you go for that sort of prose tapioca—are full of these mysterious transferences. Husbands whose abilities prior to the acquisition of a celebrated mate have had no particular connection with films, suddenly become rather well-paid consultants on script or salary problems. A corporation is formed and he becomes officially an executive of that corporation, title and all.
In the case of Nerney and Miss Powell, it is not inconceivable that the corporation would have been called Powney or Nern-Ell or something equally distressing. Known as an independent production unit, Miss Powell would be treasurer, perhaps, Nerney president and chairman of the board. Probably would have made money, too.
But it wouldn't have fooled anybody, and its two founders east of all. Marriages into the high and heady echelons of screen stardom have rotted at the base for lesser causes.
In effect, both parties are chattels in a peculiarly reciprocal way, and both parties come to resent it.
But it's not that way with the Nerneys. He didn't marry a movie star. She married a sales executive—who still sells cars and resolutely declines to poke his nose onto a film set.

THAT CUES us into a little dialogue. The scene, as usual, is MGM's commissary, where press and stars inevitably are consigned to make their modest share of history.
There's knackwurst—au gratin, yet!—on the menu, but Miss Powell, who has soared to a thumping 98 pounds, is on diet, and orders off the top of her head cottage cheese, sliced hard-boiled eggs, sliced tomatoes, and lettuce. Looks like a

MRS. NERNEY is on the upbeat again, as these pictures will testify. Her brief, rebound romance with Gene Nelson is forgotten.
Bob Francis is likely to buy the food and ask YOU to prepare it.

Better wear your old blue jeans.

You probably think that an eligible young man in Hollywood has a pretty wonderful time what with the shortage of single males and all those beautiful girls and the lavish parties and anxious hostesses bombarding him with invitations. And you're right. That is, you could be right if it weren't for two or three little matters, such as the fact that most of these lads have important work to do very early most days, so late hours are out; and the fact that the most eligible ones are usually comparative beginners in pictures and are rarely in the big money brackets which allow them to return expensive hospitality in kind. That's why (although it's a little sad for various glamorous gals who seriously need to be escorted here and yon) you don't often find the most attractive single men at the lavish parties or in the expensive night spots.

But don't waste any time feeling sorry for these lone
for the chances are you’ll wind up cooking dinner in his apartment!

Duly picked up and arrived at Rock’s eagle-nest dwelling, she discovers promptly that Rock is involved in some important “project” or other and wants her help and cooperation or her advice—or maybe he just likes to have a pretty girl there to look on and possibly applaud a little bit as he goes earnestly about these activities. He is an ardent gardener, so sometimes his guest helps him to lay out a hyacinth bed or maybe, if she is so inclined, she may do a bit of trowel-wielding, herself.

Sometimes he is in his never-ending throes of indexing his huge collection of recordings. This has been going on for years and is, admittedly, never going to be finished, but if a girl is on familiar terms with a card index, she can make Rock her slave.

Perhaps this is his day to enjoy his electric tools, in which

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Dancing in the dark or a buffet dinner,

DANCING cheek to cheek with George Nader—Martha Hyer feels no pain.
the evening will never be dull

PIPER Laurie is adept at whipping up a trayful of tasty sandwiches when Rock's not in the mood for preparing something more elaborate.

case he may whip up a pair of smart and shiny personalized earrings. Or maybe he is doing woodwork—and she'll get a pair of polished bookends. But, whatever kick he is on, if she seems bored, Rock will abandon it amiably and hunt up some other activity to amuse her.

And, no matter what else happens, she will have music to entertain her. Rock's record player will be going and he can please the most fastidious—or fantastic taste. He has practically every kind of record and, as there isn't any kind of music that he doesn't enjoy, she may choose her own and know that he likes it, too. But girls with sensitive eardrums should be warned. Rock likes the volume on his music turned up. He likes it loud. "I like to be able to identify the instruments," he explains—and if his guest can distinguish a bass soon from a piccolo, she'll certainly have no trouble identifying them at Rock's house!

LATER ON, people will start turning up, looking hungry, and if Rock's special girl guest hasn't been there before she may begin to wonder, apprehensively, who is going to cook for all these characters. She needn't. Sometimes Rock's mother drops by with a whole baked ham and a casserole dish and a bottle of special salad dressing to be mixed with the salad makings reposing in the refrigerator. Sometimes Rock produces thick steaks and grills them expertly at the outdoor barbecue or on the kitchen stove, depending on the weather. Once in a while, if he is in an expansive mood, he may have a cook in to fix something pretty sumptuous in the way of a buffet meal.

Whatever happens, no one is going to be hungry and no one is going to have to wash any dishes. A doughty woman arrives next morning to attend to the cleaning details.

After the food, there will be a big fire and a lot of talk and music. Always the music—from the record player, from Rock's beloved, old-fashioned player piano with his myriad-

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HER flawless features endowed the lovely dark-haired girl with the face of a cameo. She looked very Gallic with the beret perched on her head and the crimson scarf flung carelessly around her neck and floating off to the side. She was oblivious of the crowds surging around her as she paused to look in the window of an art shop on the Champs Elysees in Paris.

But before she could blink her eyes, a stranger caught a glimpse of her, broke ranks from among the passing pedestrians, blandly walked up to her, and proceeded to pour on the continental banana oil. "Pardonnez moiti, mademoiselle," he smiled graciously, taking the startled girl's arm. "Are you interested in a Matisse? They don't have anything worthwhile here, mais non. If you'll just get into a cab down the street, I can take you three miles down to the Left Bank, and we could see much better things, n'est-ce pas?"

The Frenchman's pitch—a dressy variation of the plebian American boy-meets-girl maneuver known as the pick-up—was in itself a work of art the like of which she never had seen until she found herself at large in Gay Paree. His approach was remarkable in its éclat and easy assurance. He didn't have the slightest doubt that the ravishing young woman would accept his invitation with alacrity.

But Jeanne extricated her elbow from his gentle, if proprietary claws, and continued on her way at a quickened pace—without benefit of his gratuitously offered guidance.

What this ardent French Lothario did not know was that his elusive quarry happened to be a titian-haired beauty from Hollywood, Jeanne Crain, avec black wig for her Parisian location assignment in "Gentlemen Marry Brunettes." Jeanne's disguise was so effective...
Making a film in Paris, Jeanne had a hard time convincing the male population that she's really a home-loving gal

that even her friends didn't recognize her, but a woman so outrageously well-endowed scarcely needs fame as an excuse to attract the roving eye of a roaming Frenchman. The gorgeous Miss Crain, who is prime whistle-bait in any language, in any clime, was not in Paris very long before she discovered that this species of Frenchman was not unique. In fact, she came to the frightening conclusion that there is no other kind of Frenchman.

A mischievous twinkle in her sky blue peepers, Jeanne still was gasping over her Parisian adventures when I caught up with her at Universal-International, where she was starring in "The Second Greatest Sex," a shocking misnomer in the case of anyone as fetching as she.

"Frenchmen," Jeanne sighed resignedly, "are the most persistent males on earth. They won't take 'no' for an answer. They think you're just flirting with them when you say 'no.' They think you're offering resistance only so they can break the resistance down."

You don't have to be a prodigy to realize what a problem this constituted for the wholesome Miss Crain, who is the loving wife of handsome Paul Brinkman and the devoted mother of their four children. When she left for her four-month jaunt of European picture-making, both she and Paul were very civilized—if not continental—about the whole thing. Each implored the other not to hesitate to go out while they were apart.

"The only other times we were separated," Jeanne explained, "were when I was at the hospital having our children, and once when Paul went hunting for five days in Utah. So we both wanted the other to go out very much. But of course I went out with other couples or friends of the family. I would never go out with someone if it could be misconstrued, and Paul wouldn't either. There's no excuse for it. You're more or less putting your husband or your wife in an extremely embarrassing position."

Preventing anything embarrassing from happening turned out to be a breathtaking adventure for Jeanne during her three months in Paris. No matter where she went, or what she said, she could not avoid the determined onslaught of amorous Frenchmen.

"The men are flirting all the time," Jeanne cried in despair. "You can be having a business appointment with a Frenchman, and all of a sudden, he clasps your arm and looks into your eyes."

Jeanne fastened her long, warm fingers around my more than willing arm and fluttered her eyes at mine to display the technique. Mon Dieu!

"He can see your wedding ring," she went on, "but it doesn't mean a thing to him. In the middle of your business discussion, he looks at you with calf's eyes and says, 'What are you doing later in the evening? There's a little nearby bar I know where we could go, and we can talk about life.'"

In the midst of one shopping trip, a debonair clerk drew close to her and whispered, "Now that we are alone together,"
IF 50 million Frenchmen fell in love with Jeanne at first sight, well, who can blame them? She sure looks like she'd be nice to come home to.
By DENNIS JAMES
Star of TV's "On Your Account"

LAST Winter, Tony Curtis was given the annual award of merit of the George Washington Carver Memorial Institute for his assistance in the fight against juvenile delinquency. Until this national award was announced, even some of Tony's close friends did not know he had been active in this work for more than two years. Quietly and without fanfare he continues his work with boys' organizations. This is his way of saying "thanks" for the guidance he received in settlement houses in New York City in his own youth.

Tony grew up in the East Side tenement district around 73rd Street. The neighborhood and times—he was a Depression Kid—were tough, so he learned at an early age to take care of himself, whether in street fights or the competition of earning pennies, nickels and dimes.

Tony never was in the delinquent class, never got into serious trouble, perhaps because of home guidance and the fact that he started at the age of 6 to earn money, rather than steal it. But he was a high-spirited kid with lots of drive and energy. The regimentation of school sometimes bored him; he was not above playing hooky or causing disturbances in class. So at 13 he and five other boys were escorted by a truant officer to the Jones Memorial Settlement House where the boys were exposed to supervised recreational activities.

The next year he started attending Seward Park High School, where again the school authorities suggested that he and three of his pals "would do well" to start going to the Henry Street Settlement. This, Tony believes, was one of the best influences in his life. For there he came under the guidance of Paul Schwartz.

Officially, Schwartz was head counselor of Camp Henry, the summer camp operated by the settlement house, and most of his work throughout the year centered about preparing for the next camp season. But actually he also gave a lot of time to working with the boys at the settlement. One thing he did was help the kids put on entertainments and shows. And in Tony he discovered an eager talent.

"Actually, it was Paul Schwartz who first got me interested in acting and show-

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A GREAT comedienne, Martha, after five marriages, has yet to find any happiness herself.

Laughs are easier than love

When the comedy mask slips off, the sadness in Martha Raye's heart is revealed

By FLORENCE EPSTEIN

ONE of the interesting facts about Martha Raye is that she is not yet 39, despite the fact that she's been around almost as long as Jack Benny (who everyone knows is 39). Martha Raye is actually a young and good-looking 37, recently married and separated from a still younger man named Ed Begley (he's 30). Begley, a dancer on her TV show, was her fifth husband. She married him the same way she married the other four.

"We were out with some friends," Begley recalls, "and we decided we had to be married right away. Next thing we knew we were at the airport chartering a couple of little planes to fly us to Washington."

They were married in Virginia. "I'm so happy, just so happy," Martha said. Then she looked at Ed and said, "He's feeling just wonderful."

That was April 21, 1955. Less than a month later they were having their first spat, and a little while after that they separated. No one knows why. But friends who've seen Martha through several other crises in her life say, "She gets stuck on a guy and she marries him. She wants to be a wife, not a girl friend. And she rarely stops to consider whether there's any solid foundation to build a marriage."

One of her friends says even more, "Just watch Martha in action for a while. She doesn't like people to think she's feeling anything but wonderful. Sometimes, though, the comedy mask slips off. She's a great clown, but to me there's no sadder figure in show business."

In view of the fact that some of the greatest comedians in the world today (including Groucho Marx, Milton Berle and Jack Benny) consider Martha "the greatest comedienne of our time," this is a tragic estimate indeed. But it may be true. There may even be truth to the talk that Martha would gladly trade in her title and her house in Connecticut for a crack at being just plain beautiful.

Like many other brilliant comics Martha Raye onstage acts as if life is one big laugh. Offstage her life turns into a dizzy and often dismal flight from herself. Devoted friends, professional accolades, financial security (she's just signed an exclusive contract with NBC that will yield her several million dollars) don't seem to touch Martha where it will do much good.

It may be because of a childhood that hardly existed. She was born between the acts in a vaudeville house in Butte, Montana. When she was three she slipped into a pair of satin overalls and sang, "I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate." Her mother and father were troupers, so was she. This meant a nomadic life, little schooling, no friends.

Her family weren't headliners. They lived in a battered old car and that took its toll. When her brother and sister (both younger than she) were in their twenties they died of TB. Her parents were divorced when she was still in her teens.

Paul Nash, an orchestra leader, remembers what Martha was doing when she was 13. She was coming around to his theatre in Chicago and asking for five dollars. That was to buy her family a Thanksgiving dinner.

He hired the whole family, but only her brother performed. Her folks became wardrobe mistress and chauffeur. Martha kept pestering Nash till he gave her an audition. When he heard her sing he was glad. She tore down the house with "Love For Sale."

Nash took her to New York where they appeared at the Paramount. Nash says: "Martha's never forgotten that I gave her her first break. She never fails to mention it."

Nor does she fail to mention the treatment she later got in Hollywood. "My career out there was going fine," she says, "until they insisted on making a glamorous girl out of me. You have a nice pair of legs so right away you've gotta be glamorous. I haven't the slightest interest in making any more movies."

In Hollywood she was a star at 19, but three years later they told her to get lost. There weren't any sentimental farewells. One morning Martha was handed a pin slip. That was all. "No warning," sh
"Just a notice that my option wasn’t being picked up. It took me a year to recover my self-confidence."

But when she was riding high in Hollywood there wasn’t anything like her. One of the first things she did was get married. "Believe it or not," she says, "I was 19 and a Hollywood star and I’d never had a serious date. One day Perc Westmore introduced me to his brother Buddy. He was 20, looked 17, and from the very first I saw him through rose-colored glasses. When he asked me for a date I almost fainted."

She married him the way she later married Ed Begley. One night she and Buddy were with some friends at the Biltmore Bowl and it seemed logical to get married right away. They drove down to Las Vegas and woke up a judge. The next day Martha was back at the studio, making a movie with Bing Crosby. That evening she had to rehearse a radio show. Ninety days later she and Bud were divorced.

Martha blamed it on the demands of her career. Bud has been heard to blame it on the demands of Martha’s mother whose own unhappiness in marriage led her to concentrate all her energies on Martha.

Ten days after her divorce from Buddy she married David Rose. Looking back, friends say she did it because Rose “had a touch of class.” However, when he felt like marrying Judy Garland, he asked for a divorce.

Martha’s third husband was Neal Lang, a hotel executive. "She’s a great gal," he says. "She always stays at my hotels." She has probably stayed at his hotels longer than all the days that marriage lasted.

It was not a very happy Martha who spent her time touring Army camps overseas. Her Hollywood career was finished continued on page 66

IS CLARK GABLE’S LOVE LIFE HAUNTED?

Will Clark Gable find a wife who can erase his memory of Carole Lombard? Or will he continue to live in a world haunted by his late wife’s gay laughter and beauty?

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MARThA RAYE continued

—except for two more movies, one based on her overseas experiences, the other with Charles Chaplin in "Monsieur Verdoux"—three marriages were finished. In a way she was a lonely kid again without any security and less belief in herself. The tour was swell for the Army, but it wasn't exactly beneficial for her. When the Germans bombed convoys around Algiers she got a shrapnel wound. She picked up yellow fever on the African Gold Coast and lost 20 pounds. She also developed anemia which still requires blood transfusions.

She came back to marry Nick Condos, and in 1944 their daughter Melody was born. Martha says, "Having and nursing my own baby was my greatest achievement."

Before TV came along, Martha worked in Miami at the Five O'Clock Club, half of which she owns. "It was the roughest work of all," says Condos. "When Martha went home, everybody went home. So if we wanted business she had to be on the job."

Martha credits Milton Berle with giving her her first big break on TV. When he saw how she was going over, he let her steal the spotlight, which is tribute in itself.

Now Martha's sold on TV in general. When she isn't working she's sitting in front of the set at home. It's on all day.

People laughed when she bought her place in fashionable Westport, Conn. They didn't know it represented a kind of life Martha had been dreaming about. "After 37 years of breathing the cigar fog of night clubs and theatres, I'm on a new kick," she said. "Fresh air and fishing."

It never occurred to her that the neighbors might go around boasting that Martha Raye lived next door. She acted as if she were privileged to be welcomed in a community where cocktail parties and PTA meetings are evenly balanced.

Condos did not share the new life. Martha divorced him in 1953. Even so, he held the record. He was her husband for ten years and attributed that to his own "strong character."

He's never given up being her manager. "I know people think it's funny," he says. "But I managed her all the while we were married. I know what's good for Martha and she knows I know."

His loyalty is not unusual. Almost all the people who come in contact with Martha come away half in love. Sadly enough, Martha can't seem to nourish herself on that.

Karl Hofenberg, her TV producer, says, "Martha gives the impression of having nerves of steel. I'm sure she doesn't—that inside she's quaking with the jitters. But it's wonderful for company morale. I've been with her for four years and I've yet to see her blow up or display any so-called temperament. She has complete confidence in the people who work for her."

Martha doesn't blow up. Every once in a while she merely collapses.

Now that she's on top of TV, Hollywood is naturally eager to forget the old days and hand her one of the studios. Only recently she turned down a huge sum of money. "It was the supreme moment of my life," she said. "It was my day of reckoning."

The scars that Hollywood left have gone; the scars a lifetime created she nurses in Shangri-La, her home. When she married Ed Begley she thought she'd found the peace she sought. Lounging around in shorts and socks, boasting proudly of her daughter, with one eye on her husband and the other on TV, she told a reporter, "This is the life. It's the only way to live and I guess I've always known it."

Maybe it was too good for Martha to take, or maybe there was the inevitable disappointment of discovering that it didn't bring inner content. For, at last reports, Begley and she had called off the marriage. And the greatest comediene of our time was still trying to mask an aching heart.
Pacific Island waters during World War II. Because of the unending monotony, the men aboard cherished some unusual hobbies. Captain James Cagney coddled a young potted palm. Ship’s doctor William Powell was content to be potted himself—on home-made Scotch. Ensign Jack Lemmon nursed lascivious dreams about nurses. And Lieutenant Henry Fonda wrote impassioned requests for transfer to a combat ship. On all Fonda’s requests for change of duty, Cagney stamps “disapproved” because without Fonda the Reluctant would founder on the shoals of chaos. Thinking to end the matter once and for all, Cagney knavishly blackmails Fonda into staying aboard for the duration, the price being a much-needed shore leave for the crew. When the enlisted men finally discover Fonda’s sacrifice, they hold a name-forging contest, the winner being so expert that Fonda receives his orders for duty aboard a destroyer. Filmed in Technicolor, Thomas Huggins’ story of a war within a war achieves its third triumph: the book, then the Broadway play and now a delightful motion picture that ends the laughs with a tear instead of a period. (Warner Brothers.)

The Sea Chase

RATHER than have his tramp steamer interned at Australia at the outset of World War II, German Captain John Wayne decides to take the ship and its crew back to Der Vaterland. Slipping through the British patrol cordon seems the least of Wayne’s concerns. Once under way, Wayne notes the scarcity of fuel and supplies, and the over-abundance of woman—Lana Turner. Spirited aboard the freighter at the last moment, Lana is a spy, German-type, whose life wouldn’t be worth a plugged pfennig if she stayed in Australia. She and Wayne hate each other intensely, which, as any confirmed movie-goer knows, usually sets the stage for some tempestuous love scenes. During a stop at an uninhabited island, while the crew chops timber for fuel, Lana and Wayne begin murmuring guttural nothings at each other, thereby showing you can get a blaze started without fuel. Despite all these interesting detours, Wayne still intends to reach Germany, but the British Navy and David Farrar blow his plans sky-high. An exciting package of adventure and romance. (Warner Brothers.)

Summertime

HAVING spent years planning her European vacation, secretary Katherine Hepburn arrives in Venice armed with camera, English-Italian dictionary, and a conviction that nothing could mar

Continued from page 8

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Gordon Macrae is at his deep-toned best singing "Follow Your Heart," from the B'way hit "Plain And Fancy," for Capitol. It's backed by "Bella Notte," from the Disney movie, "Lady And The Tramp." Cadence Records heard the master record Bob Jaxon made elsewhere of "Why Does A Woman Cry" and promptly bought both master and artist—you'll see why. Bob sings "Ali Baba" on reverse... Since "Learnin' The Blues" was written by a pal, Frank Sinatra gave it his all when he recorded it for Capitol (it shows). Flip's the romantic-romantic "If I Had Three Wishes..." Decca offers Bing Crosby and "Love Song," the lowdown on love & la crois. It's backed by "Nobody," a novelty which surprisingly includes audience laughter... Winifred Atwell specializes in piano corn for London—prize corn at that. Nine numbers on the one 45 titled, "Let's Have A Ding Dong," and including such as "Ain't She Sweet"... Victor is mighty proud of a new singer named Matt Dennis, so they're presenting him via an LP album, "She Dances Overhead," a slew of Rodgers and Hart songs. Dennis, a former arranger-composer for Tommy Dorsey, now has others arranging for him.

Multiple Mary Ford and ditto Les Paul sing and play "Genuine Love" and "No Letter Today," the latter a lament, for Capitol. As usual, great!... No one is funnier with the quips than Victor Borge, who also plays piano—and demonstrates both skills on a Columbia LP album, "Caught In The Act."... Columbia offers another album of consequence, Paul Weston's "Dream Time Music," 12 schmaltzy/nostalgic 'ork numbers ranging from "Spoonin'" to "How High The Moon."... Betty Madigan dishes up "I Had A Heart" and "Wonderful Words" for MGM. Former's a solid ballad, latter a lilting waltz—both add up to glad again Madigan... "Smack Dab In The Middle" has been done by the best, now that the Mills Brothers have waxed it for Decca. Flip, "Miss Me And Kill Me With Love," is a romantic novelty.

Decca has done the right thing—they've put the best of Sammy Davis on an LP album called "Starring Sammy Davis Jr." Versatile Sammy imitates, sings and swings, and always with that perfect fiction that no small part of his vocal charm... Now hear this—Victor's new team, Perry Como and Jaye P. Morgan, yet! They blend like $6 bourbon as they sing "Two Lost Souls" from "Darn Yankees" and "Chee Chee-oo-oo-oo-oo-ee."... First American release of the much-publicized Malcolm Mitchell ($30,000) band—with one side appropriately dubbed "Debut." "I Can't Believe That You're In Love With Me" on reverse of this excellent London platter... Line Renaud, seen on TV with Bob Hope, warbles "Pam-Pou-De" and "If I Love," for Capitol. Miss Renaud can Hope for fame... Guy Lombardo and his men do the honors by "Marty," theme song of the movie of the same, and couple it with the popular "Hey, Mr. Banjo." Decca and tip-top Lombardo... Organ fans will welcome Mitt Herth's organ and trio doing "Echo Tango" and "Booga Da Woog," for MGM. Booga is a recent novelty, but the swingy Herth remains a perennial pet, as should be... Vic Damone offers "Don't Keep It A Secret," a waltz ballad, and "A Man Doesn't Know," both on a Mercury record. A tremendous job by a young gent who's been looking for a hit platter. This could be it.
The Second Mrs. Nerney

continued from page 53

color photograph in a woman's magazine.

"Poke his nose on a set!" said Miss Powell, pursuing the thought. "Pat won't poke his nose into anything connected with my business unless I crawl to him for advice. He leans so far the other way, this'll give you an idea. He's never met my agent. Never even seen him. So I had a lunch date with him last week, I mean the agent, you know, and I asked Pat to come along. You think he would? Not for the world! Pat's never used the term Hollywood husband,' and I'm sure he wouldn't—and we've never really discussed it in so many words, but I'm certain I know how he feels.

"The thing is, though," Miss Powell resumed after a small food break, "I could use a lot more advice than he wants to spare. He's a sound business man, which I positively am not, and his critical tastes are fine, too. But he seems to have this absolute horror of moving in on my business a single inch. And I love him for it. Of course, I could break a vase over his head sometimes, but it's wonderful anyway. Never once—not once—has he given me advice unless I asked for it. And even then, he has to be sure I'm not giving it the Helpless Little Woman routine to flatter his ego. He has to be convinced I mean it. Well, sure I mean it. I always mean it. It isn't every woman who has a top business administrator around the house to help her out.

"It's me," she said, "who waits home for Pat. Only you'd better make me say, 'It is.'" Lots of nights, Pat doesn't get home until ten or half-past. So naturally I wait dinner. If I'm working, it cuts in on my sleep some, but what's sleep? No, it's a lot of fun.

Obviously, this was the same Jane Powell who had been nervous, depressed and rather pathetically bewildered at another time, when her marriage to Steffen had come apart and her name was being linked with that of Gene Nelson whose own marriage had come apart as well. But just as obviously, it was a different Jane altogether—which is not regarded as a joke.

Indeed, she was able, after packing in a few strawberries, to chortle over a traffic accident in which she was admittedly liable and that eventually cost somebody seven hundred and fifty bucks. Happened very recently, and after you understand why Miss Powell was moved to happy laughter by the incident, you will see the extent of her wifely devotion.

It is the custom to keep trade names out of these deals, but Miss Powell was driving the sports car her husband had given her a few weeks before, and it is likewise the sports car made by the line of cars he sells. It is small and rakish, that much can be revealed.

Well now, the line of cars in direct opposition to the line of cars Mr. Nerney sells also sells a sports car, and it, too, is small and rakish, but a fierce competitor, by gad.

And on this day at this particular traffic signal, Miss Powell, at the wheel of Small and Rakish No. 1, ploughed into the back end of a Small and Rakish No. 2, and dogged if that back end didn't cave in as though it was made of Kleenex, seven hundred and fifty bucks worth, and Small and Rakish No. 1 was scarcely damaged! Victory for the Nerneys!

Was a time just before their marriage that Jane Powell would not mention Pat Nerney's name for public consumption. Maybe she felt she'd mentioned too many names already and didn't want to trifle with her luck. It made for odd conversations too. She'd admit she had a fella and that she cooked spaghetti dinners for him. Under slight pressure, she'd confess he was a dealer in cars. It was not even impossible that his first name was Pat. But beyond that point, final identification seemed to have slipped her mind.

It's not like that any more. It's not at all like that.

Some time shortly after the turning point of her deepest trouble, Jane Powell told a friend:

"At last, happiness is getting to be something I know about. Maybe I'll turn into an authority yet. Anyway, I've learned this for a beginner: the future's a dream and the past is dead. When something is done, it's done, and you turn your back on it. You live in the present, and if you do look forward a little, it's to something real and tangible and not so far ahead you can't even see the outlines."

Wiser words may have been spoken.

But Jane Powell learned her young wisdom the hard way. Thus—or so the theory usually goes—the happiness she has now, she's entitled to.

In any event, the name is Mrs. Nerney, that cute little wife of the hot-shot car dealer down the street. Yes, he works hard but she manages to keep occupied—the two children, you know, from a previous marriage, and sometimes she's away all day for weeks at a stretch. Something to do with pictures.

Miss Powell is fond of it this way. She considers that Mrs. Nerney has struck oil.

Back in the chips, out of the woods, call it what you will, that is Jane Powell today.

And if it took Mrs. Nerney to turn the trick, then it's a neat trick anyway and more power to Mrs. Nerney for it. Not to mention Mr. Nerney. In fact, not to mention Mr. Nerney would be ridiculous. He's the answer.
An Innocent In Paris

continued from page 60

let's slip away to Pierre's around the corner, have an aperitif, and discuss the thing."

"What thing?" Jeanne wanted to know.

"You and me."

In the United States, if a businessman made so bold, you'd have the gendarmes on him, and your husband would dent his profile for good measure. But in the city of the Eiffel Tower, a girl soon learns to shrug her shoulders and sigh, "C'est Paris!"

"At first," she allowed, "it's good for your ego, but after a while it gets you down. You can't walk along the Champs Elysees on Sunday by yourself. Every few steps you take, another Frenchman comes up to you. It gets so boring, you get infuriated. I really wanted to see Paris. I had dreamed of it all my life. I really wanted to walk ten miles and see the streets of Paris, but it's just impossible for a girl to walk down the street and have Frenchmen really believe she wants to walk."

They have a thing over there," she smiled, "that a husband or wife is the least interesting of all creatures. They have an idea that marriage is a necessary nuisance and not terribly important, and that nobody ever is in love with his own husband or wife. I think one of the reasons may be that in France the wives do tend to look more like wives, and mothers do look more like mothers."

Even when she was with her friends, Jeanne was not spared the adoring blanishments of Parisian males. One Sunday afternoon, Jeanne accompanied some friends to a sculptors' salon in Montmartre, Bohemian rendezvous of lean, hungry and ascetic-looking artists.

She no sooner entered the noisy apartment than one of the artists stepped forward, grabbed her arm, and staked his claim.

"Ah!" he abbed. "I'm doing a study of Madame Pompadour." He looked rapturously into her eyes. "I've been looking for eyes like that! A face like that! The minute you walked into the room, I said, 'Who is that woman? What a face! What beauty! I must paint her!'"

It did Jeanne little good to escape this ardent party-goer. The moment she did another artist was upon her, with his own brand of Gallic blarney.

There was only one occasion when she escaped from French wolves—then only to fall into American wolves. Since Jeanne does considerable painting herself, is an avid art enthusiast, and has a wonderful library in her Hollywood home, she beat an excited path to the Louvre museum every Sunday during her stay in Paris.

As she pointed out, "What could be more sedate? Certainly an art gallery is a very safe place for anyone who wants to be left alone in America. Visiting the Louvre was one of the things I'd dreamed of doing all my life. Imagine being able to study the Mona Lisa, Venus de Milo and Winged Victory!"

Instead, Jeanne attracted more attention than any of the classics on the walls of the Louvre. The Louvre was swarming with American GI's—Navy, Air Force and Army—and they mistook Jeanne for a French girl. Like any red-blooded Americans turned loose in Paris, they considered so choice a Gallic morsel far game for an ally.

Jeanne's ability to speak French fluently had held her in reasonably good stead in contending with ardent Frenchmen, but it was to prove a dubious advantage in discouraging her countrymen. When GI's approached her, she pretended that she couldn't understand or speak English, and she would demurely say in French, "Merci, monsieur," and walk off. They followed her and held a whispered council of war within her hearing.

"How do you approach one of these babes anyhow?" one of them asked. "Do you say, 'Let's have a beer?'"

"Nah," said another. "Don't be a sap. They don't have beer here."

"They were just trying to have a good time," she explained. "Besides, I don't think an American man wants to force his attention on a woman who isn't attracted to him," Jeanne said, "But a Frenchman does. He can't imagine that you aren't fascinated by him."

One afternoon Jeanne attended an elegant Balenciaga showing, where tea and liqueurs and aperitifs were served. Before anyone could say Christian Dior, a man had calmly attached himself to her.
"He was very interested in what I liked and didn't like," Jeanne chortled. "It was absolutely of no consequence that I did not solicit his advice. He looked like an American girl's idea of a baron or count. He was very aristocratic and about 55. I think 55 is a wonderful age."

As he was one of the guests, Jeanne was polite to him. But he took the customary attitude that her courtesy was tantamount to acquiescence in his most devot wishes. He had a large bottle of perfume wrapped as a gift, and had one of the attendants give it to Jeanne with his card and his compliments. And sure enough, he turned out to be a count!

To Jeanne's consternation, she was unable to give his nibs the slip. When she left the fashion show, he was waiting for her outside with his chauffeur and limousine. He assumed, since Jeanne's French accent was not native, that she was either a New York or London model, and he suggested that they go somewhere and talk. He wouldn't hear of any excuses.

The count was so persistent, however, that Jeanne finally decided to explain to him who she actually was, that she was happily married, and the mother of four children.

"He thought it was a great, huge joke," she sighed. "He didn't believe a word of it."

Although Jeanne was adamant, and did not go with him, the gay count was not easily discouraged. He learned that Jeanne was staying at the Raphael Hotel, near the Arc de Triomphe, and he inundated her with flowers and little gifts.

Jeanne demolished the myth that a wolf is a wolf, whether he roams Sunset Strip or the Rue de la Paix.

"I think American men have much more of a code of sportsmanship," she said. "Among themselves, they wouldn't deliberately set out to capture someone else's wife, fiancée or steady girl. In Paris, it doesn't do you any good to tell a man you're going to meet your husband. Their intentions are strictly dishonorable, and they think you're an idiot if you object."

Since the count, like all other gallant Frenchmen, would not take no for an answer, I asked Jeanne if he finally gave up.

"No," she cracked. "I finally left Paris!"

She made it clear—with a long sigh of relief—that there is no other way to escape a Frenchman.

Jeanne's husband flew to Paris for a few days with her, and between them they bought 14 paintings about which they are ecstatic.

"Those," Jeanne Crain whispered emphatically, "were the only conquests made."

If You Date A Hollywood Bachelor

continued from page 57

collection of perforated rolls, from guests who feel inclined to burst into song—or even from those modern inventions, TV and radio.

If you have spent an evening with Rock, you have had a gay, if somewhat ear-splitting, experience.

George Nader is another hill-topper, with a house-with-a-view high in Laurel Canyon. If you were to have a date with him, you would probably find two or three couples assembled in the big, paneled living room with the huge field-stone fireplace (fire roaring cheerfully, if the weather is chilly), a record-player providing background music and candles, a-glow. You'd be introduced, ceremoniously, to his "family"—two "part-Siam-ese" cats, who are pretty curious characters. If you really want George's approval, you'll take pains to make friends with the Siamese. (It isn't always easy. They have their own ideas about friendships.)

Then George will prepare to Cook. He takes his culinary duties so seriously that this must be spelled with a capital "C". He is good at it and proposes to prove that he is.

If it is a hasty, last-minute party, he may settle for hamburgers. But they will be special and different from any other hamburgers you have ever tasted—George has an intricate recipe which calls for touches of Roquefort cheese and various sauces. If it is a party which has been planned far enough in advance, then he can really show off with his pride and joy—a "rotisserie" which is built into the wall of his dining room— with a revolving spit on which he can roast almost anything to an astonishing and mouth-watering turn. This he loves to do and he definitely doesn't want any help and, most definitely, he wants no kibitzing. But applause for the finished product—that's a different thing.

After dinner—well, there will be more music, a lot of conversation. Possibly you will want to examine and admire odd carvings, strangely-wrought daggers, intricate pieces of silver which George has brought from far parts of the earth. (You may drool over some wonderful, hand-woven fabrics, but so far as I know, George hasn't yet bestowed a yard of these treasures on any wistful femme.)

If you and the other guests are lucky, George may be persuaded to play the piano—and you may be very surprised. Few people in Hollywood know what a really accomplished pianist this Nader is.

The girl who spends an evening with George is in for some pleasant surprises. Then take Bob Wagner. Bob has a

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HOLLYWOOD BACHELORS continued

comfortable apartment not far from his studio, 20th Century-Fox, where he likes to entertain now and then.

The girl who is invited to be a special guest of Bob's should really be warned about two things. If she doesn't like Jackie Gleason records and isn't an ardent admirer of Gleason, it's going to dim the evening considerably. And if she is given to gossip—telling it or listening to it—she's dead. Bob won't have it. Also, she had better be prepared for at least a little bit of rather serious Hollywood "shop talk." Wagner is one of the most dedicated young actors in town.

But she needn't think she is in for a grim evening! She will have both gaiety and variety, for Bob is a man of tremendous enthusiasms and he likes to share them.

His guest won't find the conventional "big, open fire"—Bob doesn't have a servant and he isn't the type to lug fireplace logs around! But there will be candlelight, since he has recently discovered the fun of collecting old pewter and he likes to show off his antique candlesticks. If she will remember to admire these, she will please him a lot.

Dinner will be on snackbar trays in the living room and will consist of what one girl described afterward as "simply the world's most monumental sandwiches!"

Bob can't cook and has no intention of learning, so he lays in stocks of various kinds of breads, innumerable cold meats and cheeses and pickles, cases of imported beer and soft drinks—and there you are.

Maybe he will show you some of the color movies he made while he was in Mexico on the "White Feather" location. Maybe friends of Bob's will drop in—

Jeff Hunter or Eddie Dmytryk or Dan Dailey. If Dan is one of them, you may just possibly be treated to a jam session on the drums by Dailey and Wagner. That is quite an experience, too!

Tab Hunter, who is as sought-after as any young actor in Hollywood, is just as eager as anyone else to entertain a pretty girl now and then. But Tab's budget doesn't stretch to a night club tab more than once in a long, long while and his home is a borrowed and not—very-satisfactory apartment. And does that deter him? It does not! Tab usually entertains the girl (usually it's Lori Nelson) at her own personal home.

"Lori tells me that her father and mother will be going out on a certain evening," he says, looking very pleased about the whole thing, "and I get some steaks—thick ones—and some stuff for salad and take it all over to her house. Then we cook. We usually boil a lot of eggs first—we both like hard boiled eggs—and then we sit in their den (they have such a nice, cozy den!) and eat eggs and look at TV and talk a lot and then we cook the steaks and fix the salad and eat them by the fire.

"By that time, her family usually comes home and then Lori and I go out somewhere to get some dessert. We go to a drive-in for pie-a-la-mode or to Wil Wright's ice cream parlor where we'll see some of the gang... or maybe we even drive to the beach for a waffle. It's fun. Sometimes if I have a little extra money I get more food and we invite other people—and it's a party. But we still do it at Lori's house."

When Hollywood's eligible young men entertain the lovely girls of their choice, the chief thing they want to provide—just as young men do anywhere else—is fun. They have their own various ways of doing it.

END

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the glorious days ahead. Obviously, there's more to Venice than sightseeing. One afternoon, a red glass goblet in a curio shop catches her eye. Then one look at proprietor Rossano Brazzi and Katie senses this beats sightseeing all to heck. Brazzi, alert to opportunity, loses no time in establishing a new phase of Italo-American relationship. Willing though Katie is, she demurs at plunging into an affair with a middle-aged married man. Brazzi again comes to the fore and with some earthy Latin reasoning, convinces the dawdling Katie that a dish of ravioli can do wonders for the morale. Though Katie thrives on the diet, she doesn't lose all her good Midwestern taste. She takes her leave of Brazzi and Venice before both become tawdry. (United Artists.)

The Man From Laramie

His younger brother killed during an Apache raid on a U. S. Cavalry troop, Captain James Stewart takes leave of his Army chores to track down a white man believed to have sold the rifles to the Apaches. The trail finally leads to Coro-
nado, a sleepy cattle town that suddenly wakens with a jolt, yelling for Stewart's blood if he doesn't leave town pronto. The most vehement anti-Stewart campaigner is Alec Nicol, Donald Crisp's problem son. Though his father seems normal enough, one minute with Nicol would make a trip through a torture chamber seem like a gay divertissement. When Nicol is found shot to death, Stewart is accused of the murder, but there are two people sure he didn't do it, Cathy O'Donnell and her fiancé Arthur Kennedy, foreman of Crisp's ranch. Cathy has her own reason for thinking Stewart innocent. Kennedy has more definite proof because it was he who killed Nicol. (Columbia.)

Rebound

Dark, brooding melodrama cloaked in British fog and low-keyed Technicolor, an appropriate setting for Stewart Granger's sordid plan to come by wealth the "easy" way. Married to a woman older than he, Granger slowly poisons her to death, but his flush status of widower is sullied by Jean Simmons, a scullery maid who knows all. To keep her quiet, Granger makes her his housekeeper. Alas, Jean isn't content with that paltry offering, and poor Granger is badgered into formulating some new plans. These call for doing away with Jean and marrying the daughter of a wealthy industrialist. Instead of Jean, Granger murders an innocent woman by mistake, thereby setting off a chain of events leading to his doom. Good suspense drama.
role in “Picnic” opposite Bill Holden. She’s sooooo excited about the role—and should be. It will be great for her. This gal really wants to concentrate on her career for a little while.

BABY TALK—Jan Sterling and Paul Douglas will name their expected November newcomer “Adams,” regardless of sex, they say, because Jan’s a descendant of John Adams . . . Another November arrival will be the Kirk Douglas-Anne Buydens bambino . . . Guy Madison and the Big White Bird really had a race. Guy returned from the “Last Frontier” location in Mexico at 6 p.m. and bride Sheila presented him with their daughter Bridget at 3:36 the next a.m.

STORMY WEATHER—Jean Peters established residence in Florida to divorce Stuart Cramer III. Soon she’ll return to Hollywood for a “full time acting life; probably will have the lead in the remake of “The Rains Came.” Zsa Zsa and Rubirosa had a real knockdown argument and he left for Paris. Don’t hold your breath until these two marry! Abbe Lane and Xavier Cugat had a really fine verbal brawl at Ciro’s—but in this case we don’t think it forecasts a split.

NO LOVE—One gal just too darned busy-for-love at the moment is Shelley Winters. She went to New York to set up a stage tour, to organize her own film company and also discuss TV deals. Then she shuttled back to Hollywood for a short but sharp role in “The Big Knife,” and ten days later went South of the Border for “Treasure Of Pancho Villa,” for which she shrewdly made a deal that she’d be paid $1,000 a month for the next five years! Very handy tax-wise!

BAD LUCK—and GOOD—Pier Angeli and Vic Damone seem to have had lots of misfortune since their marriage. Her airplane accident which resulted in a cracked pelvis had her on crutches for a long time. Then she sprained an ankle. Next, Vic was on the injured list. He dislocated his neck doing a back-flip at “Kismet” rehearsals. And the next casualty was their household maid, who suffered a broken neck in an auto accident.

But Pier and Vic feel they’re lucky, none-the-less, because the doctor says everything’s okay with their coming bambino despite Pier’s accident.

ABOUT DEAN—James Dean, that “Rebel Without A Cause,” is looking for a business manager because, he says, “My days of fun are over.” Jimmy wants to invest most of his salary in profitable enterprises (who doesn’t?) in order to accumulate money! Jimmy’s goal is to get into movie production—and ultimately

NOT STORMS—SHOWERS—Friends of newlyweds Julie Adams and Ray Danton have had a tough time trying to give them bridal showers. First, the bridal couple eloped long before the expected wedding date. Then, they were both so busy in pics that partying was out. But now Julie has finished “The Private War Of Major Benson,” and Ray has completed “The Spoilers,” so their friends are giving them belated showers. These two—Julie and Ray—are very happy and we’re very happy to give you this report.

MARRIED?—There’s a rumor around town that Rock Hudson and Phyllis Gates are secretly married. Well, we can’t give you a gold-plated guarantee, but our guess is that they aren’t.

MR. & MRS. NOTES—Sam Goldwyn—surely you know who he is—and his wife celebrated their 30th wedding anniversary . . . Rory and Lita Calboun have been

“having a wonderful time” in Mexico while he’s been on location on a picture and she’s been visiting. A good reason: they both speak fluent Spanish. Does that make a difference, South of the Border? . . . Ida Lupino and Howard Duff are about to launch a “Mr. and Mrs.” TV series . . . June Haver and Fred Mac-Murray, no night-clubbers they, broke precedent and went to a local bistro to catch Stan Kenton’s performance . . . Jack Webb’s bride gifted him with a gold watch band for his 35th birthday, plus a party at home. He already had the watch . . . John Wayne wanted a vacation after solid, steady work on both “The Sea Chase” and “Blood Alley,” mostly made at sea—so he decided on a three-weeks’ yacht trip to Acapulco! Fortunately, his Pilar likes the sea.

SPORTS NOTES—A local Los Angeles sportscaster recently picked as the most enthusiastic baseball fans in town—Jeff Chandler, Mike O’Shea and Frank Lovejoy. Lucky their wives are tolerant, eh? . . . Walter Winchell disappointed a lot of his Hollywood friends when he literally flew into town for a few minutes, then took another plane for the Las Vegas golf tourney to benefit the Damon Runyan Cancer Fund, without any time between to see said friends. Well, anyway, W.W. and Bob Hope won prizes in the non-pro division. And this was one of the really great charity sports benefits of the year!

VERY GENERAL—We don’t know who coined the phrase—but we like it: “It isn’t who you know in Hollywood—it’s what you know about them!” Okay, we’ll be grammatical and make that “who” a “whom.” But how true, friends, how true!

SHIRLEY JONES, soon to be seen in “Oklahoma,” at the Harwyn with Harry McWilliams.
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Buy a supply of UNICUM HAIR NETS today at your nearest

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"I'd give anything to belong..."

Ann sighed as she looked enviously through the window at a happy group of boys and girls heading for the Bowling Alley. How she wished she were one of them.

"I'd give anything to belong," she said for the hundredth time.

Why did they snub her so consistently, she wondered. Why did they leave her out of things? She was quite sure she was just as pretty—prettier, even, than some of the girls. . . . and with more personality. Yet she was outside of the charmed circle. She simply couldn't understand why. Girls with this trouble* seldom do.

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ON THE COVER: ELIZABETH TAYLOR, STARRING IN WARNER BROTHERS' "GIANT"

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The exploits of Ulysses!
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Actually filmed along the route he travelled 3,000 years ago!

ULYSSES

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starring ANTHONY QUINN and Rossana Podesta

SHAW - ROYAL OBERG - JACQUES DEGAS. Directed by GIACOMO CAMERON. Screenplay by Franco Brucia. Music by Ennio De Concini. As director of photography, ALEX FILM. Produced by DINO DE LAURENTIS and CARLO POZZI in association with S.T. S.C. MELISA.
HELLO everybody. This is Sheilah Graham, your Hollywood reporter, with the lowdown on the high-ups in Tinseltown, and my first item concerns one of the most beautiful young actresses we have out here and her new and very handsome leading man. Seems they really start their love-making when the camera stops turning, and their off-screen dikes are much more torrid than those put on film. Too bad she's married, because he isn't and they'd make a lovely couple. . . not so lovely if her husband gets wind of the affair.

Now that Terry Moore has come through with that picture episode, isn't it time for Johnny Ray to announce another engagement? Then we can get ready for James Mason's next bulletin about quitting acting. . . No one, and I mean no one, in Hollywood has heard from Jean Peters since she left after completing "A Man Called Peter." Even her bosses at 20th Century-Fox are at a loss as to where to locate her. . . Walter Pidgeon watched some technicians disconnecting the metal robot that was used in MGM's "Forbidden Planet," and commented, "I hate to see an actor go to pieces, but I guess it sometimes happens."

Leslie Caron now has a hot head of flaming red hair, but she has a cool answer for those who question her about what happened to her romance with Robert Peck, currently courting ballerina Liliane Montevecchi. "I do not have anything to say," the cute French doll told me, "except that I am very happy about making the picture, 'Gaby'!" . . . Tab Hunter and Lori Nelson have boy-and-girl Thunderbirds. His is black, hers is yellow—and if you're really sharp, you refer to them as "T-birds." Incidentally, Tab had this to say about our glamour pusses, excepting Lori: "I don't want to knock these movie chicks, but they're just false faces. I don't like them. I find I can't go with them."

Janet Leigh wasn't taking any chances on being separated by an ocean from her Tony while he made love to that spicy Italian dish, Gina Lollobrigida, in "Trapeze." Janet, who has brains as well as beauty, knows it doesn't pay to let a husband stray too far on foreign soil without a bit of wisely supervision, so she'll be making "Safari" with Vic Mature, also in Europe, and be close enough to Tony to get his message.

Marlon Brando took Rita Moreno to dinner the other night at a drive-in restaurant. Is that still on? . . . Shirley Temple, looking better than I've ever seen her, breezed down from Atherton with her husband, Charles Black, for a brief visit. I spotted her at Don Loper's buying some classy clothes for her very classy chassis, and she enthused: "I'm very happy with my suburban San Francisco life. I'm going to start an interior decorating business, and I'm never going to

continued on page 64
The girl with the laughing eyes—and the guy who wrote history in the skies...


ALAN LADD • JUNE ALLEYSON

"THE MCCONNELL STORY"

WARNER BROS. PRESENT IT IN CINEMASCOPE

WARNERCOLOR • STEREOPHONIC SOUND

Also Starring JAMES WHITMORE

Screen Play by TED SHERDEMAN and SAM ROLFE Music by MAX STEINER

Produced by HENRY BLANKE • Directed by GORDON DOUGLAS

IT'S A WONDERFUL STORY!
**Coming Attractions**

**BY RAHNA MAUGHAN**

**AUDIE MURPHY** starts in "To Hell And Back," the true story of his own war experiences.

**To Hell And Back**

At the age of nineteen, Audie Murphy was America's most decorated war hero. Only seven years before he had received the Medal of Honor, 12-year-old Audie had been forced to quit school and become the sole support of his mother and five younger children when his father walked out on the family. So, courage was nothing new to soldier Murphy. Then along came World War II to provide the fire to temper and shape this enormous courage into a living memorial for American youth. Based on these facts, this is the Technicolor film version of Murphy's wartime experiences, and could there be a better actor than himself to star in it? Every battle scene is true. Though wounded in one leg, Murphy singlehandedly repelled a Nazi counterattack comprised of two infantry companies (about 250 Germans) and six tanks. By acts like these, Murphy and thousands of other servicemen proved to the world that Americans are at their fighting best when the chips are down—something a few countries had better keep in mind. (Universal-International.)

**To Catch A Thief**

Having all the elegance plus languid sophistication of the Riviera, Alfred Hitchcock's latest Technicolor thriller is as neat a trick as Grace Kelly's ankles. An heiress whose warm blood doesn't mix too well with Mama's cold cash, Grace arrives in Cannes ripe for adventure. On hand to fulfill all Grace's requirements is Cary Grant—suave, witty and wanted by the French gendarmes. Reformed jewel thief Grant, however, is more preoccupied with catching a thief who has the audacity to impersonate his modus operandi than with sampling Grace's collector's-type items. He prefers to clear up his reputation before he'll help Grace mess up hers—it's as simple as that. The Hitchcock suspense and crisp dialogue vie with each other for top honors against the breath-taking background of Southern France. (Paramount.)

**The Left Hand Of God**

When Humphrey Bogart arrives at a Chinese mission, everyone there is ready to accept him as the new priest. In time, Agnes Moorehead, wife of the mission doctor, begins to suspect Bogart isn't made of the cloth out of which priestly habits are cut. Her reasoning: Priests don't go around rabbit-punching soldiers of the local war lord, Lee J. Cobb. Nor do priests have a magnetism that attracts level-headed girls like nurse Gene Tierney. Not till war lord Cobb advances on the mission is the mystery surrounding the gun-toting Bogart cleared up. Shot down over China, pilot Bogart had been rescued by Cobb's men. In payment for his life, he's obliged to serve Cobb as a military adviser. The opportunity for escape comes when a priest is shot by one of Cobb's trigger-happy henchmen. Bogart assumes the dead man's identity, knowing the mission is the only place from which he can get transportation back to civilization. A slick Technicolor drama, loaded with atmosphere and action, that nimbly skips over the pitfalls of a dangerous theme. (20th Century-Fox.)

**How To Be Very, Very Popular**

It's easy! Have a body like Betty Grable or Sheree North, be able to wiggle various sections of this lush territory in a rowdy form of "interpretive" dancing, and use your head for nothing weightier than the latest hair-do. Backed, front and rear, with this formula, everybody wants Betty and Sheree—the police, a murderer and all the members of a men's college dormitory where the girls hide out after witnessing a murder. Ordinarily, the girls at college would establish a new low in higher education, but Dean Charles Coburn's student body is real gone, too. There's Robert Cummings, who has been attending college seventeen years; Orson Bean, the shy type who organizes panty- raids; and Tommy Noonan, a dabbler in

continued on page 73
Draw Bob Hope

TRY FOR A FREE 2-YEAR ART SCHOLARSHIP WORTH $335.00

Like to draw or sketch in your spare time? Try your hand in this easy contest. It could lead you into a fascinating career in art!

Find out if you have talent that could make money for you. Enter this contest! You may win two years of free training for a lifelong career in art. Imagine yourself a professional artist making money with the pictures you draw. Real money is paid for fashion sketches and other art for advertising—for cartooning, for magazine illustrating. Wouldn’t you like to get into this work? It’s important, satisfying. And there’s room for you in the art field — thousands of artists needed today.

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It costs you nothing to enter this contest. And think of all you may win! Follow the simple rules below. Mail your drawing today!

Here’s all you have to do

Draw Bob Hope’s head 5 inches high. Use pencil only. All drawings must be received by November 30, 1955. None returned. Winner notified. Amateurs only. Our students not eligible. Mail your drawing today!
TOGETHER—Jean Simmons and Stew-
art Granger have had enough of enforced
separations. While Jean was making
"Guys And Dolls" here, Stewart was in
India and London doing "Bhowani Junc-
tion." Immediately after his return home,
he had to pack off to the Dakotas for
"The Last Hunt," but Jean said
"Enough's enough!" got out her rough-
ing-it clothes and went along to the Black
Hills just as a visitor. Jean and Stewart
have been saying they'd like to make
Switzerland their permanent home, just
commuting to Hollywood for pictures.
Bet they won't, though!

BABY TALK—Robert Taylor and Ur-
sula Thiess named their son Terrance . . .
Ann Blyth and Dr. Jim McNulty would
like another son but haven't decided on a
name. But if the baby, expected in late
December, is a girl, she'll be Sharon Ann
Kathleen . . . Jack and Virginia Palance's
family addition is due around Christmas
day, so they'll call the youngster Noel,
regardless of sex.

MORE STORK NOTES—The How-
ard Keels, who have daughters Kaiya and
Kristine, welcomed a son, named him
Gunnar . . . Jan Sterling Douglas hur-
ries home from London, where she's been
starring in "1984," for the birth of her
bambino in October . . . And Jerry and
Patti Lewis expect another Little Lewis
in February.

LULU OF A LUAU—Zsa Zsa Gabor
hates to be out of the headlines. So with
nary a black eye for a while, she dreamed
up a party, a Hawaiian luau for "Holly-
wood's 10 most eligible bachelors." Not
one of her choices was an actor! Nor did
she include attorney Greg Bautzer, usu-
ally included in such lists. Zsa Zsa natu-
really was the only femme at the party.
There was also an extra chair, drama-
tically empty all evening—meant for Por-
frio Rubirosa, in Paris at the time.

ROSY—Happiest Hollywood couple of
the month: Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis,
because they're both making their first
pictures abroad and at approximately the
same time, so they won't be separated too
long. Tony was signed first for "Trapeze"
with Burt Lancaster and Gina Lollobri-
gida in Paris and it seemed Janet would
have to stay here. But then, happy day,
Janet was signed for "Safari" with Victor
Mature, which will be filmed in London
and Nairobi, East Africa. Janet and
Tony plan to visit Jose Ferrer and Rose-
mary Clooney in London before starting
their respective films and also hope to
make a swing around France after they
finish. They had another big party ere
they left for Europe.

ALSO AFRICA—Donna Reed and
Tony Owen also dread long separations.
So producer Tony has wife Donna star-
ring in his "Mark Of The Leopard" which
will be started in London, finished on lo-
cation in Zanzibar, Mombasa and Nairo-
bi.

SMART CLEO—Another gal with a
knack for making news is Cleo Moore.
For her current "Siren Song," designer
Jean Louis whipped up a very sexy ward-
robe for her which includes four night-
gowns. Cleo's quotable comment on
them: "They'll make every woman throw
away her pajamas."

LOVE MUSIC—For you who like ro-
manic pop music, there will be plenty in
"The Eddy Duchin Story," in which Ty
Power portrays the keyboard virtuoso.
The 30 piano numbers will be dubbed for
Ty by none other than Carmen Cavallaro . . .
On the schmaltzy side, there's Liber-
ace doing a like number of numbers in
"Sincerely Yours." (And Lee has been
dating co-star Dorothy Malone).

MORE MUSIC—For the long-hairs,
there's Mario Lanza doing opera in "Ser-
enade." The other day, between record-
ing sessions at Warners, he was practicing
in his dressing room. The windows were
open and a group of visitors touring the
lot stopped to listen. When he finished
they applauded. Mario came to a window
and took a big bow . . . And for the swing
crowd, Benny Goodman and a bunch of
the boys have been beating it out at U-I
for — natch — "The Benny Goodman
Story." What a band! Besides Goodman,
the sidemen include merely Harry James,
continued on page 71
THIS WAS THE **KISS**
THAT CHANGED THE
DESTINY OF THE WEST!

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**KISS OF FIRE**

PRINT BY Technicolor

**CO-STARRING**

**Jack Palance**

**Barbara Rush**

**Directed by** JOSEPH M. NEWMAN

**Screenplay by** FRANKLIN COEN and RICHARD COLLINS

**Produced by** SAMUEL MARK

---

**VOTE FOR**

- The best motion picture of the year!
- The best performance by an actor!
- The best performance by an actress!
- The most promising new female!
- The most promising new male!

**Get your ballot in the lobby of your neighborhood theatre**
Behind The Debbie - Eddie Mix-up!

The wedding's postponed and difficulties deluge them, but many friends still feel that these young lovers will marry. Here's why

By BILL TUSHER

THIS story is about Debbie and Eddie, and consequently, it is a calculated risk.

I have no pipeline to their hearts, but I do have a hunch that there is a very good chance that these two storm-tossed lovers will be Mr. and Mrs. by the time you read this.

Of course, events could prove me all wet, an experience not entirely foreign even to the most sagacious observer of the mercurial Hollywood scene. This much I know—at the moment this is written, Eddie is back in Hollywood, and a smiling Debbie is back to her old self.

Until Eddie drove to Hollywood sporting a friendly grin and canary yellow trousers, Debbie had been tense and drawn. A worried look haunted her usually pleasant and carefree face: Gossip columnists, always willing if not eager to believe the worst, saw in these gloomy expressions a reflection of trouble with Eddie. Debbie insisted it was nothing of the kind—that all her nightmares had come from unfounded reports in the press. Debbie's pals were inclined to accept her version.

Their reunion proved one important thing. Whatever the forces at work against these two kids, none was strong enough to keep them apart.

In spite of skepticism and head-shaking inspired by the postponement of their original wedding date, there seems little doubt that Debbie and Eddie still have it and. There does seem some doubt—possibly including some doubt on their own parts—as to whether in the homestretch their love will be strong enough to surmount their problems.

In the belief that Debbie and Eddie sooner or later will put aside their problems and walk that middle aisle, I have impressive company—Debbie and Eddie themselves. Debbie has repeatedly said that the engagement never was off, and anyone who has taken the trouble to read the fine print in their communiques will be forced to admit that nobody ever said the wedding was off. It was merely postponed.

The night before I wrote this, I spoke with Lori Nelson, one of Debbie's best friends. It was Lori who chaperoned Debbie and Eddie when they had that delightful interlude in New York several months back. She's been around when the blinds were down. She knows what cooks. I asked Lori to give it to me straight. She could have ducked. She could have said her lips were sealed by friendship. But she didn't.

"I'm sure they'll get married," she said. "It's just a question continued on page 14"
of when and where. They're pulling at Debbie out here, and they've been pulling at Eddie back East. It's been a whole big mish-mosh, but they'll get married."

Before a worn and harried Debbie finally went incommunicado on the boys and girls in the froth estate, she practically wore herself to a frazzle denying that her romance with Eddie was kaput. But with or without basis, the skepticism persisted.

There was little tendency to believe Debbie until she and Eddie showed up for the debut of Judy Garland's new stage revue at the mammoth Long Beach Municipal Auditorium.

On the eve of the show, I inquired at MGM to check the report that Debbie and Eddie would be a twosome at the big Garland shindig. Not one, but three Debbie Reynolds experts went into a huddle, and the spokesman assured me that this hopeful item was just publicity put out by the promoters of the show.

"Eddie is at Lake Tahoe," I was told. "He hasn't even gotten in."

I was politely informed that Debbie had not planned on being there—with or without Eddie.

Well, if Fisher was in Tahoe at the time, he must have been pretty anxious. Because he made it to Hollywood in time to board the bus chartered by Frank Sinatra to take Eddie and Debbie and a cargo of other stars to Judy's opening.

It is not possible to ignore the significance of their presence on that junket. For one thing, it seemed clear that they had taken this opportunity to affirm by action rather than words that their engagement was still very much on. They ducked questions—but they did not duck cameramen. And they looked plenty lovey-dovey in the pictures.

From the beginning, career problems have cast the major shadow over their romance, and publicity a minor one. Debbie told me very frankly that these problems would have to be resolved in her own mind before she would be willing to take the plunge.

"We really haven't had a chance to be together much," she explained that night. It was just before the engagement was officially announced. "A lot of things have to be settled. Our career problems have to be worked out. That's very important. Most of the time Eddie is in New York, and I'm here."

Under the circumstances, it is not entirely half-cocked to infer that at the time of the engagement, and when the original wedding date was fixed on the anniversary of their first meeting, Debbie and Eddie had reason to believe that their career conflict was on its way to being settled.

"It's just a question of where we're going to live when we're married," Eddie insisted after the wedding postponement, but few people seemed to believe him. "Debbie doesn't want to live in New York, and my sponsor doesn't want me to live in California."

For reasons that haven't percolated to the outside world, the powers-that-be have so far refused to allow Eddie to transfer his Coca-Cola TV show to Hollywood.

BOB WAGNER shared delightful hours with Debbie, but engagement rumors proved false. Hugh O'Brian (right) was a close show business pal.
things that impress any woman, like remembering special occasions or giving meaningful but inexpensive gifts. I was really impressed when he gave me his rabbit’s foot with a leather thong because I knew that, while he wasn’t superstitious, it meant a lot to him and he had felt it had brought him luck in some performances. He also presented me with records and books—but I’ll never know how he could afford them since he had no money.

His was certainly a romantic nature too! He proposed almost every day for two years, but while I liked him, I couldn’t see any percentage for a long time in marrying a mad actor, no matter how attractive he was. He gradually, by a process of repetition and effective pressure, did change my mind.

Looking back on our marriage, I can’t see how we managed to survive all the obstacles thrown at us. Everything you could imagine happening seemed to happen—the separation, the times when we didn’t have a red cent, living in a strange city in a tenement, the endless stream of bad breaks. But Chuck had amazing endurance and patience. Most actors have to have that.

The first year we lived in New York was notable for one thing—neither of us could get a job. In fact, it was two or three years before I could even get a reading for a part. We finally managed to get a small spot directing a theatre group in Asheville, North Carolina. We gained a lot of valuable experience there.

But we decided, after a while, that we were getting hemmed in by too much security so we went back to New York. Chuck had high hopes of getting a break through Bob Fryer, a producer and friend. But Bob had left town. This was a bitter blow to Chuck—a devastating disappointment. I can still remember his coming upstairs the day he learned Bob was gone. I’ve never seen anyone so discouraged or beaten.

“Put on your coat and go right on back,” I told Chuck flatly. I knew he had to be forced into some kind of action. Well, two hours later he returned—all smiles.

“I have a wonderful part in ‘Antony And Cleopatra’ with Katharine Cornell,” he said.

MOODY? Not really. Possibly because of earlier experiences, Chuck can take almost anything thrown at him and not get upset.
The play was a hit and ran for a long time. It started him on his way.

Possibly it was because of these earlier experiences that Chuck can take almost anything thrown at him and not get upset. He can adjust to practically any situation. But this same determination to succeed has also made him concentrate heavily on his career.

When I say to people that I wish he could drop his work at times and relax more, they think I’m jealous of his career. Nothing could be further from the truth. I am interested in his acting because I have done the same work and am identified with it. But I’d like him to forget it once in a while.

He has fantastic energy, though. Even when he’s not working he’s up and out of the house by seven in the morning and he’s on the go all day, talking over new projects with all kinds of people. He always begins his day working out at the gym.

His boundless energy doesn’t make him irritable—instead he is in good humor most of the time. In fact, he wakes up in a happy frame of mind and it takes a lot to get him upset. He’s not really moody, although he is inclined to get stormy. Yet, he seldom storms about things in the house. It’s his work that riles him at times.

However, perhaps strangely, Chuck is comfortable to live with—as long as I accept the fact that since he’s an actor he is also unpredictable. It does take a lot to get him mad. Most of the time he’s operating on an even keel. But if anything stands in the way of a job he feels should be done, he explodes. He has a big thing about discipline—he never procrastinates and he insists on finishing whatever he starts.

He can’t understand anyone who “relaxes” his way through life and puts off details.

YOU'D never think that a person of Chuck’s temperament would ever be forgetful—but he is. He gets so embroiled in what he’s doing he forgets to tell me of plans he has made.

One night he said to me suddenly, “Are you ready?”

“For what?” I asked.

“You know—we’re having dinner at the Fields,” he said.

It was the first I’d heard about any such date—a fact I casually pointed out to him. But rather than argue I just slipped into a not too elegant dress and went on my way. I was considerably embarrassed to find that the party was on the formal side. This also Chuck had forgotten to tell me.

Then there was the time he wanted to know why I wasn’t ready to go to an after-preview party. I hadn’t even known there was going to be one. Again I dressed in a hurry—again informally. When I arrived at the party I discovered that he had also arranged for me to be the hostess! And I was scarcely dressed for that role.

This preoccupation with his other problems used to annoy

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CHARLTON HESTON continued

CHUCK and Jane Wyman star in Paramount's "Lucy Gallant."
Next to his family, Chuck's work is his life. "When I met him, he was then, as now, an intense young man about acting"

me, but now I just ride with the tide. I have hopes that his son, Fraser Clarke, will change him.

What a proud father he is! Every cliche about fatherly reactions applies to Chuck. Even before our son was born he went with me to the Red Cross training classes. He was the best diaper changer and bather in the class.

He got very jittery just before the baby was due. He told me once, "Maybe you can take this waiting two weeks more but I can't."

AFTER the baby was born he excitedly called his father and said, "You are the grandfather of a seven pound fourteen and a half son ounce." To which his father quipped, "Oh, that's too bad, I was hoping for a baby."

We had practically no disagreements about raising our son—except that we don't always agree about discipline. He doesn't think the baby should be picked up when he cries, but I feel that since our son cries so little he should be given attention when he does.

When Chuck does take time to relax, he's usually playing his Hi-Fi or doing some carpentry work. He designed the cabinet for his Hi-Fi and it's an amazing job. He also has built such things as an immense modern coffee table and a circular couch—that wraps around a partition in the wall. He got interested in carpentry when he couldn't find the type of furniture he wanted. So he went to the studio mills, learned how to make furniture, used the equipment there, and has been coming home with new things ever since.

He's an extremely handy man about the house and can fix almost anything. Chuck refers to his ability as "I have a moderate dexterity," but it's not so moderate—believe me!

As busy as he is, though, with his various activities he is never too busy to be the kind of a husband most women would like. He has not lost any of his sentimental nature. Sometimes his sentimentality is of the impulsive type. One day, for instance, he gave me a gold car key—for no particular reason. And on our tenth anniversary he gave me an emerald ring with two diamond baguettes which he had designed himself.

His greatest joy is going to our cabin in the Michigan woods—just the two of us. Now, of course, it will be the three of us. I can never forget the most pleasant vacation we ever had. He had just finished a picture, I had wound up a job and we were both dead tired. We went to the cabin in twenty below zero weather and just rested.

Chuck works, so hard, though, he doesn't have time even to indulge in any extravagances, although, like any man, he likes cars. He claims this is his one extravagance, but I'm all for it. Besides, by generously allowing him a few such "extras," I get to indulge in a few extravagances of my own—such as cameras.

As for economies, I can't think of any special ones—except that he's the most careful tooth paste turner I ever saw. And he wears clothes until they almost fall off of him. I have to browbeat him into going to the tailor to get a new suit. Yet, this isn't exactly an economy. It's just that he doesn't take the time to think of clothes at all.

I could tell a good deal more about him—about his ribald sense of humor, for instance, but I can simply add it all up with the fact that he's the ideal husband because he is, above all, a MAN.
FRECKLES and polka dots abound as Doris turns her smiling face to the sun.
DORIS DAY:

On The Riviera

When Doris and Marty visited Cannes for the annual Film Festival, they didn’t overlook any of the other attractions of the famed French resort.

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Shopping and stepping out play a big part in
the fun for Doris on the Riviera

AFTER her swim, Doris visited some of the Cannes shops, where she went go-ga over everything including perfume sprayed by Marty (right).

EVENINGS, Doris and Marty stepped out, usually to attend the Film Festival. And when did you ever see Doris looking so tanned and well? END
MARTIN AND LEWIS:
MARTIN AND LEWIS will next star in Paramount's "You're Never Too Young."

Why Martin and Lewis are rifting

Something's got to give in the Dean-Jerry tangle. Are they paying the price of success? Can the team hope to survive?

By MARK NEWTON

JERRY LEWIS, the great clown, wore no smile on his face. His eyes seemed to well with tears as he faced the crowd at Brown's Hotel in the Catskill Mountains. He thanked them for coming to the resort where he got his start in show business. They had come to honor him and to attend the premiere of "You're Never Too Young."

Jerry's voice was filled with emotion as he expressed his gratitude for the thoughtfulness of the large contingent of the press. They had refrained from peppering him with questions about a situation that had been much in the news.

"You know I have a cross to bear," he said.

His listeners knew what he was referring to. It was one of the rare times in the past nine years that Jerry had faced an audience alone. Dean Martin was thousands of miles away.

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“The contrast in personalities makes them

OFFSTAGE horseplay has become rare; pals explain Jerry loves an audience anywhere while Dean would rather call his private life his own.
perfect as entertainers, but works out less well in their own lives"

The distance between them was more than geography. A deep schism has developed between these two, once considered the Damon and Pythias of show business.

At this writing, grave doubts have arisen over the future of the team of Martin and Lewis, the most successful—financially, at least—pairing in show business history. Their antics have been seen and heard by more millions than any other team.

Will this continue? The answer to that question can be found only in the hearts of Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis. They are now further apart than they have ever been since their meteoric career began. It is a situation that was a long time coming, but it was bound to happen. A partnership such as theirs is like a marriage, only more so. They spent more time together than most husbands and wives do. They were working in the closest relationship in the most serious business of all—making people laugh. The strain of being a multi-million dollar enterprise was bound to show on them.

THEIR troubles broke out into the open in mid-1954. Word crept back from the Arizona location of "Three-Ring Circus" that all was not well with the team. It was a shock to those who heard it, for never a hint of dissension had been expressed between them.

Dean and Jerry confirmed that there had been some difficulty between them. Neither would elaborate. They finally sent a telegram to columnists which said:

"Since there seems to be an uncommonly large number of people in Hollywood and all the other parts of the country phoning reporters with daily communiques regarding the latest status of the Dean Martin-Jerry Lewis 'feud' and with the 'inside dope' as to the impending split-up of the team, we feel it our duty to give you the true facts. These are the facts, ma'am. Dum du dum dum.

"We had a disagreement. Well . . . it wasn't exactly a disagreement, it was a fight. It all started when Dean called me a dope. I got mad and told him to prove it and that's what we fought about. He did.

"What our 'unofficial' press agents don't know is that they are right. We are going to split up as a team. We have even picked the date. It will be on July 25, 1996, which will be our golden anniversary as a team. We figure by that time we will have enough kids between us to keep us supplied in wheel chair grease and bifocals.

"We sincerely hope we have cleared up this ridiculous situation and that everyone can get back to reading about Sheree North and her censored films. Warmest regards. Dean Martin-Jerry Lewis."

This pronouncement helped ease the great number of rumors about friction between the pair. But, unfortunately, the causes of that friction were not as easily removed.

The story of what started their first formal estrangement has never been told. Here is what happened:

When Dean first read the script of "Three-Ring Circus," he blew his top. The whole picture was Jerry's. Dean made an appearance, then disappeared for about 40 pages of the script.

The boys were playing at the Copacabana in New York at the time. Dean exploded in their dressing room.

"It stinks," Dean said, throwing the script in a corner. "They're just throwing me a bone."

Jerry sympathised with him. He agreed Dean's part was too small. He even offered to refuse the film, though it would cost them a million and a half dollars to do so.

The beef was carried to Hal Wallis, who agreed to have a re-write done on the script. When it came back, Dean's part was improved. But he still was playing second fiddle.

This is something that had been bothering him for many

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Liberace.

Liberace is making his movie bow in the Warner production, "Sincerely Yours."
FACT and FICTION

More fabulous than the rumors, more exciting than the exaggerations is the simple truth revealed here about the country's favorite pianist

By PEER J. OPPENHEIMER

NEWS ABOUT America's best-loved pianist, Liberace, has been given to the public lavishly, at times sensationally, often ridiculously, but seldom accurately. And with each new personal appearance tour, press release or magazine article, the Liberace legends continue to grow. High time, we think, that the maze of fiction that has been written about him be dispelled and a few honest-to-goodness facts brought to the fore. As usual, they're a lot more exciting than the myths dispensed by over-eager publicists and well-wishers.

Take, for example, his supposed insistence on refusing to leave his piano as long as there are requests for encores from his audience. This, it is claimed, annoyed some of the night club owners where he played, because it hurt their business.

Now let's look at the facts. Several night club owners are on record as having resented Lee's one-and-a-half to two-hour long performances. They frankly felt that it kept the customers from drinking, eating, or gambling, and as a result they were losing money, or so they said. Ciro's in Los Angeles reportedly refused to have Liberace come back unless he signed an agreement to play no more than thirty minutes.

Lee's sister, Angie, tells this one on her brother: Not very long ago she accompanied him to Kansas City for a performance. As usual, after he got through with his planned program, the audience asked for encores. Lee obliged. Hour after hour went by. Angie, brother George and Seymour Heller, his manager, became more and more impatient. It was nearing midnight, and their plane was due to leave Kansas City Airport at 1:00 a.m.

From behind the curtain, they motioned excitedly to Lee that it was high time to quit. Each time he caught their eye he flashed back his usual bright smile, then turned back to the audience and asked if there were any more requests.

When he was still at it by 12:30, the situation called for drastic measures. Seymour and Angie rounded up a couple of husky fellows, who walked on stage, picked Lee up in his chair, and carried him out bodily! The crowd howled, but the truth is no one was more disappointed than Liberace who would rather have missed his plane than disappoint his fans.

For that matter, Lee's "punctuality" has been more fiction than fact. "Having travelled with Lee for five years, I have become quite accustomed to the last hundred yard dashes to reach the airport gate before it's closed," Seymour Heller sighed.

More fictitious reports about Liberace are centered around his eating habits, and particularly his "recently acquired ability to cook." According to some fantastic reports, a breakfast of orange juice, cereal and cream, six fried eggs, four slices of bacon, a huge stack of pancakes, plus sweet rolls, jam

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and coffee is not an unusual menu. Such reports are not just exaggerated. They are fabricated.

Actually, his breakfast—which is identical day after day—consists of a small glass of orange juice, coffee and one sweet roll. Never more. And while he likes fancy dishes for lunch and dinner, he doesn't over-indulge.

As wrong is the supposition that cooking is a hobby Lee acquired fairly recently, as a means of relaxation. His first attempts date back to his high school period. And not as a hobby, but as a means of helping his mother.

Lee had just turned fourteen when he approached the cooking teacher of the West Monrovia High School with a rather unusual request. "Why don't you start a cooking class for the boys?" he suggested.

"For the boys?" she cried out. "What for?" The reply was even more surprising. "So we can help our mothers at home."

BLOWING his own horn is something Lee's been falsely accused of. His real generosity is little known.
LAUGHING it off is Lee's answer to carping critics. According to close associates, it is quite false that puns at his expense bother him.

**humor consistently diverts his admirers and disarms his critics**

As could be expected, much of the Liberace fiction dates clear back to his very early childhood.

The "legend" about Paderewski's discovering Lee's talents as well as his suggestion that he use a professional single name happens to be true. But not so some of the other facts about their meeting.

The great Polish pianist and statesman did visit the Liberace home. But not as was sometimes stated, because he had heard of young Waldziu Valentino Liberace. He was searching for Lee's maternal grandmother who had been one of Paderewski's favorite pupils in Poland. When she immigrated to America she had lost touch with her former teacher.

When Paderewski visited the Liberace home, seven-year-old Lee played the family piano for him—and thus showed Paderewski his capabilities.

It is true that Liberace's famous "candleabra signature," which has become his personal trademark, came about after he saw it effectively used in a movie called, "A Song To Remember," based on Chopin's life. And it was Liszt's success with the ladies that gave Liberace the idea to copy his habit of showing his profile, while playing the piano. Likewise, the "interesting" and "unusual" clothes were not his idea, as has sometimes been stated, but taken directly from Frederick Chopin's manner of dressing which, Lee found out, attracted much attention.

Even the facts about the beginning of Liberace's career have not been altogether clearly presented. One source stated that his first public appearance came as a result of his influence with his classmates, whom he talked into letting him lead the school jazz band in a Milwaukee road house. Another version had him entertain in a more "dignified" ice cream parlor. In reality, he started out when he was just eleven years old. He achieved this remarkable feat by persistently pounding at the stage door of the Wisconsin Theatre, until someone would listen to his piano playing. For that, he did not receive a dollar a session as claimed in some biographies, but a $75 a week contract. All the money went into the family kitty which could have used it badly at the time.

One facet of Liberace's personality which, next to his piano playing and smile, receives most comments, is his generosity.

One rumor had it that, to thank his hometown for the op-continued on page 37
From his musical debut to his current diet,

**TROUPE** Libeace and Sophie Tucker entertain at a party. Night club fans shouting for encores have kept him playing all night.

**FAMILY** ties are strong for Lee (brother George, left, and mother, right). Only one thing angers him—to doubt his love for his mother.
portunity it had provided him in getting started in show business, he was going to build a city auditorium and dedicate it to Milwaukee as a permanent shrine.

This, of course, is a bit on the extreme side! Even with his colossal earnings, with taxes as they are, it is doubtful that Liberace could ever amass such a fortune.

However, there are numerous examples to show that he is a very generous person, probably unequalled by other show people who, as a group, already have the reputation of giving away almost all of their time and money.

Probably more than any other entertainer, Liberace has been the target of puns from magazines, newspapers, columnists and critics. He has been called a "ham at the piano," a "pudgy pianist," a "self-idolizer" and worse.

On the surface, this does not seem to have bothered him at all. However, some people have claimed that from time to time he gets quite annoyed at such remarks.

According to everyone associated with him, this is quite untrue. His sense of humor is far too predominant for that. Typical was his attitude on a personal appearance tour when one fan shouted from somewhere in the back of a group of admirers, "Are those teeth really your own?" "Sure are," Lee smiled, exposing the full extent of them. "See?"

With that question out of the way, someone else wanted to know if he powdered his hair to make it appear gray.

"No, ma'am," the maestro came back unperturbed, then explained, "I'm really turning gray. Mom says I inherited a tendency for early grayness."

"What about your weight?"

"I'm a little worried about that myself," he laughed.

Obviously—he doesn't get annoyed easily. Only if doubts are injected about his affection for his mother will Liberace get angry.

One of the most surprising aspects about Liberace is his attitude toward physical exercise. According to some opinions, physical labor or any sort is quite alien to him.

Actually, he loves sports, and hard work—which for him are a form of relaxation.

Take the day a refrigerator was delivered to his home in Sherman Oaks. Lee himself insisted on helping unload it. And it was not a publicity stunt, either. There were no cameras around.

Another time his secretary, Susan Roberts, and her husband stopped at his house for a visit. Much to their surprise they found Lee mixing cement, which dries out the skin worse than anything they could think of. "What on earth are you doing?" Susan asked.

"Building a fish pond. Don't you think it'll look nice in the backyard?" Since the job was almost finished, it was too late to voice a protest.

In spite of his liking for physical labor, Lee is not the "Mr. Fixit" type. Not long ago the United States almost lost their favorite pianist when he was installing a new light fixture in the hallway of his home. Just in the nick of time a friend advised him to switch off the electric current before touching the wires!

No account of fact and fiction about Liberace could be complete without a few statistics, because so much of what has been reported in the past has been based on speculation and guess work.

The annual sales value of his various enterprises exceeds $25,000,000 a year, according to his business manager. In 1953, his first big year, Liberace himself grossed $450,000. In 1954, his $750,000 net income included $400,000 from concerts, $200,000 from television, $100,000 from records and $50,000 from endorsements of Liberace song books, programs, miniature plastic pianos, charm bracelets and a wide variety of other merchandise. His expected income for 1955 is close to the million dollar mark.

As for his personal wardrobe, the claim that he owns more than a hundred pairs of shoes is somewhat exaggerated. However, a quick count revealed forty pairs of all colors and styles. Also six changes of tuxedos and assorted dinner jackets, including plaid s, and six pairs of tails, black, white, tan and several shades of blue. Counting the rest of his wardrobe proved much too tiring! This will give a rough idea at least.

And so it seems obvious that much of what has been said and written about Liberace seems like fiction only because the facts sound too fabulous to be true.

END
SUSAN HAYWARD:

"I'll Cry Tomorrow"

The star of Lillian Roth's famed autobiography says, "A new life awaits me. I know it will be a good one"

By DORA ALBERT

HERE'S A problem for you. You're Susan Hayward, a fine dramatic actress capable of portrayals of great emotional intensity. How do you go about finding the kind of compelling, once-in-a-lifetime story that's just tailor-made for your talents? Well, you might do what Susan Hayward did—come down with a 24-hour virus. That's how Susan discovered "I'll Cry Tomorrow," Lillian Roth's magnificent story of her own uphill struggle against alcoholism. Susan was bed-ridden at the time she read the book—but not that bed-ridden that she couldn't hop out to call her agent, Ned Marlin.

"It's one of the greatest stories I've ever read," she said breathlessly. She was so excited about the autobiography she said she'd buy the movie rights to it herself if she couldn't persuade a studio to do so. She wanted to play Lillian Roth, come what might.

Reading that autobiography, Susan had discovered that somehow she understood Lillian very deeply. Without having met her, she knew what made her tick and she admired this woman who had suffered so much and fought so ceaselessly to get out of the mire. In some respects, Lillian and Susan have much in common, Susan, too, has waged an unending battle—not against liquor, of course, but against a crippling accident in her childhood and against poverty.

When MGM finally bought "I'll Cry Tomorrow," it was with the understanding that Susan's studio, 20th Century-Fox, would loan her for the picture.

When Lillian opened a night club engagement in Las Vegas, Susan was an entranced spectator, then went backstage to meet her. So great was her understanding of Lillian that when they began discussing Lillian Roth's life story, Susan found herself anticipating certain incidents that she was sure had formed Lillian's character . . . incidents that weren't even in the book. But Lillian told her about them, so that she would better understand her problems. And deep in Susan's heart was a hidden cache of understanding. She was overwhelmed by the courage and spiritual fortitude of the woman whose life she was to relive on the screen.

"Make no mistake about it," Susan said later. "She's one of the great women of our generation. A fine singer, sure. A great personality. But first and foremost, a great woman."

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Now more glamorous than ever,

Susan, completely feminine herself, admires women who are women. One of her earliest childhood memories is of weeping when her mother cut her long hair as a child of 10. She was afraid the short hair would make her look too boyish. Later, when Susie's hair was cut a couple of inches for "Soldier Of Fortune," a sentimental reporter said she wept bitter salt-laden tears and carried the precious locks home for remembrance.

"I should live to see the day!" laughed Susie. "Sure I cried when I was 10. But I'm no longer 10. I'm a big girl now—big enough to know that hair grows back."

Susan's femininity remains as much a part of her as her heart-shaped face. She makes no bones about the fact that one of the aims of her life is to please men. That's one of the reasons she likes long hair better than short. "That's the way 90 per cent of the masculine population feels about it," she says, "and I aim to please the masculine population."

Since the bitterness of her divorce from Jess Barker, Susan has struggled to adjust herself to her new life. "If you'll pardon my using a trite expression," she said, "time heals everything. I tried every way I knew to make our marriage last, but when I couldn't do any more, I had to admit to myself I had failed and that it was no good to continue living a mistake.

"Thank goodness, my two boys have adjusted themselves.
Sometimes children adjust more easily than grown-ups, for they are occupied with problems of the present, like getting passing grades on their tests. My two boys are not the kind who find it difficult to adjust.

"Raising them since the divorce has meant making many decisions single-handed, but they don't seem to be suffering from that. You should see them."

YOU should. Ten years old, these two unidentical twins are the living image of healthy, well-adjusted youngsters. Gregory's the redhead. Tim is blond and a half head taller. "I spend more time with my children now than ever," says Susan. "I don't think we could be any closer—not just as mother and sons—but as people. You know the old bromide—parents are people. So are children. And parents should be people to their children and vice versa."

Associates at MGM say Susan works like mad till 6 p.m., then wants to dash home to be with her boys as soon as the working day ends. She's raised the two boys with kindness and an occasional spanking. They look up to her, and ask her advice about almost everything.

Both boys belong to the Cub Scouts, and when she's not too tied up on a picture, Susan faithfully attends the Cub Scout meetings. At first the mothers were a bit shy with her, figuring that a movie star might lord it over them. As Susan began bringing in lemonade and chocolate cake just like all the other mothers and talking to them about the good points of their sons, they relaxed.

Susan dines with the boys at home practically every night. Some nights, Cleo, the cook, is there to prepare dinner; at other times Susan does it. Though she has disavowed the ability to cook, her friends have occasionally seen her sneak on an apron and prepare a tasty tidbit. Once a friend to whom she'd given a story about how she would never don an apron was visiting Susan. Aprons, she had told him, were completely lacking in glamour. She'd have him know that she believed in a movie star acting and living the part.

Just before he left, the friend said, "I suppose you'll be going out to Romanoff's tonight to dine on pheasant under glass or something like that."

Susan's happy peal of laughter rang out. "Guess again. I'm not going to Romanoff's or anywhere else. We're dining in—and on nothing as exotic as pheasant under glass. Just a good old American dish—corned beef and cabbage—it's the cook's night out, and I'm making it myself."

"But Susan," said the friend, "I thought you said aprons were strictly for the birds, and you advised all movie stars to cut out the corn flakes and chocolate cake bit."

"That," laughed Susan, "was for another story."

She's a good enough showwoman to believe in being as continued on page 62
ROCK HUDSON here! Rock plays an Army doctor in his new picture.
ROCK HUDSON:

Man on the job

A hot script keeps Rock toiling all day, but there's time out for some horseplay, too

HORSEPLAY on the set of "A Time Remembered" amuses Rock, Casey Adams (at left) and David Janssen.

LOVELY Cornell Borchers, Rock's co-star, discusses a scene with him just before the actual shooting begins.

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LUNCHTIME break in U-I commissary sees Rock having intense discussion with director Al Cohen (left). Rock always gives 100% to his work.

ROCK HUDSON continued

Rock’s a man of many moods while on the set, but it’s a happy Hudson who can grin after a hard day’s work

WITH John Smith, of “A Time Remembered” cast, Rock runs through a droll part of the script.
REHEARSAL with Cornell Borchers (above) looks like nice work.

PRACTICING a bow for camera angles (left). Rock is all work. When it's all over (above), he breaks into a broad, happy grin.
Grace Kelly tucked some newspapers and magazines under her arm and stepped aboard the train that was leaving Cannes for Paris. She stood on the top step and performed her last duty as an American guest at the Film Festival—she waved, goodbye for the photographers who clustered on the platform.

The engine uttered one of those shrill whistles that French trains are noted for and started to pull out of the station. Grace walked through the car, past the staring Frenchmen who marveled at the blonde American beauty. She found her compartment and sat down warily. The festival had been designed as a vacation, but actually it was hard work. There was always a movie to see, a reception or a dinner to attend.

And photographers were everywhere. Never had she seen so many, not even in Hollywood. She found dozens of them at every turn, all wanting a special pose.

But that was behind her now, and she skimmed through some of the newspapers and magazines she had bought to while away the journey to Paris.

"Oh!" she gasped audibly.

"Oh!" she said to herself. "It couldn’t be."

But there it was, right before her eyes. In the latest issue of Paris Match, a French picture magazine, she saw a series of photographs of herself and Jean Pierre Aumont. In each picture they were holding hands. One shot showed her holding his hand to her lips. In all the photos, Grace smiled fondly at Jean Pierre.

The pictures had been taken without her knowledge while she was lunching with Aumont one day in a Riviera restaurant. A long-range lens recorded an intimate scene which she thought she was sharing only with Jean Pierre.

"It’s terrible!" she exclaimed, tears coming to her eyes. She cried all the way to Paris.

The hurt was compounded when she arrived in New York a few days later. She discovered that Life magazine had bought the photos and displayed them to further millions.

"It’s unfair!" she complained to a friend. "I was very cooperative at Cannes. I spent a whole day with the photographers, doing everything they asked. Then one of them pulls a trick like this. It’s a shocking invasion of privacy."

Despite her own indignation, the photos may well have done her a great deal of good. For they gave millions of fans all over the world a chance to see a different side of Grace Kelly—the side that is seldom revealed. The pictures showed her as a warm, human being who felt sympathetic toward a handsome man of undeniable charm.

The public had grown accustomed to an entirely different Grace—"Cool" Kelly.

Perhaps it all started with her ethereal beauty. Despite her Irish name, she has inherited much of the German beauty of her mother, the flawless skin, golden hair and cool blue eyes. She isn’t at all cold, but she has the look of being distant and unattainable.

She did little to contradict that impression in her dealings

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CANNES photographs gave evidence of the "other" Grace.
in Hollywood. She kept people at a distance, even those with whom she worked intimately in pictures. It seemed natural to most people to call her Miss Kelly, rather than Grace.

She has been the despair of the Hollywood press. When reporters asked intimate details of her life, she turned a cold shoulder.

"I don't believe in telling everything," she once confided. "I don't want to see my personal life to myself. I don't like to read about what an actress has for breakfast or how many shoes she has in her closet. I wouldn't want people to read those things about me.

"I realize there are certain people who thrive on such things. But I wouldn't like it. If you lived that way, life would get to be nothing more than a photo layout.

"I don't want that to happen to me. There are too many things I want to do in life."

When Grace and her sister were escorted to a Hollywood night club by Bing Crosby, she was shocked that pictures taken of her and Bing were played up as a big romance.

"You can't go to a night club without people taking pictures or writing down whom you're with or starting rumors," she complained. "There are some nice people you simply like and want to have dinner with.

"You can't enjoy dinner with people flashing bulbs in your face all night. I don't think the people flashing the bulbs would enjoy it one bit if the tables were turned."

"Cool Kelly" played it according to form even when she scored her greatest triumph—winning the Oscar for "The Country Girl." After the ceremonies, she was whisked downstairs to face the battery of photographers. This time she didn't mind the flash bulbs, but she did insist that things be done properly. She was posing with Marlon Brando, the other winner. "Give him a kiss!" the photographers yelled.

Grace gazed at them, replied, "I think he should kiss me."

Despite all this evidence, it is obvious from her screen performances that Kelly is no cold potato. There is nothing wrong with the voltage of a girl who could smooch so realistically with Jimmy Stewart in "Rear Window" or rise to the emotional heights that she reached in "The Country Girl."

There is indeed a warm, compassionate Grace, although the public only gets to see an occasional fleeting glimpse, as in the luncheon photos with Jean Pierre. She is, in fact, an extremely sensitive young woman who adopts an outward appearance of coolness as a defensive measure.

She was the third of the Kelly children, and the most introverted. Her father was John Kelly, a genial extrovert who ran his brick business from a $7,000 borrowed investment into an 18 million dollar enterprise. A crack athlete, Jack Kelly dabbled in politics and became a popular figure in Philadelphia. He encouraged his children to lead vigorous lives.

Mrs. Kelly, born Margaret Majer, was an athlete herself and a magazine cover model. She was and still is a woman with a wide range of interests.

The first of their children was Peg. She was always her father's favorite. He always expected Peggy to be the one who would make a name for herself, not Grace.

Then came Kell—John, Jr. He was two years older than Grace. She was proud of his athletic accomplishments and tended to idolize him.

After Grace came Lianne, a born leader. Throughout her youth, she was capturing honors for one thing or another. She was aggressive. Even though Grace was older, Lianne usually got the upper hand.

In such a family, it is no wonder that the gentle Grace retired within herself.

"Grace was always quiet and reserved," her mother recalls. "She would be playing with her dolls in her room while the other girls were outside racing in the yard."

Then penchant for make-believe prompted her to seek outlets at an early age. She was in love with movies and plays and dreamed of being an actress.

She got her wish to act when she was eleven. She did a play with Philadelphia's Academy Players and saved the performance. Her stage mother drew a blank and couldn't remember her lines. Grace adroitly fed the necessary cues and got the actress back to the script.

"We've got a trouper on our hands," her father observed.

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MARRIAGE to either Oleg Cassini (left) or Jean Pierre Aumont (right) appears unlikely, though Aumont called her "an adorable woman."
affairs have built up the myth of a distant, unattainable Grace

WARM, quick smile discloses the real Grace, but she insists she'll keep her personal life from becoming "nothing more than a picture layout."
In the warmth of her acting, Grace gives a clue to the depth of her emotions.

From then on, it was more dreams for the sensitive young Grace. One envisioned a life on the stage for herself. She finally left the family home in 1947 to enroll at the Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York. After serving her apprenticeship on the stage and in TV, she rose to top prominence in the movies.

Her film career is an interesting sidelight in the dual nature of Grace Kelly. Says she: “For a while, I was afraid I would be typed as an English wife.”

And she almost was. Although she was featured in “Fourteen Hours” and “High Noon,” she didn’t draw much recognition until she appeared in “Mogambo” as the philandering English wife. Then she played another English wife in “Dial M For Murder.”

Both roles exploited the cool, external qualities of Grace. But Alfred Hitchcock was shrewd enough to see the woman underneath. He directed her in the realistic kissing scenes with Jimmy Stewart in “Rear Window” and started her off on an entirely different vein. In her latest picture, “To Catch A Thief,” another Hitchcock thriller, Grace actually goes after her man—and not very subtly either.

“Grace is not like Ava Gardner,” observed a co-worker who has known her since the beginning of her Hollywood career.
LOVE SCENES with Cary Grant bring out clearly the womanliness in Grace that director Hitchcock was one of the first to perceive.

“Ava has a basic insecurity; she likes to have people around. “Not Grace. She can be completely self-sufficient—that’s part of the Kelly upbringing. She doesn’t have to be in a crowd. In fact, she prefers not to be. When she does meet strangers, she keeps them at a distance. But after you cross that barrier, you find her a delightful individual.”

Grace herself resents that implication that she is cold. Once a Hollywood director was quoted as saying she had “stainless-steel insides.”

She was upset when she read this. “I’m stubborn,” she said, “but I don’t think I’m cold or hard. That was cruel.”

Can the Kelly reserve be melted by a male?

Indeed it can, as evidenced by the Aumont pictures. Yet friends doubt if her friendship with Jean Pierre will ever develop into anything serious.

Grace met the French actor when they did a TV show together in New York three years ago. She was delighted with his Continental manner, as any normal girl would be. Before a romance could develop, they went their separate ways.

They met again at the Cannes Film Festival this year, and it appeared that Jean Pierre was going to make the most of it. He bubbled to the press that Grace was “an adorable and sensational woman any man would be proud to marry.”

He told of their meeting in New York: “For three months, we never left each other. Then life separated us . . . and now we meet again. I am extremely happy.”

Despite his effusiveness, a friend of Grace’s confided: “I doubt that anything will come of the so-called romance. Two years ago she might have fallen for him. But not now.”

Grace had another much-publicized romance, again with a suave charmer who had been married to a movie queen. He was Oleg Cassini, fashion designer and ex of Gene Tierney.

They met in 1947 when she was still a fashion model. Later, he designed dresses for many of her TV appearances. They became good friends after he was divorced by Gene.

He turned up on the Riviera when she was there on location for “To Catch A Thief,” then followed her to Hollywood, where he was her constant companion.

Now the romance seems to have cooled. But it might have ended at the altar. Once she was asked if she intended to marry Oleg.

“I honestly don’t know,” she replied.

The lack of flat denial was significant. But it appears that lengthy consideration has caused her to decide against it.

Some day the man will come along who will cause her to love him without reservations. Then the whole world will know the warm-blooded, tender-hearted woman that Grace Kelly really is.
BOB WAGNER:

A young actor may get the most help from tips he doesn’t take.
To all whose advice could have hurt him, Bob says:

"Thanks for nothing"

When Robert Wagner was a teen-ager he used to caddy at Bel Air Country Club during summer vacations. Old for his years and wise in his way, he developed the ingratiating habit of listening a lot and saying very little. Who else can I learn from, he reasoned with himself, except the people who’ve accomplished what I hope to accomplish.

Certain people he caddied for said certain things that left a lasting impression.

"Clark Gable was one of those persons," Bob remembers. "Between shots he and his partner discussed motion pictures and the innumerable patterns of individual success. Summing up the situation, Clark said in effect that he had come to the conclusion good advice could be a very dangerous thing!

"At the beginning of Clark’s career, so I’ve heard, he listened to everyone and tried to apply their good advice. Then he decided that too much of it only created greater confusion, there was little to be gained and a great deal to be lost. And in the final analysis, I’m told, he discovered the advice that actually helped him the most — was the advice he didn’t take!"

By rather remote coincidence, it’s the advice he didn’t take that’s been the booster shot for Robert Wagner’s career.

"What griped me," Bob reflects, "most of the time I never asked for the advice. I got it, however, whether I needed it or not. It so happens there’s a stubborn streak in my nature that forces me to find things out for myself. Sure it gets me into trouble at times, but I chalk it all up to experience and try not to stick my neck out again.

"Contrary to general belief that I got into pictures with the ease of a breeze, I started out with a little theatre group when continued on page 54"
"A STUBBORN streak in my nature forces me to find out things myself."
I was 15. What I lacked in experience I made up for in nerve—but this still didn’t make me a good actor! I went to agents and I asked directors for jobs. It was always the same answer—we aren’t looking for ‘bit’ players.

“Finally, I went to a big producer I knew at MGM and put it right on the line. I wanted a stock contract so that I could learn to act. Fortunately for me I was still living at home, so I even offered to waive salary if he’d allow me to take advantage of the studio’s facilities. This man, who shall remain nameless for reasons you’ll learn later, has never been noted for subtlety. Without pulling punches he told me to face facts and stop kidding myself.

“I made a good appearance, he said, my speaking voice wasn’t bad, but Hollywood was crowded with guys answering that description. It would take years for me to learn to act—if I ever learned! However, if I wanted to go to New York and try the theatre, when I returned, he said—I may talk to you! Then he suggested that I be a good boy, go home and forget all about acting, get into the steel business with my father and then I’d amount to something!

THIS man is in a position to know what he’s talking about, I had to admit. But why should I take his advice? I didn’t ask for it—I only asked for a chance. Feeling smaller than an ant, I drove down to the beach and sat there thinking. Then that old stubborn streak of determination began creeping up on me. You know the rest of the story—and here’s the topper. The same studio executive who advised me to get lost, is now a big man on a TV network. He called my agents recently and was willing to pay me $5,000 for one appearance! Unfortunately, the studio sent me out on a tour and I couldn’t accept.”

When he was signed at 20th Century-Fox, Bob still wasn’t God’s gift to the world of make-believe. This he knew, so once again he kept his mouth shut and listened. At the time, the studio was about to produce a picture called “The Frogmen.” There was another new actor on the lot who had a year’s seniority over Bob and great plans were in store for him.

“Look Bob,” said this actor’s agent one day, “they want my boy to play a small part in ‘Frogmen’ and he’s going to take a suspension. Now you’re not my client, so I’m just telling you this for your own good. I heard the studio is going to give the part to you and you’re a fool if you take it. If you start out by allowing them to push you around, they’ll never have respect for you.”

“I’m mighty glad I didn’t take that advice,” Bob declares. “This slipper character was actually trying to force the studio to use his client and build up his part. Instead, the studio dropped the ill-advised guy when his option came up for renewal. I admit my one scene in ‘Frogmen’ was so far away from the camera Marjorie Main could have been playing it! But Richard Widmark was in that picture and the help and encouragement he gave me has been paying off ever since.”

During his first two contractual years at Twentieth, Bob made 100 odd screen tests. Not his own tests, mind you. His back was usually to the camera and he was called in merely to feed lines to aspiring newcomers. Now there’s an occupational disease in Hollywood and the carriers comprise a group of frustrated failures. Because they’ve never hit the jackpot themselves, they salve their flagging egos by buttering up the luckier ones. Deep-down they resent them bitterly.

“So everyone praises you,” Bob rues, “and no one says— you stink! You’re vulnerable when you start out and the whole truth is, I came close to being influenced. My self-appointed advisers almost convinced me that I was wasting myself assisting in screen tests. Then Mr. Zanuck sent for me! “Now he’s a very busy man and when he takes time and shows interest, it isn’t to be taken lightly. Everyone flatters and backslaps a new actor, Mr. Zanuck reminded me. So the man who tells the truth oftentimes takes a chance of making an enemy. He didn’t want to discourage me. They had great faith in me, he reassured, but he still felt I had a lot to learn.

LOCAL customs in Durango delight Bob, especially mysteries of tortilla-making. The oddest advice he’s ever had was not to be so friendly!
a wonderful treat. No one could have talked him out of that trip

So I went back to those screen tests and believe me, I've never regretted it.

Everyone knows publicity plays an important part in establishing an actor's career. Bob was well aware of this, too, and happily held still for anything within reason. However, when he was advised to romance "name" girls instead of his non-professional friends, he hit the ceiling.

"The public may have been naive in the past," Bob insists, "but I don't believe you can fool them today. So why try? When Terry Moore and I made 'Beneath The Twelve Mile Reef' in Florida, our 'engagement' was announced in the papers. No one seemed to know who planted the story and of course it was a phony and only made fools of us. I received many letters accusing me of being 'publicity-happy.' Maybe I shouldn't have taken them too seriously, but I did because they were very disturbing."

Following this unfortunate episode, every personal press agent in town approached Bob. If he had one person handling everything, they advised, then he could control his publicity. Not one for hasty decisions, Bob promised to give the matter careful consideration.

"In the meantime," he laughs, "certain actors came to me and advised me to stop all publicity. A good part in a good picture was all any actor needed, they insisted. But in the

PHOTOGRAPHY lessons are a lark with such a picture-pretty pupil as Debra Paget, Bob has refused to romance "names" for the publicity.

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A Man to Remember

At a time in his life when a fella needs a friend, John found one—a wonderful one

JOHN DEREK had a disrupted, uncertain childhood and youth. His parents were divorced when he was 5. After that, finances were an up-and-down affair. When they were up, John had a tutor or went to private school; when they weren't, he'd go back to public school. Sometimes he'd have an allowance of $100 a month but more often, in high school, it was zero. John spent part of his time with his mother, part with his father.

With the resultant lack of stability and security in his younger years, John very easily could have grown up to be a drifter. Instead, he is a Solid Citizen. And for this he's grateful to Russell Harlan who has been the primary guiding influence in John's life since he was literally in knee pants.

"Russ has been a second father to me," says John. "He is everything I admire in a man. A real man's man. He loves the outdoors, sports, athletics. He's basic, comfortable to be with. He never sat me down and gave me a speech; he set examples and I tried to follow. All the men I've liked or admired have always been Russ's type. My own way of living and my hobbies have been patterned to a large extent after his. I'll always be indebted to him."

Harlan is a veteran motion picture cameraman, still very active—he recently photographed "Land Of The Pharaohs" in Egypt. He had known John's parents, both of whom were associated with early-day movies. After their divorce, Harlan managed to spend much of his spare time with the boy.

"Although Russ was happy with his three daughters, he always wanted a son. So he just sort of 'took over' as a second father to me. My own father was the creative, artistic type. I was always more interested in the outdoors, so I, in turn, naturally gravitated towards Russ's ideas, especially since I didn't see my father too much. So Russ it was who taught me to ride, hunt, fish, swim," recalls John, who is much more rugged off-screen than on.

"Before Russ became a cameraman, he had been a stunt man. He could do anything in the way of athletics. And even today, he never asks any of his crew to do anything he won't do. He has real guts. He'll take his camera into the middle of stampeding cattle or a torrential river," continues John, a real athlete and sportsman himself; he even keeps barbells.
his dressing room for lunch hour work.

(Adaptively, he now is portraying a rugged young warrior Joshua in C. B. Mille's "The Ten Commandments.")

During his younger life John had to fight against the tag of "Pretty Boy." On first brush with this taunt from a pool chum, it was Russell Harlan who told John he'd have to overcome it. Accordingly, he taught John how to take re of himself.

"But he also taught me some of the inabilities," adds John. "When I was first put for pictures and began getting comments, which seem inevitable in our business, Russ helped me keep my head. Then he'd tell me about them, he'd question and challenge. At first, that gripped me. I had believed the compliments were not mere flattery. But Russ was always right. He convinced me there is a difference between shallow flattery and constructive praise.

"Russ also was one of the first persons to make me realize the importance of honesty. As I said, he never preached. He led by example. And if I went to him with problems he was always ready to discuss. His idea on honesty was—and still is—be honest and you might get a little flattery in return. 'And in the long run, it pays off.'"

John insists he has a "lousy memory," particularly about his youth. But he does remember incidents concerning Harlan.

There was the time John's father had hired a very expensive tutor for his son. When Harlan met the man, he fired him forthwith. He realized the tutor was an undesirable influence for the growing boy.

Russ also taught John the value of persistence, especially in handling animals.

He started teaching John to ride when the latter was about six. One day they were riding on a ranch far out in San Fernando Valley. John recalls vividly that after his lesson Russ took him for a ride on a spirited horse named Smoky. Russ was in the saddle, John riding behind. They were returning to the barn when they rode under a large pepper tree. On one of the branches hung a tire on a rope which children used as a swing. Smoky shied at this and bolted to the side. Russ brought the horse back and made him go by the tire-swing. Then he dismounted, made John get in the saddle and put the horse through the same paces several times. It was far from easy for John to do.

The very best indication of John's gratitude to Harlan is the fact that he named his own son Russell after his "second father." And that he's trying to instill in little Russ the things he learned from the senior Russ. Already he has taught the boy to tumble. Now he is about to teach the 5-year-old to ride.

"And he'll have no ponies or small horses. He'll learn on big ones. It's a longer way to fall but they're more dependable," says Derek.

John is happy that his little daughter, Sean, already seems "a natural athlete" at the age of 18 months. Her father, whose athletic hobbies and interests change constantly, has recently started handling bullhogs. He handles them well and Sean willingly stands and lets John "catch" her in the whip.

Sports-loving Harlan understandably likes comfortable, casual clothes. "I remember the first time I saw him in a business suit with white shirt and tie, I was shocked," recalls John. "But he looked comfortable and at ease in it. I can't manage that. I'm strictly a sports clothes man. I have only one suit to my name and feel ill at ease in it."

"Another thing I admire about Russ is his attitude towards our industry. He's very much in it. He's one of the best in his field and gives everything he's got to his job. But he doesn't live for his job alone. He doesn't limit himself to shop-talk. In fact, he seldom talks about his work. He has lots of other interests.

"Russ is everything we like to think desirable in the 100 percent American man. He's the greatest influence anyone could have. I was lucky. And I hope I can pass some of that along to little Russ.

in the same way he did, by example rather than by preaching." John concludes.

END

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Work is his life and only those who share his passion, or at least understand it, can travel Jack's way with him.

**By FLORENCE EPSTEIN**

He's STORY editor, director, casting chief and star of "Dragnet," but Jack Webb would have a hard time putting together a show of his own life. It's too full of schmaltz, drama and nearly hysterical climaxes. As Sergeant Friday he doesn’t dig that at all. Cool, patient, and "Yes, Ma’am" polite, Friday's a long cry from Webb who is a dynamo and somewhat of an enigma nowadays.

Ever since the instantaneous and quite fantastic TV success of "Dragnet" in 1952, magazine writers have been trying to probe the man behind the badge. At first, the probing was done with a sharp-edged knife, and the diagnosis was generally the same. Webb was a temperamental genius, a hopeless egomaniac and a horrible husband.

Today, there's a new line (or maybe it's a new Webb). They say he is no longer brashly self-assured. "If anything," one of his associates believes, "his hat size has shrunk. He is one of the truly brilliant young talents in this business. Now that everybody knows it, he no longer has to fight to prove it." Louella Parsons, whose word is often final, says, "I love this Jack Webb. He is just one of the greatest guys in the world." And his second wife, 24-year-old Dorothy Towne, who ran out almost before the wedding cake got stale, came back to add, "I love him, and from now on, I'm going to be more understanding."

Obviously, Jack Webb is no Simple Simon. "I'm no angel," the man himself says, "but I can still look in the mirror when I shave." Which is a good enough starting point. The face that looks back is not particularly handsome. But it has gone into 10,000,000 homes, via the coaxial cable, and captivated as many women. They send him hand-knitted socks and ties; they write to ask him what he eats for dinner and how he feels after it. The public, Webb has always treated with kid gloves. "The public's my boss—period," he says.

Anyone else who tries to be boss or who doesn’t pull his weight on the "Dragnet" team lives to regret it. Webb has been known to chuck one associate after another in his drive to the top. Naturally, they resent it. Webb brings cool logic to
own defense. "Look at their track words," he says of those he let go. "They've done very little since to prove themselves."

To Webb, "Dragnet" was a baby he hurried and worked over for twenty-four hours a day—"We do one hundred hours work for every one that appears on the screen." And if they sneered at him for being a perfectionist he didn't care. "In this business, you've got to be or you won't survive," he says. Jack survived all right—to the tune of several million dollars, but he is still not satisfied. Now he's champing to ease Friday out of the picture and make a TV series based on a character named Pete Kelly, a Kansas City street player of the prohibition era—if the public will accept him as Kelly. To jest the public's reaction, he directed and starred in a million dollar movie production called "Pete Kelly's Blues," which is circulating around now.

Whatever the results will be, the aim is typical Jack Webb. His reach is for the stars. And when a man has the nerve to reach that high there are always plenty of lesser men around to try and pull him down. Not only that—it doesn't make living easy for those close to him. It wasn't easy for his first wife, Julie London. After one of their frequent quarrels and unsuccessful reconciliations, Jack admitted it was his fault. "I never could adapt myself," he said. "I never got home on time for dinner. When I did get there I was usually too tied up in my own problems to be a companion for my wife. I never saw the kids (he and Julie have two young daughters) except for two minutes in the morning before I left for the studio, and on Sunday. And then maybe I'd get a call from the studio at nine o'clock Sun-

day morning and have to be there at nine-twenty. I can't stop working or worrying about the show. I'd go crazy if I tried. So our marriage got to the point where love wasn't enough."

But those who accused "Dragnet" of breaking up that marriage were off the continued on page 60
JACK WEBB continued

mark. If it hadn’t been “Dragnet,” it would have been something else, because Jack’s a man who thrives under pressure and who loves to work like a horse. Even though he always attracted people, he never had much time for friends or a social life. He was rarely seen in Hollywood night spots since only a bad script could keep him from sleeping nine hours a night. And every morning at eight, he was hard at work.

Julie could never understand this powerful drive in him and so they grew apart. “We developed different interests, different values on just about everything,” he says. Also, Julie was an actress who had never really struck it rich, and that might have caused some resentment. Jack’s present wife, Dorothy, whom he married on January 11, 1955, was an actress, too. “But not much of a one,” she says, without regret. “I did a bit of modeling, too.”

She did a bit of acting in “Dragnet,” which is where she met Jack. It was after his marriage was over, but she didn’t know it, and skipped to Mexico to forget him. When he turned up in Mexico, she figured it was safe to do some dreaming.

They were married in Chicago. On the morning of the wedding he took an hour or so off to be interviewed by a couple of high school reporters. Dorothy didn’t mind; but she started minding after a while, and at one point, packed her bags and took them to Mexico again. Three days later she was back.

“We had a big battle,” Jack admitted. “It’s my fault. She had every reason to be hurt when, still on the first three or four weeks of our honeymoon, I’d call and tell her I had to dine with a business associate. Or that I had to cancel a weekend with her in Palm Springs because I had to work on one of a dozen scripts. Any wife in the world would be hurt and offended. It just wasn’t the right way to treat a bride!”

Jack was born in Santa Monica, California, 34 years ago, and brought up in a rough, downtown section of Los Angeles. His mother was a sometime clerk in a department store, his grandmother was a cashier and his father was out of the picture (courtesy of the divorce courts) when Jack was two years old.

Along with poverty came double pneumonia which nearly killed Jack when he was six. He lived to contract bronchitis, severe he could barely walk and had to be carried up any stairs he encountered. This condition lasted way into his boyhood and there were many nights he lay gasping for breath while his mother burned asthmatic powders to relieve him.

Oddly enough, Jack was not bitter. He didn’t have plans to get even with the world, mainly because he didn’t know there was another kind of world. “No Cadillacs ever went up and down the street,” he recalls. “Just a lot of penny ante bootleggers. I didn’t even envy the rich people and fancy cars I saw in the movies.”

He was satisfied, until he got to Belmont High School, and met other kinds of kids. “I guess that was when I decided I wasn’t going to be poor all my life.”

He considered becoming a commercial artist and worked in the school cafeteria washing dishes, to make his way. But he began to notice something else about himself. He noticed he liked being the life of the party and getting elected president of the student body. He became interested in acting and in writing and directing plays. Though his grades were only average he managed to win three scholarships at graduation. None of which he could accept. It was during the depression and if he didn’t work his family would starve. He landed a $20 a week job selling men’s clothes. He says he wasn’t so hot as a salesman but apparently he learned a lot about grooming.

“He always looked like a million dollars,” his first wife says. “I knew he didn’t have much money—nobody did in those days—but his sweaters were cashmere, and his suits always were just right.”

His suits still are. He doesn’t own many, but they’re all made to order at over $200 apiece. Except for an expensive record player for his vast jazz collection (1500 discs) and a couple of Cadillacs, Jack doesn’t flaunt his money and is not very concerned with material things. “He’d live in one room with a cot and a movie projector if you’d let him,” a friend says.

Webb was always more interested in expanding creatively than in anything else. That’s one reason he liked the army—he was a pilot in the Air Force for three years. The army gave him his first taste of traveling around the country and it offered him a chance to write, direct and act in Air Force shows.

When he was released he was hired as a radio announcer in San Francisco. “On local radio you do everything but design tubes,” he says. “I did turns as a disc jockey, announcer, narrator and writer.” On one weekly program he tried to dramatize big news stories by imitating such makers of history as Roosevelt, Stalin and Churchill. He got to be known around the station as, “The man with a hundred voices—all alike.”

JACK introduces a new character via the current film, “Pate Kelly’s Blues,” in which he stars.
FAME came to Jack through "Dragnet," one of television's most successful crime series.

At that time he met a writer named Richard Breen. Meeting Breen was a turning point in his life. "It was his skill that put me on the road to becoming an actor," Jack says. Breen wrote a series of private eye dramas called "Pat Novak For Hire" and Jack starred in them. (Breen later wrote the script for "Pete Kelly's Blues," and was best man at Jack's wedding to Dorothy.)

The "Novak" series didn't last, but it wasn't long before Jack found movie work. He appeared in "The Men," "Sunset Boulevard" and enough other movies to bode well for his future. But it was while he was making a documentary film about the L.A. police department that the idea for "Dragnet" was planted. A technical adviser, who was also a policeman, mentioned all the interesting cases in the department files. He also mentioned that most dramas about police work were so phony they sickened him.

For a year and a half Jack buried himself in the files of the L.A. police department, and in 1949 "Dragnet" was ready for radio. Three years later, Webb hit the jackpot on TV.

All his life he'd been crazy about music, and whatever spare time he did have he spent listening. "He's heard every horn player in the world but Gabriel," his friend Breen says. "Breen's wrong." Jack says. "I heard Gabriel's earthly version—the dean of them all. Louis Armstrong."

No sooner was "Dragnet" rolling than the idea for "Pete Kelly's Blues" was simmering—and how can you tame a man like that? In a way, Webb's full of the same frenetic energy that goes into the making of a cornet player like Pete Kelly. A musician can't live without straining for the high notes; Webb can't live without the lure of a back-breaking challenge on the horizon. Work is his life. Only the people who share his passion, or at least understand it, can go Webb's way with him.

END
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GLAMOUROUS AS POSSIBLE WHEN OUT IN PUBLIC OR POSING FOR A LAYOUT; BUT WHEN SHE'S ROAMING AROUND HER OWN KITCHEN, SHE MIGHT DO THE APRON BIT, PROVIDED NO PHOTOGRAPHERS ARE AROUND!

Certainly she hasn't relegated herself to aprons, but will don one on occasion—usually to cook some dish that her sons are particularly fond of.

Susan's very proud of them. She likes the fact that both boys go in for sports: baseball, football, swimming and fishing. She takes them fishing with her whenever possible (she's a demon fisherman, and she likes building model airplanes for them in much the same spirit that most fathers like helping with their sons' electric trains). No one has ever figured out who gets the most fun out of the planes—Timothy and Gregory or Susan.

She's pleased that the twins are most unidentical and individualistic. "Dressing them alike might be easier for me, but it would be most unfair to them," she says. "Since the boys are completely unlike in personality, they would have a right to resent any attempt to turn them into two children who wore the same clothes and of whom exactly the same pattern of behavior was expected."

In spite of the fact that the boys are the most important thing in her life, she says frankly that she wants to get married again some day, when she meets the right man. She claims she hasn't met him yet. But when a friend asked, "Do you feel you're leading a full life now?" she answered, "Good heavens, no. No woman leads a full life unless she shares it with the right man."

Rumors that she would reconcile with Jess Barker have won nothing but derision from Susan. "I've had it, period,"

she says. "We made a mistake. I'm not saying I'm an angel and he's a devil, but we're all wrong for each other."

When a fortune teller predicted that she and Jess would reconcile, she said scornfully, "He should be in another business." Susan used to go in for astrology occasionally, but when some astrologers predicted that Adlai Stevenson would be elected instead of Dwight Eisenhower, Susan changed her mind. "If astrology can be that wrong," she said, "I'll have nothing more to do with it."

Susan likes to spend money—but sensibly. For instance, she loves modern paintings, but she buys reproductions, not originals from the Museum of Modern Art. "Why should I buy originals?" she asks, "when I get just as much pleasure out of reproductions?"

Since she believes in glamour and is trying to make up for a childhood in which she couldn't afford nice things, she permits herself two extravagances: a Cadillac convertible and glamorous clothes. Even here, her native money sense asserts itself. When one mink coat wore out, she had it cut into scarves, which she wore when she went shopping. Again, wearing mink scarves even for shopping is part of her sense of showmanship.

"It's nonsense to say a movie star should look like the girl next door," she laughs. "If people wanted to see the girl next door, they'd drop right over and see her—and save the 85 cents or a dollar they spend on a movie. But just as I was starved for glamour as a kid, most moviegoers are hungry for it, on the screen and off it. It's one of the qualities they expect of every movie star."

In every public appearance she makes, Susan gives them their money's worth.
Most of the changes in Susan since her divorce don’t show on the surface. She’s more beautiful than ever, dresses as glamorously as before. But there’s an inner change in Susan. If I were seeking 25 words to describe Susan today, I’d choose these from the Bible: “This one thing I do: forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark.”

Susan has said, “Why spend my time dwelling on mistakes I’ve made in the past? Regrets can ruin you. A new life awaits me. I just know it will be a good one.”

About a year ago, Susan completely redecorated and repainted her English type cottage-home in the San Fernando Valley. The living room was redone in soft grays and yellows, and almost every room in the house took on new life and personality.

Some of Susan’s friends say she is trying to obliterate the past, to wipe out all reminders of a marriage that brought her a great deal of heartache. Others say, “Well, it had been quite a while since she’d done anything to the house. Even if there had been no unhappy memories, she probably would have redecorated the house anyway.”

Probably it was a little of each motive that inspired Susan: the desire to be done with the past and start afresh, and the feeling that it would be fun to be surrounded by new colors.

As for the future, she says simply, “I have to take on many more responsibilities. Though normally impulsive, I can’t act so much on impulse as I used to.”

To sum up the lady known as Susan, one of her best friends says, “She is complex, elusive and unpredictable. She has the soul of a ballet dancer and the appetite of a truck driver. She makes very few friends, but once you’re her friend, she’s your friend forever.”

END
Sheilah Graham's Hollywood Lowdown

continued from page 6

make another picture"—which took care of all the questions I had to ask her.

Mario Lanza insists on okaying every story that concerns him or his comeback picture, "Serenade," and I understand he's refused to sing any duets in the film—only solos. The wife of one of our biggest stars supervises the retouching of all publicity pictures in which they're together, and when she's through with them, 30 pounds have been retouched off—which is the easiest way I know of to lose weight. Marilyn Monroe has another complex. She's convinced that women hate her. Some do. But I've always had a warm spot for the beautiful blonde. ... Gloria Gordon, the teen-aged doll who was leased to Howard Hughes by 20th Century-Fox for the starring role in "Skin Divers," is getting a bit waterlogged. She's been doing underwater scenes for the picture off Florida for months. It's as good as a pension—if you can take the aqua.

Mamie Van Oнопh is streamlining over printed reports that her boy friend, Ray Anthony, gifted her with a flashy new car. "Everything I've got I paid for myself," says Mamie—and she's got plenty. I hear tell that Piper Laurie was pencilled in as Tony Curtis' leading lady in "The Square Jungle," but that one of the two principals involved (and I'm not telling which one) put up such a squawk that Barbara Rush was rushed into the part... Joan Collins, "The Girl In The Red Velvet Swing," says of her boy friend, Syd Chaplin: "Syd has what no other man has." I wonder what she means?

Joan Bennett is miffed over the rum that she had her glamorous face lifted. anyone believes it they can examine her head for scars." Joan appeared on a television show, and I can testify that she's still using the same face she had for 45 years, although on her it looks about 30. ... Ann Miller's recent announcement that she will join the Roman Catholic Church is a dead giveaway to her marriage plans. She'll wed her long-time beau, L. A. Deputy Attorney General William O'Connor as soon as the church allows. ... Ann Blyth's strobe date cancelled her out of a prime role opposite Ty Powers in "The Duddy Duck Story," but Annie's one girl who'd rather have a baby than a picture any time.

Ingrid Bergman, after lo these many years, is finally going to do something worthy of her talents. She'll play "To And Sympathy" on the Paris stage. With a talent Rossellini's wasted. ... I hope Debra Paget wins out of her contract at 20th. She thinks she can do better freelancing. This girl started her career with a bang and she's determined not to fizzle out like a very damp firecracker. ... Lauren Bacall is pipped at the post by her and her next-door neighbor, Judi Garland, run back and forth borrowing cups of vodka and trying on each other's mink coats. "That's a stupid thing to say," Baby barked. "I don't even own a mink coat." And it's a well-known fact that Bogey drinks Scotch, not vodka.

Everytime I see an actress playing a waitress in a movie, I'm reminded of the time Shelley Winters waited on Ronal.
NOW that he's back from abroad will the Gene Nelson-Piper Laurie romance flourish?

Colman's table in "A Double Life." After rehearsing the scene many times, the director complained bitterly that she wasn't acting like a waitress. And Shelley snapped: "Look, I've BEEN a waitress. Have you?"

Clark Gable's elopement with blonde and beautiful Kay Spreckels came as no surprise to me. Clark likes to laugh, and Kay is full of fun. This is the marriage Clark needed to forget his last mistake with the Lady Sylvia. It was only shortly before they took the plunge in the wedding pool that the King was asked when it would happen. He put off with: "Kay and I might do it just to kill your favorite question." But I knew then they'd do it because they were—and are—in love.

Dana Andrews, the only one of seven brothers who doesn't have at least one college degree, says of the others: "They're all very tolerant of me. They think I'm talented—if uneducated"...

Farley Granger handed over quite a hunk of dough to producer Sam Goldwyn to get out of his contract with him but he isn't sorry. "My bank account may be weaker, but my career is stronger," he confided, "it was strictly a personality clash, and I'm glad it's over. I was in a constant state of tension and resentment. I was miserable. Now I can do what I want to do when I want to do it."

Eva Marie Saint is being approached for all those "understanding wife" roles that June Allyson is turning down. June's had it as far as being understanding goes..... Edith Head, Paramount's head designer and a sharp cookie, insists that there are only three movie stars with the proper backward look to wear tight toreador pants—the French ballet queen, Jeanne Marie, Audrey Hepburn and she said, Roy Rogers. "Roy," she insisted, "has the trimmest derriere in all of Hollywood"..... Bob Stack and Rosemarie Bowe, who look so well together, are learning to Cha Cha Cha—that's a dance, friends, a dance.

Put Dan Daley down as the most understanding husband in town....
can't understand Ruth Etting's peeve with MGM over her story in "Love Me Or Leave Me." She's talking a lawsuit, claiming that her signed clearance didn't give them the right to go as far as they did—"They told everything but my age and they didn't leave much doubt about that," Ruth grumbled. But she okayed the story and script. I understand that her first husband, Moe "The Gimp" Snyder, was paid an extra $10,000 just before the picture started.

Maureen O'Hara tells me her daughter, Bronwyn, won't see her father even if she's ordered to by the court... And while we're on divorce troubles, Tina Purdom has just hired her third lawyer and now is determined to shed the wayward Edmund.

If starlet Kathryn Grant isn't Mrs. Bing Crosby by the time you read this, it might be because she told too many people here about the plans—if any. Bing, like a lot of important gents hereabouts, believes a man's love life is his own...

Joan Crawford plays a down-at-the-heels operator of a secretarial school in "The Way We Are," but designer Jean Louis has whipped her up a wardrobe that'll put her on the "ten best" list. Joan believes in looking like a million, even when she's playing a girl-without-a-cent. Incidentally, I'm revising my first thought that Joan will retire soon from her film career. Joan will be making movies as long as there's a camera left in Hollywood, come rain, sleet, snow or Al Steele... It must be love for Lana and Lex. She caddies for him when he plays golf and he plays an awful lot of golf...

Marie Wilson tells me that her glass-blowing brother accidentally blew a bottle around himself and next morning the milkman came along and picked him up with the empties.

Jimmy Stewart wants Grace Kelly to play opposite him in Paramount's "Gertude Lawrence As Mrs. A," but designer Jean Louis has whipped her up a wardrobe that'll put her on the "ten best" list. Joan believes in looking like a million, even when she's playing a girl-without-a-cent. Incidentally, I'm revising my first thought that Joan will retire soon from her film career. Joan will be making movies as long as there's a camera left in Hollywood, come rain, sleet, snow or Al Steele... It must be love for Lana and Lex. She caddies for him when he plays golf and he plays an awful lot of golf...

Marie Wilson tells me that her glass-blowing brother accidentally blew a bottle around himself and next morning the milkman came along and picked him up with the empties.

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AVA GARDNER

Why Is This Beautiful Woman So Unhappy?

Why has Ava Gardner failed to find happiness in three marriages? Will she ever achieve what every woman longs for? What does Ava feel about her future love life?

[Image of Ava Gardner]
executive came down on the set to bid him good-bye.

George Gobel will dance two dances with Mitzi Gaynor in "The Lady Eve." "I can't wait," sighed Mitzi to me. "I can't wait to see it. Marriage agrees with his happy-happy girl—she sparkles plenty all over..." Gary Crosby is wisely doing an about-face. "He was on his way to being the most disliked performer here," a co-worker of his told me. "He was turning down interviews, refusing to pose for pictures, breaking appointments, and in general acting like a heel. Then one of his advisers had a 'dutch uncle' talk with him, and you wouldn't believe what a nice guy he is now." I'm glad to hear it, too, 'cause I love the whole Crosby clan.

And with that happy exit line, I'll say good-bye until next month.

END

Why Martin And Lewis Are Rifting

continued from page 31

months. He felt that he was being considered as merely the straight man in the act, a guy who would feed Jerry some lines and maybe sing a song during scenery changes. He felt he was a solid 50 per cent of the team and should be treated accordingly.

Dean didn't balk at doing the picture, but he wasn't happy about it. Every once in a while he came up with a pointed remark like, "Don't forget I'm in this picture, too."

Just at this time, something happened that bolstered his contention that he was no less than half of the team. His record of "That's Amore" suddenly caught fire and sold over a million copies.

This was significant. Jerry, too, often took pride in saying that the only time they performed singly was on records. He made some gag discs and kiddie albums, while Dean waxed pop records. Dean's hit with "That's Amore" proved to him that he was a star in his own right, not just a straight man to a zany comic.

Dean grew more touchy about incidents that appeared to leave him out in the cold.

A national magazine was doing a spread on the wild dance Jerry did with Sheree North in "Living It Up." Part of the spread was to be a large photo of Jerry, Sheree and Dean.

While he was on location in Arizona, Dean picked up a copy of the mag. The big picture featured only Jerry and Sheree. Dean had been cut out of it.

"That proves it!" he declared, complaining that he had been discriminated against.

After that, Jerry tried to invoke a rule that they would never be photographed or

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MARTIN AND LEWIS RIFT

continued

interviewed separately. While he was making "You're Never Too Young," he happened to exchange a few remarks with a reporter. He was thunderstruck when the story appeared in print. It failed to mention Dean!

Jerry did everything he could to avoid having the story seen by Dean. He even tried to pressure a Los Angeles paper into not running it. The incident shows how desperate he has been to avoid further friction with his partner.

But the seed had been planted, and it continued to grow. The final blow came when Paramount planned to premiere "You're Never Too Young" at Brown's Hotel in honor of Jerry. It was bound to infuriate Dean.

"I'm not going," he said.

"But Dean, it would look bad if you weren't there for the premiere of your picture," he was told.

"So it looks bad. I'm not going. Why should I go that far to listen to a lot of schmaltz. It's Jerry's party. He can go."

No amount of persuasion could change his mind. It was clear to him that the premiere would be a tribute to Jerry and Dean would be pushed into the background, as he had been too many times, he thought.

The Martin and Lewis feud rumors, which had been smoldering again, now burst into full flame. No longer could it be ignored.

Jerry kept still. Asked about the hubbub, Dean replied: "I'm not mad at Jerry about this. But, naturally, I'm upset about it. All this publicity makes me look like a fool."

He added a startling: that he was thinking of performing as a single. He said he wanted his own TV show.

"I just want to sing a little more," he said.

Undoubtedly, they will perform together again. They are tied up to multimillion-dollar deals with Paramount for movies, and NBC for television. These are irrevocable contracts which cannot be escaped.

Their basic differences are summed up by a friend who has worked with them closely, yet can afford to be objective:

"The boys are entirely different in their temperaments. Whereas the contrast makes them perfect as entertainers, it works out less than perfectly in their own lives."

"Martin and Lewis can be aptly compared to Bob Hope and Bing Crosby. Jerry is just like Bob. Both are not happy unless they are chasing off after an audience. They like to perform, enjoy the response of an audience. To them, the greatest pleasure is in cracking jokes and cutting up before a packed house."

"Dean is just like Bing. Both are easy-going, if not actually lazy. They do their jobs and get away. If they had the choice, they'd much rather play golf than act."

"Now the combination of talents can work out in the case of Hope and Crosby. They can perform together, then go their separate ways. Even when they made the 'Road' pictures, they were never together for more than two months."

"But with Dean and Jerry it's different. They've got to be together a large part of their lives. And when friction develops between two so intimately associated, something's got to give."

The difference between them is best illustrated by their personal appearance tours. During their last picture, Dean was asked what they would do next.

"Go on tour, I'm afraid," he sighed.

"If you don't like it, why do you go?" his questioner asked.

"Because Jerry wants to."

That's the way it has been. Jerry loves to hit the road with a special train full of musicians and vaudeville acts. Dean considers it a bore.

The chances are that the Martin and Lewis team will not split up. But it will never be the same.

The pattern was probably established on their last movie. During the film, they would run hot and cold together. At times it would seem that they were buddies as of old. They'd be out playing catch in the studio street. But at other times, there was a real coolness between them.

"There's no reason why they can't continue on the same basis," observed one associate. "The history of show business is replete with teams that performed together and didn't get along. Many a leading lady has made violent love onstage to the leading actor and then snubbed him offstage."

"Gilbert and Sullivan created some of their greatest works at a time when they wouldn't speak to each other. If they could do it, Dean and Jerry can."

CHANCES are Martin and Lewis will not split up, but things will never be the same.
let's look at the RECORDS

Reviews of new discs by BOB CROSBY

FOR THOSE IN LOVE" Dinah Washington has waxed a collection of familiar ballads for Emarcy under the over title, artfully accompanied by her stellar trio along with guitarist, Barry Alraith and others. Decca's rhythm-and-Blues Maestro Bill Haley is on two sides again with "Razzle-Dazzle" and "Two Hound Dogs"—with plenty of pizzazz. The Banjo's Back In Town" and Teresa Brewer's making sassy sounds to accompany it on a Coral. Ray's a cutie,—How To Be Very, Very Popular" and Miss B. should now. Columbia comes up with a nifty, danceable arrangement of the big vinate, "The Kentuckian Song." by the nul Weston Ork, with the flip "You Need You Alone" providing an outstanding umptet solo by Zeke Zarchy.

Another "Kentuckian Song," under the same label, features vocalist Bobby herwood, and it's good. Ray's a laudable, Paradise, "The Body, Away Places," with a collection of Spike Jones sound effects. The new-over-I've-heard-everything department: "Crazy Organ Rag" and who at Jenny Dee could wax that one? Ray's "Punsxatwyne Boogie" (are you still with me?) and it's sensational all the way (Decca). . . . It's a Cole Porter hit on "Can-Can," with a vocal by Lena and "It's All Right With Me." ha ha more can I say but that the flip's catchy number, too, called "It's Love," ad that it's Victor's? . . . Can't stay away from that R&B for long—Roy Hamilton and Epic have latched onto a two-sided t: "Forgive This Fool" and "You Wanted To Change Me."

For them as likes their ballads weepy, Itty Wells' new platter "There's Poison Your Heart," is pure agony, country style. Flip's "I'm In Love With You" with an appealing vocal (Decca) . . . a RCA Victor Collector's Issue album matures twelve instrumentals of Count Basie, eight of which have never before been released. A Basie-fan must . . . Another Victor album (Label X), you'll go for is "Robert Q. Lewis And His Gang," featuring Ray Bloch and his ork. The Chordettes, Betty Clooney, Lois Hunt, Don Liberto and Earl Wrightson. It has all the zest and gayety that characterize the Robert Q. radio and TV shows . . . Joan Regan handles "Just Say You Love Her" and "If We Learn To Love Each Other" for London with style and tenderness. The organ background is especially effective . . . Another songstress with style, Jane Froman, has waxed an appealing ballad, "Summertime In Venice," for Capitol.

Les Paul and wife Mary Ford have come up with the best rendition the folk-tune, "Hummingbird," has had to date. "Goodbye My Love" is on the reverse (Capitol). . . . "May I Never Love Again" and "Don't Tell Me Why"—two sweetly sentimental sides set a spinning by the romantic warbling of Tony Bennett (Columbia). . . . Now Hear This! "The Girl Upstairs," tune from "The Seven Year Itch," with a haunting, sensuous arrangement by the Woody Herman Ork. Flip's "You're Here, My Love" and it's a warm one (Capitol). . . . The Harptones give an R&B treatment to "Life Is But A Dream" for Paradise Records. The group sings out with a penetrating beat, and the flip, "You Know You're Doing Me Wrong," is very much all right. . . . Rosemary Clooney has done right well by Columbia with "Sailor Boys Have Talk To Me In English." This tune, from the "Las Vegas Ziegfeld Follies," will get a big play, I betcha. "Go On By," on the flip, is pretty Rosie too . . .

"The Bob Crosby Show" is seen Monday through Friday on the CBS-TV network from 3:30 to 4:30 p.m. EDT.

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meantime I learned that these same actors had personal press agents themselves! And believe it or not, there was one particular fellow who offered to handle my publicity for free—providing I'd go for a dreamed-up romance with one of his clients. What if I had agreed? I learned later the young chick had an ever-lovin' husband and a baby too!"

Ask anyone at 20th Century-Fox and they'll tell you Bob is very popular around the lot. And because he likes people, one of his ways of showing it is to kid them. He kids the waitresses in the commissary and the cops at the gate. Sometimes he sneaks free rides on the motor scooters used by lab workers for transporting film. Drivers in the transportation department go for Bob as a passenger because he yaks it up and calls them all by first name. Everyone addresses him as R.J. (he was christened Robert John) so look what his friendliness got him into! One day he was called on the carpet.

"I'd like to give you a little advice," volunteered an executive. "You're a big star now, Bob, so you've got to behave like one. You must have dignity and live up to prestige. It's all right to be friendly with people, but you're overdoing it. Try to be more aloof."

"Here's the pay-off," confesses Bob, "this executive was the same one who once bawled me out because, said he, it was all going to my head and I was taking it big—whatever that means. He reminded me that I wasn't a star and advised me to take it easy and not try to act like one. How can you win? To this day I don't think of myself as a big star like Bill Holden, Robert Taylor and Cary Grant. They're really big stars. The box-office proves it."

During the six years he's been in pictures, Bob's been very lucky and he never forgets it.

"Even when the parts were small," he says, "I was still working in top productions, associating with top people. So directors like Walter Lang, Henry Hathaway and Henry Koster made me look better than I was. Stars like Barbara Stanwyck, Spencer Tracy, Thelma Ritter and Clifton Webb helped to carry me over the rough spots. But I eventually realized I couldn't go on having someone hold a pillow under me forever.

"The first challenge was 'White Feather,' to be shot in Mexico under harrowing conditions, and I was strongly advised not to do it. It's true, there were no great star names to carry me and I lost fifteen pounds when I got sick in Mexico. But I'm still glad I didn't listen to that advice, because that picture gave me enough confidence in me to switch from the type of role I have been doing and cast me in something entirely different.

"In 'A Kiss Before Dying,' I play a crazy mixed-up kid, a psychopathic killer who hates poverty. It's filmed in CinemaScope and Eastman color. I do charming things like killing a guy with a gun, attempting to do away with Virginia Leith, and when a dose of arsenic poisoning fails, I push Joan Woodward off a building. Nice simple fellow, don't you think?

"This picture was a big boost to my morale," says Bob, "and then the studio informed me they were giving me a wonderful break in their own TV production of 'The OX Bow Incident.' I've been taking lessons from an excellent drama coach named Gertrude Fogler, but I must admit my first TV appearance in a dramatic role was the biggest challenge I've had yet.

"Fortunately for me, however, I've learned so much from the advice I didn't take and with the help of a guardian angel, it all worked out quite well. At least everyone concerned seemed to be pleased. Every now and then I stop to take inventory of what's happened to me in Hollywood and I always come to the same conclusion. Who could ask for more?"
TWICE YESTERDAY—Knowing James Stewart's fetish for authenticity, your reporter asked Jimmy's wife, Gloria, if her husband did any special research for his role of a doctor in "The Man Who Knew Too Much." Quipped Mrs. S., "Yes, he picked three 'Medic' shows on TV."

R. & MRS. NOTES—Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall have signed to star in Warners' screen version of J. P. Marquand's "Melville Goodwin, U.S.A." Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas are opening a boutique—that's a gift shop with high prices—in the new Beverly Hilton Hotel. Mike Wilding went on a visit to his people in England. He was on location for "Giant." . . . Leonor and Glenn Ford teamed MGM to make a short to aid blind children. This was Eleanor's first visit to her home lot since 1949—and the first me Mr. and Mrs. F. appeared in a movie together. Betty Garrett and Larry Parks are in Europe for nine months of auderbelie bookings, so Betty will miss being "My Sister Eileen" until her return. Too bad, because she's so good! . . . Jack Webb has wife Dorothy with him on 30-hour tour to ballyhoo "Pete Kelly's Blues." No marital trouble now.

ERIES FIRST—As we predicted, Lucy Lawless will wed Andy Carey after the World Series. Reason: Andy's third baseman of the New York Yankees. Lucy's happy as a lark, because her romance is a high gear and so is her career, since peaks of "Queen Bee." And to make everything perfect, her parents are giving

**Hollywood Love Life**

continued from page 10

e Krupa, Teddy Wilson, Lionel Hampton and Ziggy Elman! Believe me, the recording stage was jammed when the crew was working!

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**JOHN SMITH**, newcomer in the Hollywood firmament, out on a date with Kathy Alden, her and Andy a beach house at Malibu for a wedding present.

**DELAYED DATES**—David Janssen and Leigh Snowden knew each other only casually when they were both starting in TV here. Then Dave went in the Army and Leigh went back East. Next step, both were signed at U-I and both were signed to "All That Heaven Allows," with Rock Hudson and Jane Wyman. You guessed it—they're now dating. Not exclusively, but very happily. Leigh and Dick Contino no longer seem to be "in tune."

**FAMILY NOTE**—Virginia Mayo and Mike O'Shea make a great stage team as they proved when they went back to St. Louis—Virginia's home town—for the premiere of her RKO pic, "Pearl Of The South Pacific." And they're just as great a marital team. In addition to love, this happy couple have a unique respect for each other and a great mutual dependance. Odd note: funnyman Mike is the worrier of the family, especially about little daughter Mary Catherine. Mike wouldn't agree to the St. Louis trip and leaving the baby at home until RKO agreed to furnish around-the-clock private police protection. He was worried about kidnappers! Mike's stock is soaring again because of his TV series.

**NOT YET**—Kim Novak, back from her five-week locationing in Kansas for "Picnic," admitted she had missed Mac Krim "like crazy," even though they long-distanted almost every day. But she still says she isn't going to marry Mac "or anyone" for quite a while. She insists she's going to concentrate on her career. And the rushes of "Picnic" indicate she's proving herself an actress as well as the

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MAGGIE TOO—Now pert, pretty and 18, Margaret O'Brien, who retired from films at 14, is making a "comeback" in RKO's "Glory" and is being given the full cheesecake treatment for benefit of magazines. Maggie has graduated from high school and now the former little "Lost Angel" will once again concentrate on films. Romance? "Not yet," says she.

HAPPY—Colleen Miller is a happy gal. U-I likes the job she did opposite Tony Curtis in "Rawhide Years"—and she's obviously happily married to Ted Briskin. Betty Hutton's ex. Ted's business is in Chicago, her career here, so they have apartments in both cities and commute . . . Lana and Lex, bilithening the "experts" who keep rumoring a rift, went junketing off to Acapulco after she finished "Diane" and he completed "Away All Boats" . . . Julie Adams is so proud of the job bridegroom Ray Danton did on loan-out to MGM in "Tell Me Tomorrow" opposite Susan Hayward. Julie went East on a p-a tour with "The Private War Of Major Benson," but Ray joined her in New York for a visit with his parents.

PAPA STUFF—Jack Lemmon, in New York for the TV show honoring "Mr. Roberts," had to miss son Chris's first birthday. Dating dad Jack was so disappointed he telephoned "talk" to Chris. The junior Lemmon gurgled a few gurgles . . . It was touch and go whether Audie Murphy would be able to leave for his month's tour for openings of his "To Hell And Back." Son Terry had the mumps—and Audie hadn't had 'em 'till he was a kid!

DATA ON DATES—Gig Young, set emcee Warners' TV series as well as a feature films for the studio where he started his career, dated Elaine Stritch while she was here, but it seems the marriage plans have been called off. Tom Tryon is putting more than the script calls for into his love-scene rehearsals with Carol Ohmart in "The Scarlet Hour" . . . George Nader, a real hell type date, has been assisting Marsha Hunt in moving her new apartment . . . T. Hunter, taking dramatic lessons like crazy, has found some time to resume dating Lori Nelson. And Lori's now we enough to go back to work in "Sincerely Yours" with Liberace . . . Marisa Pavan and Arthur Loew Jr. are constant dater. This looks serious.

SHORT SHOTS—Dolores Hope took the four little Hopes to Europe for three months and Rapid Robert is to join them for a short vacation after finishing "King Of Hearts" . . . Milton and Ruth Berg are making the West Coast their home with Uncle Milty's TV shows to emanate from here . . . Joanne Gilbert and her groom, screenwriter Dan Arnold, are having two honeymoons; one in Las Vegas, another later in Hawaii . . . Aldo Ray and Jeff Donnell had a big splash party to celebrate completion of their swimming pool. It's a 30x44 foot job. No overgrown bathtub for ex-frogman Aldo!


END

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The features I like best in this issue of Screenland are:
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RICHARD TODD loses his heart to Joan Collins in 20th's drama, "The Virgin Queen."

hypnotism. When you add this nutty collection to the flutter-brained antics of Betty and Sheree, nothing makes very much sense, which is exactly as it should be in this giddy meringue of Technicolor spoofing. (20th Century-Fox.)

The Virgin Queen

After a three-year absence from the screen, Bette Davis comes striding triumphantly back as Queen Elizabeth I, the red-headed harpy who ruled England in the 16th Century. A poisonous-tongued tyrant with the face of a gargoyle, Queen Bess had all the charm of a horror chamber. None of this deters Sir Walter Raleigh, Richard Todd, from currying the Queen's favor. Wanting ship to sail to the New World, but not willing to forfeit his pride, Todd is an equal match for the feisty old Bess. A hothead, he nimblly tight-rope walks the Queen's high-strung affections. More than once, he almost topples into the hands of the executioner, taking along as company his secret bride, lady-in-waiting Joan Collins. An exciting Technicolor view of court intrigue that surrounded some of the most colorful figures in English history. (20th Century-Fox.)

Pete Kelly's Blues

For a musician who prefers minding his own business, trumpet-playing Jack Webb catches himself a fistful of WarnerColor trouble. During the Roaring Twenties it was a cinch to do. The leader of a small jazz combo, Webb is offered "protection" for himself and his men by bootlegger Edmund O'Brien. Taking the line of least resistance, Webb is willing to part with a hefty chunk of his salary, but

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his young drummer has other ideas. It isn't long before Webb has one bullet-riddled drummer; a giddy heiress, Janet Leigh; and a dipsomaniac singer, Peggy Lee, to louse up his life. But just give him a horn, and, like Joshua fighting the battle of Jericho, all the walls keeping Webb from a plush life with Janet go tumbling down. (Warner Brothers.)

The King's Thief

HIGHWAYMAN and rogue Edmund Purdom preserves England's aristocracy when he agrees to help Lady Ann Blyth clear her dead father of false treason charges. If this happens, David Niven, adviser to King George Sanders, stands to lose a lot—his head, his instance. A regular nifty-shifty, Niven has been getting rid of all the king's loyal followers on phony treason charges. After their executions, Niven secretly takes over their arms and armies. Once the opposition has been cleared, Niven can overthrow the king, and England will be his. None of this is news to Purdom, but how will he, a wanted criminal, gain an audience with the king? Purdom's flare for the unusual solves the dilemma. He, with Ann's aid, swipes the crown jewels—boy, does that get the king's attention! Good old-fashioned derring-do, filmed in color, and crammed with cliff-hanging chills. (MGM.)

Svengali

AFTER artists' model Hildegarde Neil meets Donald Wolf, a brilliant but unpleasant man known in Paris' arty Latin Quarter as Svengali, she undergoes a subtle, chilling transformation. Gradually, Wolf's hypnotic powers turn the tone-deaf Hildegarde into one of Europe's most celebrated concert singers. So completely enthralled in Wolf's spell, she becomes a mindless robot apparently forgeting the past and the only person capable of delivering her from Wolf's sinister ambitions. Fortunately, Terance Morgan, Hildegarde's former beau, has a strong streak of persistence and through this, Svengali and his evil talents are eventually destroyed. Unusual drama slickly turned out in Eastman Color and highlighted by the magnificent voice of Madame Elisabeth Schwarzkopf. (MGM.)

The McConnell Story

TO Captain Joseph McConnell, Jr., the sky was his source of life and strength. During World War II, McConnell, played by Alan Ladd, began his Army career as a buck private in the Medical Corps. As a result, both McConnell and the U.S. Army were miserable. In desperation, McConnell was transferred to pre-flight school. There, he did remarkably well aside from one slip-up. He went AWOL for several hours in an attempt to visit his young wife June Allyson who was about to present him with a baby. Serving as a navigator during the Second World War, McConnell actually didn't get behind the controls of his own plane until just before the Korean War. When that happened, McConnell made up for lost time. He became the first triple-jet ace with a kill of 15 MIGs. That job done, Mac was returned stateside, squirmed so uncomfortably in his desk job that Major James Whitmore offered him a jet test-pilot spot. One day, on a routine test in a plane that didn't have routine controls, McConnell crashed, leaving behind the memory of a fabulous career and a vacancy that the Air Force will find mighty hard to fill. Technicolor. (Warners.)

The Man Who Loved Redheads

LOVE came to Viscount John Justin early in life, on his fourteenth birthday, as a matter of fact. She was a lovely redhead temptress called Sylvia, Moira Shearer. Justin met her in a linen closet during a reckless game of hide-and-seek. As far as he was concerned, the game never ended. Though he never saw Sylvia again, and married another girl, Justin spent most of his adult life looking for his first love. A staid member of the British diplomatic corps, he assumed a raffish pseudo-career and another name to go with the love-nest he rented from chum Roland Culver. And what a parade of redheads Justin entertained! In his eyes, they all looked like Sylvia. They didn't really, but that's not important. What is important is that this is a hilarious Technicolor account of a man's philandering and his wife's wisdom. (United Artists.)

The Naked Dawn

LIFE south of the border might be a tourist's Technicolor dream, but to large portion of the native population, it's a mean, monotonous grind. Therefore when train robber Arthur Kennedy wanders onto the small farm owned by Mexican Eugene Iglesias, he brings a touch of the outside world which neither Iglesias nor his young wife, Betta St. John, are able to cope with. Iglesias envies Kennedy's money, and is willing to kill for it despite the friendship that has sprung up between the two men. Betta starts dreaming of a life in which gaiety and laughter take the place of drudgery. Both their simple-minded people wear their new desires with such discomfort that Kennedy restores them to their former unworl

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ON THE COVER: JANET LEIGH. STARRING IN COLUMBIA'S "MY SISTER EILEEN" AND "SAFARI"

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(NOW AN EXPERT ON "THE TENDER TRAP")

Directed by CHARLES WALTERS, Produced by LAWRENCE WEINGARTEN
in COLOR and CINEMASCOPE!
GOOD morning, good afternoon, good evening, good everything—this is your Hollywood Reporter who very obviously got up on the right side of her bed this morning to bring you all the news and her views from this strange big little city on the Pacific. . . . Burt Lancaster credits his success on the screen to his muscles. At least that’s being honest. . . . And Mae West decorated her living room at her new beach house with her muscle men. She has them immortalized on a mural all around the wall. . . . New rumors of trouble with the Mario Lanzas. But I don’t believe them. Betty has stuck to Mario through thick and thin, if you get what I mean. But losing poundage is always a nervous-making business. And Mario isn’t too easy to live with at ANY time. . . . No woman in the case with Aldo Ray and Jeff Donnell—just plain boredom, which is just about the biggest love-killer of them all.

Ava Gardner bumped into her bullfighter ex-buddy, Luis Dominguin, the other fiesta in Madrid, and the temperature dropped 30 degrees. . . . Ava is due back in Las Vegas to pick up that final decree from Frank Sinatra—plus a whopping alimony settlement. And Frank is the boy who loves to pay—when he has it. And right now his take-home pay is around one million greenbacks per annum.

My boys Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis are really working at eliminating the sore memories of their feud. It isn’t like the old days yet—but it will be. D’ye know how they finally kissed and made up? Jerry called Dean in Colorado and said, “What’s it all about anyway?” Whereupon Dean cancelled the rest of his golf tournament and flew back for the big reconciliation. . . . Another dissolved partnership received less publicity—Danny Kaye and his long-time associate, Eddie Dukoff. Eddie went to work for Danny 17 years ago with nothing more than a handshake. “And that’s how we ended,” said Eddie. But there was more than that behind the surprise break-up. Restlessness, and Dukoff’s desire to prove he could make the big time—as a producer, on his own.

One of our most popular husband and wife star teams are hanging together by less than an eyelash. Relatives are causing the trouble that might be impossible to fix. . . . Grace Kelly and Jean Pierre Aumont have set the date—according to Jean’s most intimate buddy. Grace merely smiles that aloof, rather disdainful, up-turning of the lips when anyone is bash enough to ask her for the lowdown. Grace shares her white gloves passion with director William Dieterle and Marjorie Main. The latter pair are afraid of germs. Grace’s afraid of nothing. . . .

Unless a good script or TV spectacular comes along, Betty Grable says she’s had it. The former number-one-at-the-box-office beauty has always preferred to be a

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ALTHOUGH he escorts other glamour girls, Tab Hunter’s favorite date is still Lori Nelson.
JAMES DEAN
The overnight sensation of 'East of Eden'

A portrayal of surpassing impact -- the story of a teenage kid caught in the undertow of today's juvenile violence...

"REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE"

WARNER BROS. present it in CINEMASCOPE and WarnerColor
also starring NATALIE WOOD with SAL MINEO - JIM BACKUS - ANN DORAN - COREY ALLEN - WILLIAM HOPPER - Screen Play by STEWART STERN
Produced by DAVID WEISBART - Directed by NICHOLAS RAY - Music by Leonard Rosenman

watch, watch, watch for LIBERACE in his first starring picture 'SINCERELY YOurs'
Vote for Audience Awards at your favorite theatre November 17-27
And Jean sure languishing While Ray And all Cannes: continued being assurance hausfrau. Ditto for Rita Hayworth—and it sure looked like her dream of being a permanent home girl to be realized with Dick Haymes. It wasn't the fights that broke them up—it was Dick's assurance that if she worked for him in "The Bright Shawl," he would take care of her lawsuit with Columbia. Rita and the marriage collapsed about a week before C-Day. I'm betting that Rita and Harry Cohn patch up their problems. And guess who are the most interested in the gossip about Rita? Her ex-mother-in-law and father-in-law—the Begum and the Aga Khan. That's the first thing they asked Esther Williams when she guested with them at their fabulous palace in Cannes: "What's new with Rita?" Rita and the Begum did not hit it off. And that's strange, because the older princess was a working girl—a model, and a once upon a time Miss France—before she caught the eye and heart of the aged religious ruler. And she told Esther, "I'm afraid my son is not the good husband type." Which is the understatement of the decade. But the Aga adored Rita and was very upset when the marriage broke up in a shower of embarrassing headlines. He has never stopped hoping that Rita would return to Aly, with the cherished apple of his eye, his only grand-daughter, Princess Yasmin.
Lilli Palmer couldn't take it any more, which is why she pulled out of the London hit, "Bell, Book And Candle," which now stars her exy, sexy husband, Rex Harrison, with Joan Greenwood. My London sources tell me that Kay Kendall will be the next Mrs. Harrison. Not many people know it, but Rex was married when he met Lilli, and there was a long and difficult divorce before they were able to wed. History is merely repeating itself. But Lilli isn't as heartbroken as she might have been but for the sympathy of Carlos Thompson, who used to delight Yvonne DeCarlo, if you remember.
You have to hand it to Zsa Zsa Gabor. She's honest—up to a point. Her TV pilot with Cy Howard is languishing on the shelf, but no excuses from the Glamor Gabor. "We can't get a sponsor," she explains. And let's face it, she did tell the truth about Rubirosa during the brief marriage to the richest, poorest girl in the world, Babs Hutton. But I just don't see a wedding with Porfy in Zsa Zsa's crystal ball.
The whole town is talking about the weight gained by Alan Ladd. I'll have to put him on my diet. And of all people, Jerry Lewis has to shed 20 excess pounds. With Jack Benny starving to lose ten. It's wonderful to eat, but oh, the reckoning.
John Wayne was my next-door neighbor at the famed Scripps Clinic. Duke was in for a check-up. But wife Pilar came a-visiting. And after five days, the Waynes were off to Mexico for fun and frolic instead. I kept meeting John in the X-ray room, and about the only thing we didn't discuss was our symptoms!
The strangest twosome of the year—Sharman Douglas and Vic Mature, in London. But maybe not so strange. Vic has always had an eye open for class. And talking of eyes—Linda Darnell, in spite of all the denials, has that "sing-
The wonderful story of a pianist
who brings a crescendo of romance and
joy and faith into a number of empty
lives... including his own...

Liberace plays everything from Chopin to 'Chopsticks'
and his own new hit 'Sincerely Yours'
(lyrics by Paul Francis Webster)

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Produced by HENRY BLANKE • Music Adviser GEORGE LIBERACE
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VOTE FOR AUDIENCE AWARDS AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE NOVEMBER 17-27
The Desperate Hours

WHAT turns an average American family man into a killer is answered here with terrifying clarity. Married to Martha Scott, and the father of Mary Murphy and young Richard Eyer, middle-aged Fredric March is far from a heroic figure. Not that he lacks courage, it's just that Life had never before asked him to prove his instincts of self-preservation, until three escaped convicts turn his home into a bristling hideout. Headed by Humphrey Bogart, who has sworn to kill Deputy Sheriff Arthur Kennedy, the trio seems to have made the right choice in selecting March's house. Though March and his daughter are allowed to leave and go about their normal business, Bogart knows neither would attempt to reach the police while Martha and the boy are hostages. As the hours pass, terror sinks its teeth deeper and deeper into the family. Every attempt March makes to break the grip is frustrated. Gradually, however, his mind becomes attuned to Bogart's thinking. All the warped cunning that rubs off is finally put to use when March turns killer to save his wife and son. The casting, which includes Dewey Martin, Gig Young and grisly Robert Middleton, is superb. Never before has a motion picture had quite the impact. You sit through it watching, listening and waiting. Then, you stand up to leave, and you realize your knees aren't going to be much help in taking you up the aisle. (Paramount.)

Queen Bee

IN THE insect world, the Queen Bee is perhaps one of the most deadly females. Ruling the hive with absolute power, she stings to death anyone who meets with her disfavor. Buzzing around her Southern mansion, Queen Bee Joan Crawford could give a bee colony some post-graduate courses. Because of Joan's way of refusing to give him a divorce, husband Barry Sullivan is disfigured for life. Shutting himself away in his room, he drinks time and memories away. His sister, Betsy Palmer, gets to know what Joan's sting feels like, too. Engaged to John Ireland, she learns he has been gathering honey with Joan. Betsy commits suicide. Into this jolly family group comes Northern cousin Lucy Marlowe, who makes Sullivan see he must assert himself before Joan destroys everyone. Having wasted too much time already, Sullivan plans a quick departure for Queen Bee Joan. Ireland beats him to the punch. Looking ultra swank, and convincingly lethal, the role fits Joan like a comfortable old girdle. (Columbia.)

Illegal

DESPITE a long list of convictions and an extremely successful career, District Attorney Edward G. Robinson is thrown for a complete loss when he learns he's just sent an innocent man to the chair. Resigning from office, Robinson turns his talents to becoming a criminal lawyer. His big chance for redemption comes when ex-assistant Nina Foch is on trial for the murder of Hugh Marlowe, her husband. Being the legal brains for Albert Dekker, the town's syndicate boss, Robinson has all sorts of fascinating evidence at his prying fingertips. He doesn't hesitate to use every bit of this ammunition to free Nina and blast out himself.
"Do you think I go walking on the beach for the exercise?"

**TODAY'S BEST-SELLER ABOUT THE MODERN SOUTH!**

20th Century-Fox presents

**The View from Pompey's Head**

Actually photographed in America's Southland in CINEMASCOPE COLOR by DELUXE

starring

**RICHARD EGAN • DANA WYNTER • CAMERON MITCHELL**

with Sidney Blackmer • Marjorie Rambeau

Produced, Directed and Written for the Screen by PHILIP DUNNE

Produced, Directed and Written for the Screen by PHILIP DUNNE

In the Wonder of STEREOPHONIC SOUND
Debbie and Eddie bring their exciting romance to a resounding climax by signing up for a lifetime of love.

Mr. and Mrs. is the name.

STAIRWAY to dreams (left) holds a glowing Debbie and Eddie after their marriage at Grossinger's. That's Mrs. Grossinger (right).

LOVE and laughter were honeymoon fare for Debbie and Eddie, following a quiet wedding attended only by family and old friends.
BEGINNING of "happily ever after" for the Fishers was cheered by fans as news of their "I do's" gave the world a pleasant surprise. END
How deep is the rivalry between the beautiful Pierangeli girls? Can it separate them?

By FRANK DEGAN

It had become by then a familiar scene in the classroom. The girl with the dancing green eyes would keep nudging the brown-eyed girl who sat next to her, but to no avail. Maria Luisa Pierangeli would sit resolutely, stare straight ahead and refuse to acknowledge her sister's plea for deliverance. It's about time she had to pass a test on her own merits, Maria Luisa thought. Here, at least, Maria Luisa could excel. Here, Anna Maria couldn't charm her way out of every dilemma. In time, Anna Maria would poutingly accept the grim fact.

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While Pier was encouraged to go her light-hearted way, Marisa, being more on the sober side, was expected to toe the mark.

that her sister had no intention of helping her cheat on her exams, and she would turn wide, supplicating eyes to her friends in the rear of the room. Slips of paper with the correct answers would be passed surreptitiously to her, and she would breathe a sigh of relief.

"To cheat," Anna Maria mirthfully recalled years later, "was very difficult."

But the incident, although it is remembered with amusement rather than rancor, is sharply revealing. It helps illustrate the rivalry, sibling and otherwise, that has characterized the relationship between Hollywood's beguiling Pierangeli twins ever since they were born 20 seconds apart on the Italian island of Sardinia twenty-three years ago.

Today, Anna Maria Pierangeli is better known as Pier Angeli, and Maria Louisa Pierangeli as Marisa Pavan. Today, both are full-fledged movie stars: Pier at MGM, Marisa for Hal Wallis, and they are unquestionably devoted, if occasionally squabbling sisters. Their loyalty to and affection for one another are beyond question. They stand together at every turning point in one another's life, thrill to one another's triumph and weep over one another's sorrows. They probably would deny that their sisterly arguments bespeak contention, and that their careers in the same profession confirm their childhood rivalry, but intriguing questions persist.

MARISA's sober brown eyes suggest they have known the taste of sorrow and frustration and silent dreams.
FFECTION for one another has always triumphed in the end over any sibling rivalries. Each is lovely in her own right and in her own way.

Have time and circumstance—and sisterly love—been able to heal the wound left by Pier's 20-second head start at birth? Does their continual display of affection cover up deep scars dug by being twins who are not as alike as two peas in a pod, but who often want the same thing when, alas, there isn't enough of the same for both? The salient—and unalterable facts—are these:

Although Marisa always was the one who dreamed out loud of getting married and having a family, it was Pier who was the first to go the altar, Pier who was the first to have a baby.

To be sure, Marisa exulted in her sister's happiness. She wished to Pier's side when she was hospitalized during her pregnancy because of a fall during a plane ride, and she was at Pier's side when 8-pound, 13-ounce Perry Rocco Luigi Damone was born to Pier.

But once more Marisa's dream had come true—for Pier! Everyone, including Marisa, denied that there ever was anything serious between her and Vic Damone, but it was a fact that Vic had been dating Marisa until he and Pier suddenly rekindled the flame of a bygone romance and announced that they were going to get married.

Marisa confounded the gossips by flying back from the Florida location on "The Rose Tattoo"—in the wedding gown she wore in the picture!—to be maid of honor at Pier's wedding. She not only gave the wedding her blessings, but appeared, as ever, in the role she always had played, her sister's best friend!

But here, too, friends doggedly insist that Marisa's dream came true—for Pier!

When they were children attending school together in Rome, Marisa was the one who revealed dramatic potentialities, she who played Cucciolo (Dopey) in a school presentation of "Snow White And The Seven Dwarfs." But when the chance for movie stardom came—it did not come to Marisa, but to Pier, who had never dreamed of any such thing.

PIER and Marisa have lived well with their rivalry. They never have permitted it to obsess them, never allowed it to turn to hate, but they could scarcely deny that it was there—a gnawing irritation, if not a threat.

"We quarrelled often," Pier admitted ingenuously when she discussed their childhood. "If I say green, she say red. If I say big, she say little."

As Pier herself so aptly, and significantly, characterized it. "We call ourselves unidentical twins."

They are unidentical in many senses—including appearance and personality. Pier is two inches taller, two pounds lighter and more delicate in coloring. She looks at the world through sparkling green eyes that spray their effervescence wherever they shine, while Marisa contemplates this mortal coil through sober brown eyes that suggest they have known the taste of sorrow and frustration and silent dreams. Pier's hair is coppery brown, while Marisa's is black, and her olive complexion is more Neapolitan than Pier's.

Happily, today both are beautiful, radiant young women, continued on page 21.
No longer "Pier's sister," Marisa today

RADIANT Marisa is now being rushed by many eligible beaux.
has a life and career of her own

each lovely in her own right and in her own way, neither trading on the appearance nor personality of the other. But Pier's beauty was appreciated long before Marisa's attracted attention. While Marisa did not protest this slight fate, she was not indifferent to it.

Marisa frequently has said that her biggest regret is that she was born 20 seconds after Pier, and it scarcely would be necessary to strap Marisa to an analyst's couch to suggest how important a symbol of their relationship this obstetrical inequity has been.

Born first, Pier had a penchant for being first in all other things—including the affection of their late father, a construction engineer named Luigi Pierangeli. Pier herself concedes that her father's fondness for her easily may have been responsible for stimulating the rivalry between herself and Marisa. Certainly, the quiet rumblings beneath Marisa's stoic facade were not eased any during her early years in America when she was relegated to the background and quietly watched Pier lionized as a star while she remembered how her father had sternly forbidden her to follow through on her own childhood ambition to be a ballet dancer.

Even for the most forbearing young woman, it was a bitter pill to swallow. Time and again, like a Cinderella with no fairy book prince to rescue her, Marisa stayed home while Pier and her mother went off to glamorous location trips. She was left alone with her thoughts, alone with the realization of how far 20 fleeting seconds had stretched through the years. Now that she is launched on her own career, Marisa is freer to admit in retrospect what she was reluctant to acknowledge, possibly even to herself, when it was happening.

ALWAYS watched Pier's career like a good friend, she insists stoutly, only to own up with a lowering of her expressive eyes, "but sometimes I thought fortune had forgotten me, and it was in my mind very much."

Even their mother, who adores them both, and who sat over Pier's career like a hatching hen, has not been unaware of the later projection of their sibling rivalry, although she unquestionably would object to slapping that label on it. Mrs. Pierangeli unwittingly let this psychological cat out of the bag shortly before Pier's marriage when she remarked:

"When Pier takes the keys to the car, I hold my breath until she returns. She's so quick and impulsive. But with Marisa, that's different. I never have to worry."

This could suggest that the carefree, piquant Pier, through no fault of her own, was encouraged to shy from responsibility; to go her own light-hearted way, while Marisa, being on the more sober side, was expected to and did toe the mark. She was not the one to kick up her heels. She was 20 seconds too late.

But it would be a distortion to dwell on the sibling rivalry and to ignore the wide area of affinity between these sisters, an affinity which always seems to prevail in the end.

Three days before she married Vic Damone, Pier spoke with loving tenderness of Marisa.

"All our lives," Pier explained, making it clear that she considered all else trivial, "Marisa and I have been inseparable. We sleep in the same bed. We are as close as any two people can be. If I lose a button on a jacket one day, no matter where she may be, she loses a button on her jacket.

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John Wayne takes the stand

By DICK PINE

John Wayne has been at or near the top of the popularity polls longer than any actor in Hollywood, so it goes without saying that more has been written about him than about any other Hollywood figure. Moreover, Wayne's tempestuous marriages and romances, as well as the sheer, exuberant, dominating personality of the guy, have given impetus to enormous outpourings in print about him.

This he doesn't mind—any more—although it used to trouble him sometimes. "I am," he says, "surprised to find, at this late date, that I am a businessman. And all this is good for business."

But he is also a forthright character who likes to keep his records straight and he wants what is printed about him to be true. "There's been a lot of misconceptions about me..." he mourned, one day.

When we suggested that we try to right some of this with a game of True or False, he jumped at the opportunity. So—here is Wayne and our True or False game. Some of the questions are ours and some are subjects he brought up himself because he had things he wanted to express.

Q. True or false that, despite your popularity, you are aloof and a hard man to know?
A. False—I hope! And believe. I think that impression may have got around because for years I felt unsure of myself. In view of what has happened to me, it may seem hard to believe, but I was basically a rather shy individual. I have always liked people and have wanted, earnestly, for them to like me. I was so eager to be liked... and so afraid that I wouldn't be... that for a long time I retreated into a sort of protective shell. It was the wrong thing to do, of course. You don't get over shyness that way. I hope I have outgrown—or am outgrowing—all that.
It's about time!

Q. Does that mean that fundamentally you lack self-confidence?
A. That was true for a good many years and for several reasons. I was in this picture business for about ten years before I ever began to take it seriously. I didn't know anything about acting and didn't want to. It was just a sort of light-hearted game to me. After "Stagecoach" I began to see what it could all mean... and it scared me! I began to think about what it meant and to worry. . . .

Q. Is that why you've gotten the reputation of being

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CONTRARY to belief, fiery Latin women aren't John's favorite type. His wife, Pilar, is passive, completely without temperament.
ON LOCATION for his latest film, "Blood Alley." Many think of John as the rugged outdoor type. Actually, he prefers the great indoors.
His tempestuous marriages and romances, as well as his dominating personality, have led to misconceptions about John

"Hollywood's greatest worrier?" Is that when it all began?
A. That's when it began—yes. That was when I began to worry and not just about the job I had to do, myself, in a picture. I worried about everyone else's job, too. I wanted nothing short of perfection. Pretty soon this worry thing had a grip on me and I worried about my family, my friends and spread out to worry about world affairs. I just worried.

Then I found out what worry does to you. I came down with a grandpappy ulcer that had me in the hospital for six months—and had me living on milk and baby food for a long time after that. I don't like hospitals or milk or baby food! I learned then that I would have to learn to trust people to take care of their own jobs, trust family and friends and the world to solve their own problems . . . while I attended to my own business. I learned to delegate responsibility. I learned to relax. I learned that absolute perfection wasn't an absolute necessity!

Q. Let's change the subject for a moment. Is it true or false that you can be interested only in women with fiery temperaments? Is that why you have always preferred Latinas?
A. False. Pilar, my wife, is the definite answer to that one! It is true that she is a Latin. But no one could be more soothing, more downright restful to be with, than she is. She doesn't know the meaning of the word "temperament." If I didn't hate the word so much, I'd call her almost "phlegmatic." I doubt that she ever blew her top in her life.

At least, I can't imagine her doing it. Just thinking about her is like letting a calm breeze blow over me. . . . And her amused, calm tolerance when I blow my own top is an effective brake on my temper.

Q. But you still don't like to discuss women in general?
A. Can you blame me? I was burned once too often doing that!

Q. Then you think you still do blow your top too often?
A. True. I do and I know it. I have a very low boiling point. If someone in my company does something I don't like, well, I don't pull any punches. I'm a cinch to get noisy about it. "What the devil do you mean doing a thing like that?" But there is this. . . . If he is pretty sure he was right about it and has the backbone to stand up and say so, then I'm likely to take a hitch in my bad temper. Maybe the guy has something there! If he has, and can convince me, I'll apologize. I've done it scores of times.

But let me tell you something else about my blowing my top. If I catch someone trying to make a sap of me, if I detect a phony—then I blow it but good. And it stays blown.

Q. Is it true or false that you . . .? (Interruption here from Wayne.) May I put a question to myself? There are things I want to get straight on the record. He asks himself:

Q. Is it true or false that you never buy Christmas or birthday presents for your wife or youngsters?
A. This one I resent very much. But it's true. . . . partly. I'm going to be honest about this. It started, I think, when

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JOHN frankly admits he has a low boiling point but, like all forthright people, he'll take a hitch in his temper if he's in the wrong.
GIRLS of the Hat Box cabaret, led by Vivian Blaine as Miss Adelaide, do a fast strip in "Take Back Your Mink" number.

Of Guys and Dolls

The fabulous Broadway musical about the lusty world of gamblers and their girls comes to the screen with Brando and Jean Simmons as stars.

TRANSFORMATION of the prim mission worker, Jean Simmons, into hepcat occurs under Brando's exhortations.
CANDID shot of Marlon Brando, who portrays Sky Masterson, gambler extraordinary, shows him playing organ on set of Save A Soul Mission.

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GUYS AND DOLLS continued

The earthy people of Damon Runyon's world come to life in the story of a crapshooter who discovers the odds against falling in love are sky high.

MARLON BRANDO has a grip on Frank Sinatra, controller of the oldest floating crap game extant.

STAKING his personal fortune against the souls of his fellow crapshooters, convert Brando hopes to lure them to Save A Soul Mission.
MISS ADELAIDE (Vivian Blaine, above) laments her 14-year engagement to Nathan Detroit (Frank Sinatra, right) who prefers horses.

WARMING UP to love in Goldwyn picture are Jean Simmons and Branda. As Sister Sarah Brown, she wins his heart, saves his soul.
JEFF never admitted his loneliness but friends were aware that he missed Marge.

TOGETHER on the same end of the wire is the way the Chandlers prefer to be.

Is Jeff Home To Stay?

Again the Chandlers have found that love can't be ended by legal decree. Will their reunion carry out the promise of "this time forever"?

By BILL TUSHER

THE TALL, bronzed young man with the shock of iron gray hair gently closed the door to his room at the Phoenix Palms Hotel in Phoenix, Arizona, and turned to the striking brunette who had come in with him.

"I think we gave them the slip," he grinned in his pleasant baritone voice. Their eyes met, and they fell into an embrace.

Word had gone out in Hollywood that they would be staying with his friend, Leo Durocher, ex-manager of the New York Giants. It was a hoax designed to give them that precious commodity—more time together, more time to rediscover one another.

A lonely, empty year had gone by, but they had snatched their marriage from the brink of an eternity of such emptiness. Just a few more weeks, and Marjorie's interlocutory decree would have been final. A year ago, they had sadly agreed that divorce was the only way out. Now they had come to realize that they didn't want out—that reunion was the only way out of their aching loneliness.

Jeff Chandler reached into his pocket.

"Honey," he said diffidently, "I have something for you."

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A pipe and slippers man at heart, Jeff.
remained in touch with his family even during their separation

He took his wife’s wrist and fastened on it a gold bracelet from which dangled a gold charm. Misty-eyed, Marjorie held the charm up to the light to read the inscription. There was no space between the words. They were spelled out in script, one word joined symbolically to the other.

“This time,” she read in a whisper, “it’s forever.”

Jeff’s vow was deep with meaning and promise. He allowed no space between the words because he wanted no more spaces between himself and Marge. The pledge was engraved not only on the charm, but in his consciousness. Absence and loneliness had given him the full measure of his marriage. It bespoke his quiet determination to make this reconciliation succeed where two previous patch-ups had failed to withstand the pressures of time and tension.

Are Marge and Jeff at last free of the ancient dilemma of two people so much in love they can’t live without each other, and so headstrong that they can’t live with each other? Are Hollywood skeptics justified in asking if it will last—and infuriating Jeff when they do—or has the marriage emerged indestructible from the stress and strain of three anguished separations?

There is persuasive evidence that the latter is true.

As in most off-screen marriage difficulties, there was no heavy, neither Jeff nor Marge. It is relatively easy for people who live a static life to adjust in the first year of marriage, but, with Jeff’s rapidly rising stature in the movie industry, he and Marge constantly were confronted with new challenges. They no sooner settled down to one mode of life than Jeff’s continuing success, and the mounting pressures of his career, rendered their previous adjustments obsolete.

But while the eleventh hour reconciliation caught Hollywood’s most astute pundits off balance, it was no surprise to Jeff’s close friends. He merely was running true to form. When Marge sued Jeff for divorce, everyone in Hollywood accepted the dissolution of their marriage as a fait accompli—that is, everyone but Jeff and Marge, and those friends who had known them for a long time.

AFTER MARGE obtained her interlocutory decree, movie-town oracles fully expected Jeff to marry Gloria De Haven. When that relationship failed to ripen beyond friendship, every major league keyhole peeper had Chandler married off to blonde U-I script girl Betty Abbott. Some even had the misfortune to be caught in print with this wedding forecast at the very time Jeff and Marge created a sensation by going back as Mr. and Mrs.

If history repeats itself in Jeff’s marriage—and it cannot be denied that it does—it proves one conclusive thing: that sooner or later, no matter how they fuss or how seemingly wide the breach, Jeff comes back to the woman he loves, and the woman he loves wants him to come back to her.

Jeff Chandler is and has been throughout the marriage—even when he was not living with Marge—the epitome of constancy. He has dated many women, but loved only one. And from the beginning, it has been a deep and impassioned, albeit a stormy, love. Jeff was so deeply in love with his wife that he celebrated his first wedding anniversary by going through a second wedding ceremony.

Far from having changed, Jeff is now what he always has been—a one-woman man. It generally was assumed that when Jeff and Marge separated, it was because Jeff had tired of the

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Career may once have been an obstacle for Jeff and Marge, but now work and love have achieved harmony

restraints of holy wedlock, because he had surrendered to his restlessness, and because he suffered a recurrent need for vacation from marriage. Yet the facts do not support these suppositions.

No matter what their problems, Jeff never has regarded his marriage lightly, or Marge less than reverently. It was not Jeff who despaired of making his marriage work, but Marge who despaired of competing with his career. When, two years after their first reconciliation, they made headlines with their second separation, it was not Jeff who took a runout powder, but Marge who sent Jeff packing.

From all that could be gathered, Marge had had her fill of Jeff constantly taking off on personal appearance tours, on benefits and faraway locations, and of having an exhausted man on her hands when he was home. The locations she may have been willing to abide as an occupational necessity, but when shop was closed she felt her man should belong to her, not to his clamoring and possessive public.

A bounder would have jumped at this green light to return to the vaunted joys of single-blessedness, but Jeff received his wife’s ultimatum gloomily. He greeted Marge’s decision with regret, where many unleashed men would have met it with a pose of rancor and a surge of relief.

“There’s not going to be any divorce if I can help it,” Jeff said frankly. “I have taken an apartment, and I hope Marge and I can later work out our troubles.”

Even when Marge finally took her grievances to court, her bill of particulars was tempered by an admission that Jeff never had fallen out of love with her. She complained of his continuous and complete absorption in his career, but she conceded that she was still the only woman in whom Jeff was absorbed.

Marge’s decree was still warm in her hands when it was apparent that Jeff was sadly miscast as a roué. He was a pipe and slippers guy who missed his wife and his two daughters. While gossip had him headed for the altar with Gloria De Haven and then Betty Abbott, he never was so engrossed in dates with either of these dolls that he did not phone home every night—whether he was in Apple Valley, Las Vegas or New York—and talk to his daughters, and to Marge.

Jeff bought a ranch house, avec swimming pool, in sun-blasted Apple Valley, and fled there as a sanctuary from the whirling Hollywood merry-go-round. But the more he escaped the tensions of his profession, the more he realized that what had agitated him was the pressures of work, not of marriage. It was obvious, as he sorted his thoughts, and shied from marriage to other women, that he did not consider the divorce a release from bondage. To him, the imminent end of his marriage was more exile than freedom.

He tried in vain to forget Marge in a whirlwind of dates and in an orgy of work in which he fanned out as a recording artist, a lyricist and a night club singer, but he couldn’t brainwash himself of the woman he loved. He wrote songs in an effort to forget her, but when he recorded “That’s All She’s Waiting To Hear,” his friends knew it was a hopeful overture to Marge. He couldn’t get her out of his system. He had bought the place at Apple Valley as an ostensible bachelor retreat, but more often than not he turned the keys over to Marge, who spent week-ends there with the children while Jeff was on location. It became more of a getaway place for the family than a hideaway for a desert romeo.

It was not surprising, as the separation dragged on, that Betty Abbott and Jeff hit it off well. Betty is a warm, intelli-

MORE relaxed since his wandering’s over, Jeff gives the impression of a man at peace with himself and the world.
gent and sympathetic girl, probably as real in her way as Jeff is in his. But while clucking gossip columnists jumped at marital conclusions, Betty never nursed any illusions about her gangling friend with the iron hair.

"Betty always knew Jeff was stuck on Marge," was the way one pal of Jeff's wrapped it up.

Since the reconciliation, Jeff has undergone a spiritual transformation. It was not as a movie star, but as a private citizen that he and Marge took their daughters, Jamie and Dana, to the press preview of Disneyland. Even though Jeff invoked no privileges of his profession and bucked the impossible crowds with the rest of the disgruntled peasants, he was more serene and happy than I have seen him in more than a year. He had that comfortable "I'm-back-home-with-my-wife-and-kids, and-I-don't-have-to-prove-anything" look. And on him the look looked mighty good.

In terms of his own personality, in terms of the kind of a guy he is, and the kind of a life he'd like to lead, Jeff hasn't changed. But in one respect he has changed. He's changed from an unhappy guy to a happy guy. The reconciliation is that simple—and that important, as it would have to be to a one-woman man. He walks a one-way street, and when the detour sign's out, no other road will do.

Ever since Jeff finished work on "Away All Boats" at U-I, he and Marge have been enjoying married life as possibly they've never enjoyed it before. They are relaxed and care-free, not under the gun—and sure!

He spends many of his afternoons tinkering around at his new office in town, as happy as a boy with a new bicycle. And he does this with the evident blessings of Marge. He appears to have placed his career in perspective, and he appears to have reached agreement with Marge on what he owes his career, and what he owes her. In short, he has arrived at a rapprochement in which he neglects neither of his loves—his wife nor his work.

But since they kissed and made up, Jeff has become more addicted to privacy. He has ruled out all interviews until further notice, and he constantly goes forth in public with Marge and the children in the devout, but usually futile, hope that he won't be recognized. He appreciates that this is the not-too-awful yoke of the movie star, but he feels there should be a time and a place for everything, and more than anything else, he feels that now is the time for Marge, and the place is anywhere he takes her.

It is not a new Jeff Chandler that has been produced by the reconciliation, but a return of the old Jeff. He's a full content young man in his house on the hill, with his striking wife and his doting daughters.

"It's just like old times as he's sprawled out comfortably in the big easy chair near the fireplace, even as was his wont before he and Marge broke ranks. And once more he haunts his basement workshop, wearing his carpenter's belt with its hammer and pliers. Once more he's busy redecorating the house, fixing odds and ends, making furniture and manning his power tools with his old do-it-yourself fervor.

Jeff Chandler has come home, and evidently he has come home to stay—because he is a one-woman man.
An ostrich may hide its head when trouble’s up, but not Janet! She’s found that facing facts pays off.

RUMORS of a rift between her and Tony used to disturb Janet, but she’s found a sense of humor the best way to counteract gossip.

NOT LONG AGO, Janet Leigh surprised her friends with the announcement that she had become associated with a dress firm in New York. This was more than the casual endorsement practiced for years by stars. Janet’s agreement required active participation—which meant giving about a fourth of her time to the new venture. That, at a stage of her career when time was at a premium, when her agents had to turn down film commitments which would have netted her considerably more than she can realize at present as an associate of a wholesale dress firm. Why then juggle her film commitments to work in a commercial enterprise, about which she knew comparatively little?

Because Janet has gone through life with her eyes open!

Even if it means pocketing a little less money to get established, it is a way to build up security outside the film industry.

She has watched the most promising stars come and go, appraised the much more secure bargaining position of financially independent actors who don’t “have to” accept whatever parts are offered, who can be selective and thus get better pictures and more pay.

For a girl as successful, careerwise, as Janet, this might seem like an overly skeptical way of looking at her future. But Janet learned long ago to face the facts, and that includes all possibilities as well as probabilities. She has found out—sometimes the hard way—that only a realistic attitude toward life will get her the things she wants—whether it’s financial security, contentment in her private life, or success in her career. Look how she really got ahead in the latter.

When she first reported to MGM, she didn’t think she’d have a chance at the studio, or stay any length of time. She was having fun, and considered it an interesting interlude.

It was a drama coach, Lillian Burns, who talked her out of this attitude. She told Janet that she couldn’t promise her stardom, but thought she had talent, certainly good looks, and, if she buckled down to work, a good chance to make the grade. Janet took her advice to heart, and soon was known as one of the hardest working, most ambitious newcomers on the lot. And of course, it paid off.

Although everyone thought that she had done extremely well while under contract to MGM, Janet wasn’t satisfied.

At a time when independent deals were harder to get, and many of Hollywood’s top stars expressed preference for studio contracts and assured employment, Janet decided she’d be better off on her own. Subsequent deals with U-I, Columbia, and Warner Brothers proved her to be right.

Janet realized that the competition at MGM was too tough...continued on page 38
JANET prefers to be down-to-earth, whether dealing with people or chicken.
Janet’s pretty head proves a steady one in coping with the details of a brand new career

for a comparative newcomer. With the plum assignments going to long-time favorites like Lana Turner and Ava Gardner, the young Miss from Stockton was losing out, and through no fault of her own. Being assigned leads in pictures like “Fearless Fagan” didn’t help Janet either. She got many of her best parts on loan-outs to other studios.

While Janet wouldn’t admit that much openly, guarded statements shortly before she left MGM left little doubt why she was quitting.

Janet learned to face facts early in her professional life, the result of an incident which would have made any girl think twice before signing even a laundry ticket.

When she was still married to Stanley Reems, her then husband started a band of his own. To finance the venture, he had to get a loan of $1,000, which Janet co-signed.

Considering it just a routine matter, she gave it very little thought—till the venture failed, and she had to pay off her part of the debt, even though she and Reems were divorced by then. To take care of her obligation she had to scrimp on everything from food to clothes for two years. Yet in retrospect, the experience proved worthwhile. It taught Janet a careful, deliberate attitude toward business contracts.

Janet is equally realistic about other phases of her career, particularly publicity. She knows the value of carefully planned and executed publicity. Even before leaving MGM she shopped around for a publicist, and finally signed up with one of the biggest firms in town.

At the same time, she knew that saturating the public with one-sided publicity could hurt her progress. Thus she made certain that her publicity would go hand in hand with the kind of build-up in parts and prestige for which she was striving. Being constantly referred to as one-half of the team of “Janet and Tony” was neither good for her, nor for him, she reasoned. Says Janet, “By necessity, Tony and I have to look after our own individual interests, and are better off being referred to professionally as Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis, than as ‘Janet and Tony’...”

Janet was fully conscious that this attitude might bring repercussions. And it did. Immediately a new crop of discord rumors were circulated. Evaluating the pros and cons of her decision, she convinced herself that no matter what was said, staying together was better proof of compatibility than anything else that could have been done.

For that matter, she found out a long time ago that over- emphasis on rumors—on her part that is—would lead to nothing but ulcers.

When hints of a rift between her and Tony first crept into print, Janet was quite disturbed. Before long she realized that gossip is a commodity in Hollywood, that comments on it would only start a vicious circle of accusations and denials. It was much better to take it with a sense of humor.

How well she adjusted herself was obvious by her reaction to an item that appeared shortly after Tony sprained his ankle rather badly.

Although in pain, Tony had promised to attend a big Hollywood party, and being a good sport, he went along. No sooner had they arrived than the pain became even more
severe. While Janet mixed with the other guests, Tony settled down by himself in a corner of the room.

The next morning one columnist claimed that Janet and Tony had a fight the night before in which she kicked him so hard he had to hobble around all evening.

Janet was furious when she read it, but at the same time, when something really serious threatens her, Janet finds it far better to stand up to a situation than to ignore it, or let it get her down, and give up in tears. This was brought home already when she was still a little girl.

She'll never forget the day when she wore glasses for the first time. No sooner had she entered the classroom than one kid yelled, "Hey, look at four eyes." By the afternoon, most of the other children had joined the chorus. Even if it wasn't meant to hurt her, it was a cruel blow to Janet.

Rather than have to take the jibes, she decided to get along without glasses. It was a painful experience. Bumping into things, she got more black and blue spots than the captain of the lacrosse team.

Though often close to tears, she wouldn't give in—till her mother hit upon an idea which was both realistic and practical. She bought Janet another pair of glasses, with rims so attractive that they quickly became the envy rather than the ridicule of her classmates. It taught Janet that sometimes it was better to face situations squarely, rather than stick her head into the ground like an ostrich.

She has put that into practice many times. Particularly when she and Tony were first married and, like most newlyweds, were on their model behavior to impress each other. Each tried to be the first to give in on points of friction,
"MY SISTER EILEEN": In the gay new Columbia musical, Janet is consoled by Dick York (above), dances with Betty Garrett.

LOVE match? Janet waits to return the ball to husband Tony Curtis.

In both work and play, Janet's

pleased one another in every way possible. In Janet's case, whether Tony suggested spending an evening at the Santa Monica pier when she returned from the studio, dead tired, or visiting friends when she'd have preferred to stay home, she agreed so enthusiastically that it seemed all but ludicrous for Tony to even ask if she wanted to join him.

This continued till a Sunday evening about four months after they were married, when Tony proposed a grunion hunt. Much to his surprise, he got a determined "no thanks."

Tony didn't think he'd heard right. "Why not?"

"Because I don't like grunion hunting. I can't stand running along the dark beach after those wiggling little fish!"

She thought they had reached the point where they had to be honest with one another, or else would continue in their world of make-believe till either, or both, got fed up with it, and possibly each other as well.

Her logic was sounder than she had anticipated. A big grin formed on Tony's face. "That's wonderful," he burst out.

FROM then on, he knew he could be truthful, too. As a result, both felt more relaxed in each other's company.

For that matter, Janet is probably more matter-of-fact about her marriage to Tony and their chances for happiness than any other girl in Hollywood.

Unsuccessful experiences in her previous married life have taught her that trying to "re-do" someone can lead to nothing but trouble. Referring to her marriage to Stanley Reams, she admits, "I wasn't willing to give him a chance to learn, to
successfully combined her intensity with a level-headed approach

make allowances for our differences. At the same time, I was impatient with myself, didn’t realize that adjustments take time. I had to find out that each individual is different. As for Stan, he was equally unprepared to take over the responsibilities of marriage."

From the very beginning, she knew the difficulties she and Tony faced, the adjustments and compromises that would have to be made, as well as the dangers that confronted their future. She had learned through some past hard knocks.

Sociologists claim that occurrences in the formative years influence our outlook for the rest of our lives. Taking this into consideration, it’s doubly amazing that Tony and Janet have gotten along so well, for two more different personalities can hardly be found in Hollywood.

Tony Curtis, born Bernard Schwartz, was a self-made kid, raised in New York’s lower East Side. He had learned about prejudices long before his teachers had a chance to impress upon him the three Rs.

Of Hungarian-Jewish descent, he was brought up in an almost ghetto-like environment amidst so much local nationalism, that when he enrolled in grammar school he knew Hungarian better than English. The holidays he celebrated, the customs he observed, the food he ate were so Hungarian that he might just as well have been born in Budapest.

On the other side of the continent, in Merced, California, Janet was raised in a typical small-town atmosphere. Her father, a plant superintendent, was not a wealthy man, but he could always provide his family with a comfortable home, an ample diet, two weeks vacation in the summer, and in addition, put aside enough to send his daughter to college.

That these two people, so different in background and outlook on life have made a workable marriage, is largely due to their frank acknowledgement of their differences, and their willingness to share the adjustments.

So far, the biggest crisis Janet has faced was the loss of her first baby.

As she had wanted a child so long, the news that she was “expecting” ushered in the happiest, most exciting phase of her life. Losing the baby, and without a husband at her side to console her—Tony was in Hawaii on location at the time—might have had much more serious consequences to someone less self-disciplined.

When the doctor, a woman, came into Janet’s room, she feared the same reaction she had witnessed so many times on similar occasions. Instead, she found a pale, but composed, patient. There was no self-pity in Janet’s voice when her first question was whether or not she could have another child.

“Of course you can,” the doctor assured her.

Janet managed a smile. “Then this isn’t so hard to take.”

She went even one step further. Rather than moping about her ill-luck, though a mother in hope only, she started making detailed plans how to raise her child, or children. That takes courage. But then, Janet has learned the hard way that only a positive, realistic attitude can assure her the success, the happiness and peace of mind which every woman wants—and so few achieve.
If you're wondering what's become of Audrey, she and Mel are on location in Rome, filming Tolstoy's famous novel
AUDREY waits for a cue, wearing a period gown for the Czar's ball.

LOVE scenes should be easy for Audrey and Mel Ferrer, who are happily married off the screen.

RELAXING between takes is Henry Fonda, who plays the awkward, kindly Pierre.
BRISK card game occupies the lunch break for the Ferrers and Henry Fonda. Mel and Audrey are living on an Italian farm near Rome.

Glamour and drama—the versatile Audrey finds both in her challenging new role

MAY BRITT, the lovely Swede who plays Sonja, enjoys Fonda's jokes between scenes.
LEEING from the army of Napoleon, Audrey reflects the rising tension as the historical drama approaches its climax.

HEARTS are dancing in a Moscow ballroom for a scene from the exciting drama, "War And Peace," a Paramount release.

WISTFUL eagerness of a girl at her first ball is conveyed by Audrey's expressive glance. This is her first movie since "Sabrina."
DORIS DAY:

It's mad ... it's frantic ... but one thing is certain—you'll get all the news about the Melchers when you make

A phone call to Doris

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

TELEPHONING Doris Day, I knew from past experience, could turn into a quite a production and be a lot of fun. But this time I had only a couple of routine and rather mundane things to ask her. Should take only a moment or two, though. I dialed the number.

"May I speak to Mrs. Melcher? This is—"

"Well, hi!" came the familiar, silvery voice. "Where've you been? And what a gorgeous day! I just got out of the shower. I sun-bathed all morning and just came in to do some packing and you should see my freckles! My studio isn't going to like all these freckles! I look exactly like 'Alfalfa'—you know 'Alfalfa', I hope. It's so funny. I get all these freckles on my face and just a couple on my back and none at all on my legs or arms. But I'm making some tests and the make-up people are moaning—simply moaning—about my face.

"Of course, I'm used to my freckles, but they seem to bother other people. Do you get freckles? I think they're sort of interesting. When I was a little girl I had an aunt who used to pretend to count the freckles on my nose. She said they were 'little charm spots' and she made me sort of feel that it was special to have freckles—oh, my goodness, will you excuse me a minute? The doorbell's ringing and I'll have to put something on—"

The phone was silent for a bit. Then Doris's voice again.

"I'm so sorry! Of course I didn't have to answer the door, myself, but I have a complex about doorbells and I just have to know who is there—when I'm at home. This was the man who came to connect our new automatic washer-and-dryer. It's the most wonderful thing. It simply does everything. I think it has human intelligence. Do you think machines can have human intelligence? It's a rather frightening idea . . . Still, it would be nice to have machines take over all the dull things everyone has to do . . . like making sandwiches and packing trunks and . . . what are some other awfully dull things? Sorting things to go to the cleaners, thinking up different kinds of vegetables for dinner . . ."

"Look, Doris, you said you were packing. You must be going somewhere and you're probably busy. I just wanted to ask you a couple of—"

A cascade of giggles erupted. "I think we're going away for a long week-end, but I'm not sure where—or even whether! Things are always happening to us to change our plans. But I'm packing just the same. I'm getting so I like to pack. continued on page 48

"WHAT'S NEW? Let me see . . ." says Doris. "Oh, yes, Marty gave me a fur coat and two stoles."
"I SUNBATHED all morning and you should see my freckles! My studio isn't going to like those freckles, but I'm used to them."
AT THE STUDIO, Doris is more subdued but warm and friendly.

The Doris who greets you on the

But Marty just doesn't quite understand... about clothes and things.

"Do you know what he did last spring when we were planning for our very first trip abroad? We were to be gone ten whole weeks. And we were taking Terry with us. Well—Marty came home one day and said, proudly, that he had ordered our new luggage. When it came—guess what he bought. Three trunks. Three! And he knew perfectly well that when I go to Palm Springs or Lake Tahoe for a week-end, I take almost my entire wardrobe... and that three trunks wouldn't begin to hold what I want for three days!

"IT ISN'T that I think I'm going to wear everything I own in that three days. It's just that if I suddenly think of something I'd like to put on, I like to have it there. It's sort of comfortable to know that you have all those things with you, even in a strange place. Sort of like putting down temporary roots, I guess. Makes you feel at home.

"But—" the giggles erupted again. "Can you imagine the three of us all over Europe—with three trunks? I don't know how many we finally took. Marty attended to it."

I suddenly had a fabulous mental picture of Marty, "attending to" the number of trunks Doris felt she must have on that trip! He began to take on heroic proportions in my eyes.

"Doris," I said, feeling guilty, "I know you're busier th
phone with a "Well, hi!" is quite different from the busy film star

busy so I'll be very brief. I just wanted to ask you about—"

"I know!" she came back, happily. "You wanted to ask me about parties! You and I always talk about parties. Well—we went to the most divine party this week. It was a surprise for Jerry Lewis—you know how Marty and I adore Jerry. I don't know exactly why Jerry rated a surprise party—it wasn't his birthday or anything—maybe because he has sort of made up with Dean. Only they haven't made up enough so that Dean was there—I guess I don't know why the party was given! But it was wonderful, anyway.

"We played that horse-racing game and it's simply the most. I love good games. And there was a huge cake, tall as a house, with Jerry's name on it, and he was so funny when he had to cut it. And Sammy Kahn had written a lot of parodies on songs, all about Jerry, and they were wonderful. Jerry was so surprised. But so were the rest of us. I do love surprises!" She sighed an ecstatic little sigh.

"There was such wonderful food, too. A buffet. I asked for the recipes for everything because I'm going to give some wonderful parties of my own—just as soon as we get back from this trip—if we take it—and get things settled about my new pictures and—Say! Now I think of it, I've been planning to give some good parties for about a year. Of course, we went to Europe but—" She was obviously considering something. "M-mm," she said, "It's time I gave some parties."

"Have you had any good surprises lately?" I asked. I was beginning to feel as gay and giddy as she sounded. "Your family seems to specialize in them."

"Surprises?" She thought. "No—" regretfully, "no—I can't think of any just recently. Y'know—" she had evidently reached an important conclusion, "Y'know—when you're too busy for parties or surprises—well, you're too busy. That's all."

There was a thoughtful kind of silence and I gathered that some changes were about to be made in the Melchers' various busy-nesses. Just then the wind shifted or something and she exploded:—

"Hi! Did I tell you what happened about the suits I said I wanted to get for my trip abroad last spring? You know—the really good suits for traveling? Well, I couldn't get things here to fit me—ready-made, I mean. So when I got to New York I ordered some custom-tailored things and had fittings. I was determined to have good suits! And y'know what happened? By the time they were finished and delivered to me in Europe—I was ready to come home again! A fine thing! To get suits to travel in after I'd already done my traveling!!" There were silvery cascades of giggles.

Then a small shriek. "Did I say I hadn't had any surprises?" she demanded. "Well, what's with me, anyhow? I've had three in just the past few weeks and they were all furs!"
"The first one was a full-length pastel mink coat and it was just delivered casually at the door one day, like a package from the drugstore, with a card from Marty. I died! "The next one was a black diamond stole... gorgeous! Delivered the same way. You know—no fanfare. It's such fun, having surprises sneak up on you that way!

"And then—and then—Marty brought home a sapphire stole, just like that, and said, 'Can you use this, honey? I think it's time you had some nice furs. Next time we'll get a white one.'

"And while I was squealing and hugging the sapphire thing... you know how I always squeal when I'm excited... I suddenly said, 'Marty Melcher! All these furs! I'll be afraid to wear them because I know they must be "hot."' I'm not in pictures for nothing. I know some underworld slang. But Marty laughed at the gag and now we always refer to them as my 'hot furs'."

Your reporter reports that a slight grogginess overtook her just about here. "No surprises," the girl had said, distinctly. And she had "almost forgotten" a trio of gorgeous fur wraps! My little refrain of, "I just wanted to ask you—" was growing rather faint. It seemed to matter less and less.

"Picnics," Doris was saying, firmly, to my considerable astonishment—I couldn't imagine how that subject could have crept in. "Picnics," she repeated, "are very important to this family. But we've had to make some changes. Remember how we used to go up to Griffith Park and organize baseball games and things. Well, the autograph people finally found out and—I love to sign autographs. You know that. But when you're on your own, personal, family picnic—Ooops! Excuse me just a moment—MAR-TY! Hi, Honey! I'm in here—on the phone—" Back to me again. "Marty just came in... I'll be with you in a minute!"

There were sounds of exuberant greetings and much chatter and little screams and Doris's voice, informing Marty, "I'm on the phone and we're talking about picnics—such fun! After that we're going to talk about parties—you know, the ones we
success as a dramatic actress

haven't had yet.” Then her voice to me again, informing me, with my favorite redundancy of this or any other week, ‘Marty just came in. Now where were we? Picnics!

“Oh, yes. We've found a place in the foothills where we can park and then hike wa'ay up high until we find a good spot. And we can take the dogs... it's wonderful for them because they have to be penned up all the time. Sometimes we feel a little bit penned up, too, so it's wonderful for all of us to get away.

“We have this out-of-this-world picnic hamper that keeps things hot or cold or medium and I think we're a little old-fashioned about what we like to take on picnics. Cold fried chicken, hot baked chili beans, potato salad, sliced ham, chocolate cake and—oh, yes!—quantities and quantities of dill pickles. I love those the best of all. Oh, please excuse me one more minute—I have to know who's at the door—”

A moment later. “Flowers, I wonder who from—? And why—? Not Marty. He always brings 'em. Hmmm. Where was I? I know! Machines with brains.” My slight gasp wasn't noticed as she lilted on.

WELL, Marty bought me a machine that not only has brains—it has muscles, too!” (Doris always talks in italics, like a gay little machine gun.) “This thing is for when I'm working too hard on a picture and get dumpish from not having regular exercise and d'you know what? You just lie in bed and let this thing work on you and it does everything you would do for yourself if you were swimming and playing tennis all over the place or even fencing. I think machines are rather frightening—but nice. There goes the doorbell again.” Silence. Then, in a disappointed voice, “Just someone collecting for a newspaper or something! Hi! Weren't you asking me about parties?”

“What I really wanted to ask you—” I began, for what seemed like the zillionth time, “—was—” I got no further.

Doris was saying, happily, “I've shopped and shopped for gag favors and decorations and party dishes and funny napkins and Marty has rehearsed and rehearsed all those wonderful barbecue sauces he's going to make. Because he really does look so handsome in his big chef's hat and apron! Terry and I have been simply saturated in barbecue sauces and those marinade things for steaks and chops.

“And we have this simply super 'porch room' which we added to the house—it opens onto the patio and is especially for parties. A big room, with a lot of rush rugs and sprawling rattan furniture and bright-colored sailcloth drapes and cushions. I've been so afraid the drapes would start to fade before all our friends even saw them. But now, as soon as we get back from this trip—if we manage to take the trip—I'll start on those parties!

“I used to hate to give parties but now, since Marty told me— I love it—

“O-mi-gosh! The designer's here to give me some fittings on costumes. I'll have to go. Did you say you had something special you wanted to ask me—besides all these other things? What was it?”

“I haven't the faintest idea,” I told her, feeling somehow all out of breath. “I'll call you tomorrow. Or—here's a better idea! I'll write you a letter and put the questions in it, just as soon as I can remember what they were.”

“Well, hi! This has been fun! Call me when you want to know anything at all—and you have fun in the meantime!”

I can't think of anything that's much more fun—or much more frantic—than a phone call to Doris.

SO SUPERB was Doris in the dramatic Ruth Etting role, she's now in a Hitchcock thriller, "The Man Who Knew Too Much."
DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT...

Is this guy sentimental!

It's not the corny kind of sentiment that makes strong men weep, but a real healthy streak that comes naturally to a big warm-hearted guy.

While Rock Hudson was working at Warner Brothers in "Giant" on loanout from Universal-International, he had to return to his home studio for a week's retakes on "All That Heaven Allows." When he returned to Warners he found in his dressing room, a beautifully wrapped parcel, all bedecked with ribbons and gold thingumajigs. Inside was a bottle of champagne and a card which said, simply, "Welcome back, Rock! We missed you!" There was no name signed to it.

"Think of that!" Rock marveled, telling about it. "I don't belong to Warners. I'm just on loan to them for this picture. But someone was thoughtful enough and kind enough to want to make me feel good about coming back, to want me to feel welcome. And I can't even say, 'Thank you,' because I've no idea who it was.

"I keep thinking about it. Someone was awfully friendly and it made me feel pretty warm inside. I guess I'm sentimental about things like that."

A lot of people don't realize it, but Rock is basically an easy-going, good-natured person, with a sentimental streak as wide as anyone's. Not the corny kind of sentiment that gets all wet-eyed over sad stories in the magazines or droops over "lost causes," but the straightforward, sentimental feelings which come naturally to a healthy, big-hearted guy.

He is sentimental about some of his friends, about music, about Christmas and birthdays and certain places he has visited.

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A diffident sort of guy, Rock is easily

EASY-GOING and good-natured, and a fast man with a laugh, Rock also has a sentimental streak in him that is as wide as they come.
moved by devotion of others

This guy can even wax sentimental about food on occasion! His trip abroad last summer brought out a lot of this. The mention of Rome still makes him a little glassy-eyed.

"That Rome—" he sighs. "Remember the fountain at Trevi in 'Three Coins In The Fountain'? They say that if you drop a coin into it you will be sure to come back. Well, after I'd been in Rome a day or two I hunted up that fountain and dropped a coin in, just for insurance. After another day or so I went back and dropped in some more coins. As the city really took hold of me, I kept on dropping coins in there until suddenly I thought, 'Look here, Hudson—if you keep this up you won't have enough money to come back!' But that's the way I felt about it.

"I used to go out alone at night and walk around the streets in the darkness, just sort of feeling the city, smelling it, listening to it, trying somehow to make it a part of me—to keep until I can go back. I'm sentimental about that, all right."

There were other things on the trip to cause him nostalgia, too. Village inns in France where the customers ate in the gardens and—this is where the sentiment over food comes in! "Not what you had to eat in the big, glittery places," he made haste to add. "I didn't see many of those, anyhow. I mean in the little places, some of them about the size of an American kitchen, where for very modest prices you ate things that looked and tasted like works of art. I guess they really were, at that, because some of those places had been in the same families for generations and all this knowledge had been handed down. They care about making it good. They're proud of it. I want to visit some of those places again and one of the nice things about it is that I know they won't change."

He is sentimentally devoted to some of the people who stood by him and helped and encouraged him in his early days in pictures when the going was sometimes pretty rough.

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Judy Garland: COMEBACK
Judy's return to the screen was the most spectacular in years, but did it peter out? What is behind those rumors of "temperament"?

Here is the untold story

In the dark of a deserted auditorium in Pasadena, a group of newspaper columnists, show folk and hangers-on sat quietly waiting.

On the stage, the usual chorus boys in tight pants did their kicks. The director who was rehearsing them paced back and forth. The orchestra tried a few bars, stopped on command, started over. It was the usual hit-and-miss, dull, repetitious business of rehearsing.

But suddenly a short, plump figure wearing cotton pedal pushers and a loose-hanging shirt walked onto the stage. Judy Garland took her position in the rehearsal and began to sing. The notes of "The Man Who Got Away" magically transformed that unglamorous scene.

I watched the kibitzers in the audience sit on the edge of their seats and watch Judy intently.

Did Judy's "comeback" fizzle? The tremendous power of the singer on that stage and the success of her recent tour of one-night stands would seem to make the answer "no." But there is another side to this picture.

We now dissolve to another scene, in a 20th Century-Fox studio office. They're casting for "Carousel," one of the big musicals of the year. The script has been sent to Judy. But after negotiations the word filters back: the "difficult-to-work-with star" is demanding too much. Her weight is up to 175 pounds. The part went to slim, young and pretty Shirley Jones, the star of the movie, "Oklahoma."

That, of course, is the opposite side to Judy's comeback.

It now has been two years since she began work on that highly-touted comeback picture, "A Star Is Born," and three years since her first comeback job, on the stage at the London Palladium and the New York Palace.

Many words have flowed over Hollywood typewriters about whether Judy Garland could return to show business as an established star.

The night "A Star Is Born" opened at the Pantages Theatre in Hollywood, searchlights blazed, fans yelled and columnists hailed her "comeback" in a picture that had been the most publicized in recent years.

But what happened to that comeback? Did it stick? The answer seems to be, yes and no.

Judy has returned to show business a changed woman. She now is established as an entertainer in the Fanny Brice-

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By Aline Mosby
CHILD prodigy at four, Judy was already living in the glare of lights. A bride at 19, her marriage to Dave Rose lasted only three years.

When personal problems threatened to end her movie career,
Judy had to start at the bottom, rebuilding her life completely.

HEIGHT of Judy's career found her seeking security in marriage to Vincente Minnelli and raising of daughter Liza. Divorce came in 1951.
TRAMP NUMBER highlighted Judy's brilliant comeback at the Palace Theatre and marked the beginning of new hope and happiness.

Al Jolson-Ethel Merman school. She piled up big grosses on a recent one-night-stand tour—something few performers in the country would dare to attempt. She signed for a big CBS television show. She is being wooed by Las Vegas night clubs. She apparently will always be in demand as a "live" entertainer.

But Judy's career in movies has definitely changed, too. In that realm, the highly-praised "comeback" did not pan out as spectacularly as perhaps Hollywood at first figured. No more will fans see the Judy of yore, who made at least one musical film a year. As Judy is a great talent, she always will be offered film scripts—despite the fact studios know she is not the easiest breeze to work with.

But due to her weight and her script demands, Judy's films will be an occasional thing. It is doubtful if she ever again will be a steadily-working motion picture star. Yet what films she will do undoubtedly will be special and noteworthy. There is evidence that this is the way Judy wants it—and most likely that arrangement will be best for her.

By contrast, the new Judy is quite a change from the old variety. It is a distance not measured just in years to that little girl with the burning, sad eyes who worked at MGM. Judy was the child prodigy who, pushed by her mother, had worked constantly since she was a tot on the vaudeville stage.

But the fame and fat bank account did not bring her a happy personal life. As she grew older, Judy had a difficult time finding love. There was one unhappy marriage, to David Rose, and then a second to Vincente Minnelli. During that second try, as headline readers all remember, came Judy's great problems—the lack of self-confidence, boredom with

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If two friends hadn't kept hammering away at Tab Hunter, he probably would be nowhere as an actor today

"They wouldn't let me quit"

It takes a heap o' talent and hard work to make a good actor. But many good actors never quite make the grade. For success, in almost every case, they need a few lucky breaks plus a boost from someone ready to extend a helping hand.

Handsome, husky, All-American-type Tab Hunter is the first to admit he had the somewhat unique distinction of reaching success before he became a good actor. Teen-age fans—older ones, too—began idolizing him and made him a box-office attraction after seeing him in his first sizable role—and only his second appearance before movie cameras—in "Island Of Desire." The picture was less than great and Tab's acting was appraised as even less than that. But the heavy fan mail he got and the fan magazine coverage started him on the road to success.

Later, he started working to become a good actor. Even the critics who had panned his talent earlier admitted that in "Battle Cry" he gave a good performance. And this last year, in his own words, "I've truthfully been working very hard—on acting." His role with John Wayne and Lana Turner in "The Sea Chase" did little for him, but if you happened to see him on TV in the "Climax" presentation of the story of ballplayer Jim Piersall, "Fear Strikes Out," you saw him give a fine performance, reflecting his recent study.

But going back, Tab also is quick to admit that without the encouragement and help of two men he'd probably be nowhere as an actor.

"I've known since I was a little kid that I wanted to be an actor but I let myself be sidetracked. I was an idiot that I didn't apply myself sooner. I could kick myself that I didn't. And except for Paul Guilfoyle and Dick Clayton I don't think I ever would have really started," says this 24-year-old with unruly blond hair.

As you probably know, Tab had a hard knockabout childhood. His father walked out on his family, leaving his wife with Tab and his brother Walt, both very young, with no support. Of necessity the two boys were boarded out while Mrs. Gelien—Tab's real name is Art Gelien—worked to support them, much of the time as a physio-therapist and ship's nurse on the Matson Line. Later, she had jobs ashore but the boys were on their own during the day.

But, fortunately, Tab's mother—"a wonderful woman with great, great faith"—managed to instill the moral verities in her sons. Tab early in life began to find spare-time jobs to pick up extra money. One of his favorites was working as a part-time stable boy at a riding academy near Los Angeles' Griffith Park, when he was 12. He was crazy about ice skating and horses and all his spare cash went for those sports.

It was at the stables that Tab first met Dick Clayton.

"Dick was an actor then. He had a real slick convertible and he seemed to have a different pretty girl with him every week-end when he came to ride. He liked me and a couple of other kids who always hung around and used to take us for a ride in his car and buy us ice cream. I thought he was great. I saw him just about every week for three years," recalls Tab.

Meantime, Tab appeared in his first school play, "Wedding Shoes," while attending Mt. Vernon Junior High and this first dabbling in acting intrigued him so much that he persuaded his mother to let him enroll after junior high graduation at a professional dramatic school.

"But in all honesty, I must admit I didn't take advantage of the training. I was more interested in the idea that all classes were in the morning and I could spend afternoons skating or riding," says this candid young man.

Tab matured early. At 15 he was as tall as he is now, although not so husky, and his restless spirit had also reached its full proportions. A half-year later, aching to go away to far places, he persuaded his mother to let him enter the Coast Guard. Naturally, he exaggerated his age. After boot training on a tiny Pacific island he was transferred to the Coast Guard School in Groton, Conn. And while there, his mother wrote that his old friend Dick Clayton was working in a New York musical comedy.

On a week-end pass Tab went to New York, had a jolly reunion with Dick and that's when their real friendship started.

"Every week-end I could make it I'd go down to Dick's apartment. I nearly ate him out of house and home and he got me tickets for shows, because I never seemed to have any money. But more importantly, he convinced me that I could be an actor someday if I'd work.

"Dick kept hammering at me that I had to study. I didn't realize at the time how

See Dennis James daily on "On Your Account," CBS-TV, 4:30 p.m. EST, sponsored by Procter & Gamble.
EVEN now Tab admits he lacks complete self-confidence, but he's taking his work seriously these days and is studying hard to improve as an actor.

important his advice was, but I do now. We've remained friends through the years. He became an agent and now that I've just switched agencies he is my agent. Isn't that the long arm of coincidence? I should point out that Dick now is happy that in the last year I've been really taking my work seriously and have been studying, hard!

"Even now I lack complete confidence and I was scared blue to tackle that live TV show for Climax. Dick was there for the dress rehearsal—and that was before he was my agent—and he sure did help my morale. He's a real friend and I owe him a lot," Tab adds.

Paul Guilfoyle he credits with giving him confidence for the first time because it was Paul, an actor and dialogue director, who got him his first break in "Island Of Desire."

The Coast Guard discovered when Tab was still 16 that he was under age and he was quickly discharged. He returned to the West Coast, had a succession of odd jobs, then a chance meeting with an agent resulted in his first brief role in "The Lawless." But nothing happened. Tab went back to odd jobs.

Meantime, he went backstage at the Coronet Theatre one night after a performance of "Skin Of Our Teeth" and met Guilfoyle who had directed the play. During the next two years he met Guilfoyle on only two other occasions, but then in 1949 Paul, whose memory was long, got Tab that break he needed. Director Stuart Heisler told Paul about the difficulty he was having in finding a young actor to play the under-aged Marine in "Island."

"I know a kid just like that, who went in the Coast Guard when he was only 15," Guilfoyle told his friend Heisler. Paul located Tab, took him to Heisler and producer David Rose for an interview and talked them into giving Tab a test.

"Then for a month, four nights a week. Paul worked with me on the script before I took my test," Tab recalls. "Paul gave me the confidence I needed so badly and he literally made me get that role. Maybe I wasn't good in the picture, but it did get me started. So I certainly have to say that on Paul's account, I'm very grateful, too. Without Dick and Paul, I'd probably still be nothing. And I'm proud and gratified that we're all still good friends."
After 18 Years, the Jackpot

Hal March put everything he had into his drive for success and scored a grand slam with "The $64,000 Question"

By FLORENCE EPSTEIN

It seemed like past history now—although it was only a few months ago—that Imogene Coca said of Hal March, "He's going to be a big star. I'd put a bet on it." She should have gone for the $64,000. For shortly thereafter, Hal became quizmaster of that phenomenal CBS show, "The $64,000 Question." It had its debut in June of this year and in ten weeks made mincemeat of all its competitors. Not only that, but 50,000,000 viewers have turned it into the top show on video.

Everybody watches. Jack Benny included. Newspapers, magazines and news services splash announcements across the continent about the show's contestants, debate their chances of winning the loot and warn them about federal taxation.

A usually sober-minded columnist devoted a couple of days to discussing the superiority and spiritual lift of a program that represents the American dream. You can go from rags to riches on Hal March's show—not because you're lucky or can crack peanut shells with your ankle, but because you possess a fantastic memory in a field that has nothing to do with your ordinary life. When Gino Prato, a Bronx shoemaker who's had operas running through his head since childhood, settled for 32,000 smackers, the whole world smacked its lips in delight. When last seen, Gino was strolling in Italy with Ambassador Luce and Joe DiMaggio. "It happened to him," other opera lovers say, "it could happen to me too."

The $64,000 question may not bring the high tone of intellectualism to a medium which is generally lowbrow, but at least it has taught a lesson to cynical program directors. The American public is not composed of morons, and the man (or woman) on the street may be a match for a college professor any day.

Riding the crest of this revolution in thinking is Hal with a five-year contract and a good enough salary to not mind handing out those thousands to others.

"I love this show," he says. "Where else could I get a chance to meet such rich people? And this a real legit operation. That's why it's just as exciting to me as to the audience. I don't see the questions until Lynn Dollar—now there's an appropriate name if I ever heard one—hands them to me."

And when Lynn leads a lucky contestant—one who's hurdles the jumps for smaller change and is ready to break the bank—to the isolation booth, Hal's palms sweat. "Sure I get nervous," he says. "If too many people miss a stake like that, who do you think's going to be the most hated man on TV?"

The way it looks now, Hal—if he is not already—is more likely to be the most famous man on that magic screen. The fact is, he can hardly believe it. For eighteen years he'd been knocking himself out in show business. He had the kind of face that always made people say, "Haven't I seen him somewhere before?" They probably had—in any number of places from crummy night clubs and burlesque houses to third-second takes in motion pictures. He'd appeared on "The Colgate Comedy Hour" and was a frequent guest on Perry Como's show. But even though Hal's act was always great, he didn't become—until recently—a big star in his own right. It was just one of those things.

When he tried out for the $64,000 job he had to buck competition from 300 screen celebrities, commentators, actors and top emcees who also applied. Maybe it was luck, maybe it was an inevitable conclusion that Hal should win. He'd put everything he ever had into his drive for success, and someday it had to pay off.

He was born in San Francisco 35 years ago. There are three sisters and one brother in the family, but Hal's the only entertainer. His father ran a grocery and delicatessen store and Hal spent his impressionable youth listening to the customers. Even before he wore long pants he had a big enough repertoire of comic dialect to make a living.

He was in a hurry to acquire those pants. When he was 12 he appeared in an operetta at junior high and never got over the sound of applause. He left high school at 17 to join a night club act which traveled around California. He'd been offered a scholarship to the Pasadena...
"WHO do you think will be the most hated man on TV if someone misses that $64,000?"
Playhouse but he turned it down because he “couldn’t waste time getting started.” At the age of 21, he knew everything there was about burlesque, but it didn’t do him much good in the Army to which he was called in 1941. For three years, he was a radar operator in the Coast Artillery. When he was discharged he became “the worst radio announcer ever to hit San Francisco.”

Fortunately he didn’t stay there long. In 1944 he rode down to L.A. to storm that citadel. He very nearly starved to death. But then he teamed up with a fellow named Bob Sweeney and ate good for 89 weeks while their CBS comedy show lasted. When the team split up Hal worked as a single—in radio soap opera and on the “Sam Spade” series. He was the first Harry Morton of the Burns and Allen show, and when Marie Wilson needed a sweetheart for “My Friend Irma,” he answered the call. Once, when Hal played a butler on “The Cavalcade Of Stars” he had the distinction of getting his nose broken in front of everybody by a bottle that slipped out of Jackie Gleason’s hand. It hurt, but it got laughs.

Wherever you looked, you found Hal. You can see him now in MGM’s new musical, “It’s Always Fair Weather,” where he turns up hilariously as a punch drunk fighter. If he’d made the movie later this year he might have been one of the stars. Even so his highly skilled acting will help sell that picture.

More than a comic, Hal has an appeal as a human being that people respond to. It’s a quality Imogene Coca was searching for last year when her TV show needed something like a blood transfusion. She kept looking for a leading man who’d make her feel warm and funny. “I want Hal March,” she’d tell the producers who wanted aspirin. They didn’t listen. “I want Hal March,” she moaned, threatening to expire. So, finally, they gave her Hal March and the show bloomed.

“You know, he inspires me,” Imogene said. “Like one night I had a pencil in my hand and got an irresistible urge to draw a mustache on him—even though it wasn’t in the script. I had to do it. People told me later it was great.”

About that time Hal started a show of his own, originating in Hollywood. He and Tom D’Andrea figured they could pull a million laughs out of joshing the Army and went into partnership. They appeared every week on NBC-TV as “The Soldiers.” When “The $64,000 Question” came along Hal staggered his friends with his work schedule. He spent one night a week in a Manhattan hotel, two nights on coast-to-coast planes and four in his duplex apartment in West Hollywood.

“I go through so many time shifts,” he said, “I don’t bat an eye to find my watch three hours off.”

This pace that kills hardly seemed to bother him. “Luckily, I can sleep anywhere, anytime,” he said, casually.

But whether he knew it or not the pressure was building. Last August he told a newspaper reporter that he and D’Andrea were splitting. “I would pull out even if there was no $64,000 question,” Hal said.

“Tom and I have simply become emotionally incompatible.”

Of his duplex apartment in Hollywood—where he designed most of the furniture—he says, “It’s pretty nice for an old vaudeville Joe.”

Of his bachelorhood he says, “My life was never sufficiently stabilized to make me a good husband, although I’ve met girls who would have made wonderful wives.” If people sniff at that explanation, he’s got one they can’t question. It’s—“I’m willing, but haven’t the time.”

He does have time to relax once in a while. He’s a great record collector and mad about sports. Somewhere back in the days of struggle he let off a lot of steam in the San Francisco boxing rings where he fought 25 bouts as an amateur. He doesn’t box anymore. In fact, he’s made a surprising switch. He spends his free time punching typewriter keys—he’s seriously interested in writing. Right now, he’s at work on a psychological novel in which he’ll trace the development of six conflicting facets in one man’s character.

Like most first novels it may be autobiographical. If so, Hal March is like many other well-known comedians and television personalities. He’s deeper and sadder than the glittering smile would have you know.

But not so deep or so sad that he isn’t having a ball every Tuesday night when he comes into many millions of American homes as host—and as an instrument of Fate—to the kind of people who would be welcomed in anyone’s living room.
Marisa and Pier: Feuding Twins?

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the next day. If either one of us gets a cold or a stomach ache, the other one feels it."

Pier even voluntarily shed light on then current rumors that she and Marisa were in the outs because of her engagement to Vic Damone.

"When I told her Vic and I were engaged," she admitted, "it was a terrible shock. She took it very hard. But it was because she didn't want to lose me. She was so upset by the thought of us being separated that she couldn't talk to me. For a week, we just said hello to each other. Every time I would go over to her, she would cry. But later, she was all right. She wanted to be sure I would be happy."

In the year since Pier's marriage, time has wrought its not uncommon miracle. She and Marisa no longer sleep in the same bed. It is perhaps no longer a case of Pier making the bed, and Marisa lying in it. For the first time in her life, Marisa is no longer in the shadow of her 20-second older twin. She shows signs of thriving on her independence. Both she and Pier, each in her own way, seem happier than ever.

Marisa, once the usually overlooked also-ran, has gone from one important motion picture to another ("Rose Tattoo" to "Diane"), and what must surely be the ultimate triumph for her, she has been signed—on her own merits—to do a picture for MGM, her sister's studio.

Each of the unidentical twins now has an identity of her own—as well as a personality and appearance of her own.

Even before Pier married, Marisa was scrupulous to lift herself by her own bootstraps. Only once, and then by chance, did they make pictures at the same studio—when Pier starred at Warners in "The Silver Chalice" and Marisa did "Drum Beat" with Alan Ladd.

And, as it turned out, both Pier and Marisa had been considered for "The Rose Tattoo," which fell to Marisa. That, too, may have wrought some therapy.

Once, while she was making "Drum Beat," there was an inadvertent slip of the sardonic when Marisa remarked during an interview, "I had a chance to see a new part of the country in Arizona, which is so beautiful. We made nearly all the picture at Sedona."

Then Marisa turned sweetly to her sister, who was sitting with her, and said:

"Even my sister hasn't had that kind of experience, have you?"

"No," laughed Pier brightly, "I'm seeing America last."

It well could be that Marisa's determination to make her own way in pictures was not only a fight for her independence, but a fight to preserve her friendship with her sister.

Long before Pier married Vic, Marisa had declared her intention of establishing a separate career and a separate home. There was no animosity, but there was a definite line of demarcation. One would always drop by to see the other on the set, and their meetings always were warm and sincere. Whenever possible, however, Marisa avoided being photographed together with Pier.

"I want to build my own career, myself," she explained simply, "not as Pier's sister."

More than a career of her own, Marisa has been making a life of her own. She has clung to and learned to rely on her own characteristics, and avoided the fatal error of mimicking her sister's mannerisms, however enchanting. She has made an impact with her beauty and her charm, and has won friends with the warmth that flows from her personality and her temperament. She has been rushed by some of Hollywood's most formidable beau, including Richard Egan, the late James Dean who once had eyes only for Pier, Ben Cooper and Perry Lopez, to name a few of the boys.

"Pier and Marisa?" one of them exclaimed. "They're as different as day and night! But both of them are beautiful. God, are they beautiful!"

It seems that after 23 years, Marisa has discovered that 20 seconds don't have to be an eternity. It may well be that she has learned the most important lesson of all—that what really matters is not who is first, but that she is in the running.

Pier has been caught. Now it's Marisa's turn to be pursued. It appears, after all, that it will take more than a 20-second birth differential to cheat either of the Pierangeli twins of their happiness—even though they both go about it in their own unidentical ways.
Peggy King inches into the Country & Western fold with "Learning To Love" for Columbia. Pretty Peggy gives an artful swing to the seductive lyrics. For contrast, flip's a sweetly tender "Song Of Seventeen"... Plenty of play's in store for Nat (King) Cole's "Someone You Love" and "Forgive My Heart," Capitol platter. Two danceable, romanceable ballads—plus The King's intimate tones,... What better name for an album by Perry Como than "So Smooth"? Fits the man and the music. A fine anthology of pop tunes of day-before-yesterday (Victor)... The shoutin'est gal in town, and you know there's only one Georgina Gibbs, belts out "I Want You To Be My Baby" and sounds like she means it. "Come Rain Or Come Shine" makes a good combo for Mercury,... Brace yourselves and no crowding in the aisles—Sinatra's back with a song and it's "Same Ole Saturday Night." It's a chant with a strong beat, and the platter's a two-sided honey, with "Fairly Tale" on flip (Capitol).... Dot's the first in the field with "The Shifting, Whispering Sands," a folksy, C&W type on two sides. An interesting combo of narration by Ken Nordene with instrumental backing by Billy Vaughn.

The McGuire Sisters are harmonizing themselves up to high C with a two-sided hit for Coral. When those voices sing "Give Me Love" who could say no? Flip, "Sweet Song Of India" is an oldie with a new, smooth treatment... Jo Stafford, for Columbia, and Julius La Rosa, for Cadence, have each waxed an inspirational, beautifully-melodic number called "Suddenly There's A Valley." Differently arranged, both versions are a delight, both sensitive and sincere. Columbia's reverse is "The Night Watch"; for Cadence, La Rosa sings "Everytime That I Kiss Carrie."

It was bound to happen—the song of the motorcycle is heard in the land, with The Cheers interpreting the excitement and the rhythm and the off-beat color of "Black Denim Trousers." Flip's catchy tune, "Some Night In Alaska" (Capitol).... All you Frankie Laine fans gather round, because here's the hit he's been looking for—"Hawk-Eye," a happy-sounding tune made to order for that infectious Laine styling. "Your Love" backs the Columbia disk.... Mantovani does London and Cole Porter proud with his distinctive rendition of "Begin The Begin." Charm takes the place of the rhythmic throbbing we usually associate with this number, but with Mantovani waving the baton, who's to argue? Flip's "Our Dream Waltz"—pure joy.... I don't believe it myself but The Four Tophatters claim you can get Forty-Five Men In A Telephone Booth" and prove it with a gay, rollicking R&B rhythm. Back it up with "Wild Rosie" on the reverse (Cadence).

Now to get "Down To Eartha" and it couldn't be more fun. Kitt fans will be a-whistlin' these impudent tunes along with tongue-in-cheek Eartha on this LP of Victor's. "The Day The Circus Left Town" and "Après Moi" are among the favorites on the platter.... Those gay Caballeros, the Mills Brothers, are serenading the senoritas with "Mi Muchacha" and they're hard to resist. Backed by the appealing ballad, "That's All I Ask Of You," this platter makes good listening (Decca).... There! He's done it again! Sammy Davis, Jr., of course, with another hit—"It's Bigger Than You And Me" and "Back Track!" (the first from the film, "My Sister Eileen")—both are exciting, rhythmic ballads with the Decca label.

"The Bob Crosby Show" is seen Monday through Friday on the CBS-TV network from 3:30 to 4:30 p.m. EST.
Is This Guy Sentimental!

continued from page 55

"There was a junior executive at Universal-International," he related. "You can't use his name because he hates to see it in print. And there was a girl there, too, in one of the responsible jobs.

"You've no idea what those two did for me—or what they went through with me, either. I used to come around, gripping and wailing, 'Why won't this studio use me? Why don't they give me any parts to play? Why did they put me under contract if they were just going to let me sit here?'

"And they would calm me and soothe me and tell 'me I must be patient. They civilized me, if you know what I mean. They helped me to learn poise. They helped me to grow up. And they certainly helped me to wait for the breaks that they kept promising me would certainly come. I wonder now how they ever put up with me!

"I'm sentimental about those people and always will be."

He is still very much aware of the fans who first noticed him and who have remained loyal to him. We have a young relative who is pleased when she hears that Rock maintains that she was one of his "discoverers." In a sense she was. She caught him in a small role in one of his early pictures and liked what she saw. What was more, she took steps about it. She wrote to him, wrote to the studio, demanding that they give him more parts. And she wrote to my wife and me, commanding us to write stories about him for the magazines, giving him the praise and publicity she felt was due him.

Rock was genuinely distressed when he learned that she had visited the studio recently on a day when the "Giant" set was closed, so that he hadn't been able to meet and thank her. He is sending her a splendidly autographed picture . . . and his regrets at missing her. He really cares deeply about such things and appreciates them.

He has been touched by the attentions of other fans, too. The man in Japan, for instance, who sent him a huge, beautifully painted mural, with scenes from nearly all of his pictures. It will have a special place in his new house.

"The trouble and work he went to!" says Rock, in wonder. "And he doesn't even know me!"

He still can't realize that his audiences feel that they actually do "know" him.

For a man who has achieved such swift and spectacular success and who has such hordes of friends, he is surprisingly grateful for any friendly gesture or spontaneous favor.

After he had achieved some of his initial, major successes in pictures, he

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stopped one day at a hamburger stand in the San Fernando Valley. He thought the proprietor was looking at him curiously and he couldn't understand why.

"Say, I know you!" the man decided, after a moment or two, adding quickly, "Don't tell me! I'll get it in a minute—"

Rock thought, of course, that the man had seen him on the screen and was preparing to accept the recognition gracefully when the guy with the spatula cried, "Now I know! You used to come in here often. Driving a big vegetable truck! I've wondered where you were and how you were getting on. Still have the same job you used to have?"

Rock (he hoped) concealed his surprise at this turn of the conversation and admitted that he had changed jobs since he had last visited the stand, adding that he was "doing some work in pictures."

"Well, I sure hope things are going well for you," his friend remarked, heartily, "I always liked to see you come in here."

The little encounter warmed Rock's heart. Here was a man who hadn't heard of his sudden, upward zoom on the screen, who remembered him as a truck driver and a casual customer, but who still remembered him with friendliness and good wishes. It touched that certain soft spot inside of him.

There is a waitress in the commissary at Universal-International who will never let him order his own meal.

"I know what you like—and what's good for you," she informs him, firmly. "Now, you just leave it to me and I'll bring you something nice. And it will be a surprise!"

"She really knows if there is something on the menu that I particularly like," he says. "She has actually remembered over a long period of time—and I get a better lunch if she selects it than I would if I chose it all myself. She's wonderful."

But it is the warm, personal interest she takes in him—not the food she brings him—that pleases him.

He is sentimental about presents, enjoys giving them and devotes a lot of thought to selecting what he gives to suit the tastes of the recipients. He likes to receive them, too, as who doesn't? But his special appreciation goes to the ones which have been chosen with his own tastes and needs in mind. He remembers one friend who must have spent days shopping for a certain hard-to-find record he had heard Rock mention and that record is one of Rock's treasures.

People who have had fun with him at his "do-it-myself" parties have contributed small, but valued gadgets. A trick vegetable cutter, a fancy paper towel dispenser. A really efficient can opener. Rock likes 'em.

"Maybe some of them were from the five-and-ten," he remarked. "But they were things I needed and hadn't thought of. It may be corny to say that it's the thought behind the gift that counts,' but it's true."

Perhaps his favorite present of all time was one which was inspired by an off-hand, nostalgic remark he made at a party one evening. He wondered what had become of the old-fashioned player pianos he remembered from his childhood. "I'd like to hear one of those right now," he averred, "I wish I had one."

These people really have been fond of Rock because they banded together and shopped for one of the old players to surprise him on his birthday. It took a good deal of doing to locate the piano in the first place and a great deal more searching in odd places to find enough of the old, perforated paper rolls to make the purchase worthwhile.

But they did it and, despite the fact that Rock owns one of the finest record players made, as well as a fabulous collection of fine recordings to play on it, the old player piano is one of his favorite belongings and often furnish bursts of merry, old-fashioned tunes at his parties.

A sentimental gift which was inspired by a sentimental remark he happened to make without giving it much thought!

Christmas, of course, is a hugely sentimental occasion and there are certain indispensable rites connected with Rock's holiday. He must, for instance, go to a Christmas tree lot, select his own tree and lug it home in his car. He must trim it himself, too, although he isn't averse to some friendly assistance with this, accompanied by appropriate Yule merriment.

He shops conscientiously for the presents he gives—none of this business of having a secretary or a "shopper" do it for him, as most actors do! This gesture really means something because Rock hates to shop and avoids it during the rest of the year if he possibly can. He wraps the gifts himself, too, and that is a monumental chore, since Rock's big fingers are not too adept with ribbons and bows. But it's part of Christmas.

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JOHN TAKES THE STAND

continued

Q. Is it true or false that you hate and resist getting into evening clothes and that you hate Hollywood premieres, parties and night clubs?

A. Completely and emphatically false . . . and I don't know how that report got around. I like to dress to the teeth and take Pilar in a gorgeous gown to a big party, a premiere or what have you? We often go to night clubs when my work permits because I love to show her off! I'm gregarious. I like people. And I think that people have more fun when they dress to have fun.

Q. Well, then, is it true or false that you are completely (let's put it nicely!) sloppy about your dress in private life?

A. FALSE. It's true that I like to be casual and comfortable when I am enjoying leisure hours at home. What California man doesn't? But I also want to be well-dressed and I spend money on those casual togs. I am not as one ill-informed reporter put it, "a beachcomber at heart." And I resent his saying it.

It isn't true, either, that I am sloppy around the house, that I don't know what an ashtray is for and that I leave socks and slacks scattered about. Even if I wanted to do these things, I'd have too much respect for Pilar to do them.

Perhaps this rumor started a few years ago when I had a small rented house in the Valley. The landlord didn't want to improve it. I didn't want to renew the lease. So I let it run down, paint-wise and so on, for a few months. But I wasn't throwing clothes all over it, believe me!

Our house is furnished for comfort, that's true. But I see no reason why a house should not be comfortable and good-looking, too. I think ours is.

Q. Is it true or false, that despite all the outdoor, action pictures you have made, you have never owned a horse?

A. True. And for some reason people find that funny. They seem to picture me galloping over the landscape when I'm not working. For one thing, I've never had a place to keep a horse until now. Our present home has stables which we use for storage space. But actually I'm not an ardent horseman or even one of the best. I ride well enough for what I have to do in pictures, but to me it's just part of the job. Why, I ask you, shouldn't I want to ride when I'm not working? It would be a busman's holiday.

Q. What do you think is the most important thing you have learned in your long career and your life in Hollywood?

A. It would take a lot of very deep thought to decide what was the most important thing. But one very important thing I have learned—and I don't like to say this at all—is not to be too trusting. Always read the fine print. I should have learned that. I suppose, very early in my career when I signed a deal with a quickie Western outfit for what I thought was six pictures. But when the six were finished, I found that the fine print (which I hadn't read) allowed them to pick up options on my services for a dozen and then another dozen jobs. And I couldn't work for anyone else for three years—all on account of that fine print.

I suppose that should have taught me not to trust people too far, but I've had to learn that lesson again and again. I hope I know it now.
Comeback Or Fizzle?

continued from page 59

her work, unhappiness at home, the tired, helpless moods when she faced still another picture that she didn't have the emotional strength to make.

When studio orders came for her to lose weight, she dieted so drastically she became more nervous and ill. At the bottom of the situation, of course, were frustrations that only a psychoanalyst could untangle. They resulted in suicidal impulses that are old news in yellowed newspapers by now.

Dropped by MGM, Judy faced a new life. But she had to start at the bottom. She feared no studio would want her. MGM had been her home, her place of employment, since she was a child. She figured the town was laughing at her. She felt unwanted. The word around Hollywood was that Judy was all washed up as a film star.

Then she met Sid Luft, a fringe personality of the Hollywood scene who was winning no popularity contests, either. "We were two outcasts and we clung together, we two against the world," Judy has since commented.

Hollywood gossips at first tried to blast Sid for forming a relationship with Judy. But the die-hards swallowed their criticism when the pair not only made a successful marriage, but fashioned a new career for Judy. And though it now leans heavily toward stage and TV appearances, it is a new career.

Sid gave Judy confidence. "I was scared to try the Palladium, but Sid talked me into it," Judy has said. It was Sid's idea she get out of Hollywood and tour Europe for a new outlook on life, a broader viewpoint. Her roaring success at the Palladium and at the Palace Theatre in New York is show business history now. Judy was credited with bringing back vaudeville singlehanded. Soon Betty Hutton and other stars followed suit with stage appearances.

Sid also was the inspiration for "A Star Is Born." Judy had dreamed for years of doing a musical version of the original drama about Hollywood. MGM could never clear the rights.

But Luft is a man of tenacity, force and drive. He forged ahead and sewed up the property for Judy. He also concluded the deal with Warners to release the picture.

The making of "A Star Is Born" probably holds the record for complications, confusions and snafus. The stories of Judy's emotional outbursts and displays of so-called temperament are many. One cameraman walked off the picture; so did a costume designer and an arranger. But Judy and Sid had an answer to all that.

"This picture means a lot to me, and we want it to be just right or we won't do it," she explained at the time.

Shooting dragged on for six months on the picture. Towards the end Judy began to be troubled by her old problem of not being able to sleep at night. Finally the entire movie company was ordered to work at night and sleep by day—one of the few times in Hollywood history that such a concession was made.

Jack Warner, the studio boss, was not unaware of what was going on. But he reasoned thus: Judy has talent, the picture will make money—so let her continue, despite skyrocketing costs.

The picture finally wound up as a three-hour extravaganza. So much had been shot that when the prunings started, the film suffered. But when the picture began running in the theatres as a two-hour epic, exhibitors complained they weren't getting the business they hoped for. They screamed the picture was too long.

Warners withdrew the prints and slashed out another 20 minutes—another blow to the continuity of the film. As a result, the chopped-up finished product was far short of the masterpiece that had been expected.

Judy and her husband were scheduled to make two more pictures at Warners. But their option was quietly dropped. Jack Warner, it was said, figured he had had enough of those high budgets and temperamental difficulties.

Others say there were just no more scripts around for Judy to do—and after "A Star Is Born" she was busy having a baby.

Support for that latter theory was seen when Warners signed Mario Lanza, another talented performer whose "difficulties" with previous bosses had sizzled newsprint from coast to coast.

"A Lanza or a Garland always will be signed—as long as they still have the talent to sell tickets, no matter how difficult they are," is the way one studio executive puts it.

Meantime, Judy was awaiting the birth of her child—and the presentation of the March Academy Awards. The Caesarean birth was scheduled for April 1—after the Oscar night. As fervor mounted for Judy to win the Award, she announced she would make a special effort to attend the ceremonies. But two nights before the event, a usually accurate straw poll in Variety, a trade paper, picked Grace Kelly to win.

Judy suddenly came down with labor pains. Psychosomatic? Unconscious or conscious wish to escape the embarrassment of being the loser in the Fantages Theatre on award night? Possibly. At any rate, Judy was in the hospital—a drama, a Technicolor figure—on the night of the awards. NBC set up cameras outside her hospital room in case she won. But the trouble wasn't necessary.

Some observers of the Hollywood scene declared that Judy's losing the Oscar to...
COMEBACK OR FIZZLE?

continued

the cool, poised Kelly was another sign that the Garland comeback had failed. But was it?

Judy actually gained more recognition and publicity from losing than Grace Kelly did from winning. The race was the most publicized in years. Judy was swamped with mail and wires from her disappointed fans. She reacted in admirable style—with a smile and the statement that her baby meant more to her than any award.

After Judy recovered from the birth, no film scripts were around for her. Whether studios shifted away from the volatile star, or whether there just weren’t any parts suitable for her, is a moot point. She decided on a vaudeville tour. And this point is proof that Judy’s comeback was a success as far as her live appearances are concerned.

What star has ever gathered together her own troupe—dancers, musicians, songs, the works—and dared to venture on the road for one-night stands in cities, small and large, in gymnasiums, auditoriums, theatres?

But Judy packed ‘em in, from San Diego to Seattle. The tour of seven cities grossed $137,450, leaving a hefty profit for Judy and producer Luft even after the theatres took their cut.

Judy was planning to take her show to Eastern cities, and her agent, MCA, had lined up 13 bookings. But then CBS came forth with a more lucrative offer to put the show on television. The network had been dickering with Judy for a year to star her in a color spectacular—more proof that the star still is in demand. Judy finally accepted the TV offer and postponed her Eastern tour. She plans to resume it with different acts from the ones that she has presented on television. Whether audi-
ences would pay to see her in person after seeing her on TV remains to be proved.

More proof of public interest in Judy came during her West Coast tour, enterprising MGM quickly re-issued her early hit, “The Wizard Of Oz.” It was a dazzling business at the box-office.

So there is the Judy of today. She has grown into a “special” performer who very likely appear only in plays or short films that can personally concern her. She now is more of an “entertainer” than a film star.

And Judy’s friends agree that this arrangement is to her benefit.

“She’s emotions are such that work under someone—taking orders, being lashed by bosses—did not go so well one pal explains. “She works better when she is her own boss, so to speak.”

Judy’s health is better when she is “entertainer” rather than a film star, to Film producers insist she never can photographed at her present weight. Judy says she feels better with the added pounds—“and that is more important to me.” Her friends think it is better for her to appear on the stage where weight doesn’t count so much than to diet dangerously for appearances in films.

“And Judy loves live audiences a lot more than singing on the stage,” her husba

say, “Sure, she’ll do pictures, if the profit is right, but she doesn’t have to. The other are mediums in which she can display her talents.”

“She’ll make movies,” one studio executive recently said, “when someb

one comes up with the right part. Judy can be cast as the young, pretty ingénue in more, you know.

“Special pictures, special shows, you can’t tell,” said one who has talked to her at length, “her plans are always involved over-exerted, cancelled performances and the rest. But as long as she has that voice, she can do it. Judy is great. And as long as people listen to her, she’ll be a success.”

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Bar Sinister

HORATIO ALGER-TYPE story of the dog world. The star in this, a bull terrier, shares acting honors with people, two of the more important being Dean Jagger and Edmund Gwenn. Born on the waterfront, during the time when dog-fighting was common sport, Wildfire roamed the streets concerned with nothing more than lampposts, garbage cans, and dodging kicks. However, in a short space of time, Wildfire rose to terrier champ of the Bowery after Jeff Richards got hold of him and taught him how to kill. Just one defeat, and a half-dead Wildfire was tossed into the gutter. If it weren’t for Edmund Gwenn, who worked on Jagger’s estate, who knows what further horrible things would have befallen the canine has-been. Instead, Wildfire began to live—if you’ll pardon the expression—like a human. He even copped first of the show prizes at the Westminster Kennel Club doings and finally got to see his father. Filmed in Eastmancolor, this is too brutal for children, but should delight grown-up dog fanciers. (MGM.)

Blood Alley

RESCUED from a Communist prison camp, John Wayne, ship’s captain, has a most unusual price to pay for his freedom. No longer able to live under Communist domination, the entire population of a small Chinese town wants Wayne to take them to Hong Kong. Heading up the petitioners is Lauren Bacall, daughter of the local American doctor. Now, how could any virile red-blooded man, as WarnerColor points out, refuse a dish of Ooh-Ooh-long like Lauren? Wayne takes another gulp and agrees to captain the only “ship” available—a crumbling ferryboat on the 300-mile trip. With no maps, a few hundred helpless Chinese, including the town’s Commies and their families, plus some Red destroyers hunting them down, Wayne, as usual, accomplishes miracles. A neat, action-loaded adventure in a setting that reeks with atmosphere. (Warner Bros.)

The Deep Blue Sea

AFTER years of leading a comfortably-paced married life with Judge Emlyn Williams, Vivien Leigh goes into a nose-dive when she meets Kenneth More. A bounder, More isn’t really a bad sort. He’s just irresponsible, terribly gay and has a childish recklessness that’s quite contagious. Never having been exposed to this type before, Vivien gets a violent reaction. She leaves her husband and zooms off into More’s adventurous stratosphere. In a matter of months, the ratified air becomes too much for her. Jobless now, More has lost some of his lustre and shows signs of wearying of Vivien’s demanding love. Following a suicide attempt by Vivien, neighbor Eric Portman offers some advice about accepting matters as they are and giving More the latitude he needs in order to hold him. Finally, Vivien gets hold of herself. Based on the London stage success, thanks to some fine acting, this Technicolor version effectively captures a woman’s self-imposed torment. (20th Century-Fox.)

The Second Greatest Sex

IN this Technicolor musical that coyly pilfers from two other Western hits, the kleptomania is covered up with much hoopla and razzle-dazzle. Once the action gets under way, it’s clear that the women of a small Kansas town are fed up with their menfolk going off to war with two neighboring towns over who gets possession of the county safe. Headed by Jeanne Crain, who doesn’t want husband George Nader traipsing all over the countryside after a safe when he’s got a Fort Knox of charms waiting at home, the gals finally rebel. Locking themselves in an abandoned stockade, they refuse to come out or give up until the men put it in writing that there’ll be no more safe-snatching. The two performers to watch in this are Tommy Rall, the dancer who makes a feather seem muscle-bound, and Bert Lahr, the comic with a flair for massacring the Nelson Eddy type song. (Universal-International.)

Running Wild

ROOKIE policeman William Campbell assumes the responsibility of breaking up a gang of young hoodlums who are in the stolen car racket. Taking on the identity of a young punk, Campbell manages to put in his pitch with the mastermind of the gang, Keenan Wynn. It takes time, but eventually Campbell starts working for the mob. By the time the rookie cop has everything under control, including Wynn’s girl, Kathleen Case, things are really buzzing. It’s no wonder he makes one little mistake—Wynn escapes, leaving Campbell and Kathleen as pretty a pair of sitting ducks as you ever saw. Just average cops-and-robbers drama with the usual bunch of crazy mixed-up kids. (Universal-International.)

Three Stripes In The Sun

HAVING fought the Japanese in the last war, Sergeant Aldo Ray doesn’t take too kindly to being a member of the occupation force during peacetime. It grants him to see GIs associating freely with Japanese girls while street mobs yell: “Yank, go home.” It’s difficult for most Americans, with any memory of Pearl Harbor, Bataan, and Corregidor, to shrug and turn the other cheek. With Ray’s mind so firmly made up, there are only two things which could possibly sway him: A lovely Japanese girl and/or a covey of undernourished orphans. Both these softening agents whack away at Ray’s armor, until he takes charge of the orphanage and marries interpreter Mitsuko Kimura. (Columbia.)

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ON THE COVER: GRACE KELLY, STARRING IN MGM'S "THE SWAN"

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The call will be a "contact" from a kidnapper. A cold, ruthless voice demanding money. Half a million. And the father must face an irrevocable decision. Shall he listen to the pleas of his wife, and pay in the hope of getting his boy back. Or try to keep such things from ever happening to other parents by refusing to deal with a child-stealer. If it happened to you—would you pay or not pay

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HELLO from Follywood where miracles are mixed with the mundane. And I do mean "Cheyenne" star Clint Walter who returned $20,900 from his Warner Bros. $50 expense money when he went on a three-day tour to publicize his TV series. Naturally everyone in the studio fainted. Such honesty will get him nowhere! I'm kidding, of course. It's refreshing. . . . Why must there always be a romantic angle when a gal walks from a picture? And this brings me to Gloria Vanderbilt who booked the biggest suite at the Beverly Hills Hotel before deciding that her role in Frank Sinatra's "Johnny Concho" western was too small—which is why she brushed the production. It was silly to assume that she was miffed at Frank for failing to meet her or otherwise shower her with attention. Gloria's guy for a long time has been Sidney Lumet, ex-mate of Rita Gam. . . . Incidentally, I chatted with Ava Gardner's sister Bea before she took off for Ava's castle in Spain, and she knew nothing of a reconciliation with Ava and Sinatra. Their relationship at the moment is friendly, but not frantic.

The most disappointed actor in town is Dewey Martin who told me he was promised the lead in MGM's movie biography of boxer Rocky Graziano, "Somebody Up There Likes Me." "Dore Schary bought the story for me, then gave it to somebody else," he moaned to Yours Truly. He asked for and was given his release. . . . There's only one girl they talk about in Rome, and that's Anita Ekberg, and the talk is of a marriage with canned tomato king Mario "As Nature Creates We Preserve" Bando- dini. But Anita has made no pals with the press in Rome. And she was just as big a pain to the publicity department in Hollywood. The only person who can keep her in order is John Wayne who produced her first film.

Which reminds me, according to Pilar Wayne, it's he-man John who is having all the pre-natal discomfort—"I feel fine, but he's SUFFERING." He's also delighted to be a poppa again—after 15 years. . . . Talking of babies, Guy and

continued on page 67

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STILL glamorous, Marlene Dietrich enjoys a gay night club date with Michael Rennie. ANOTHER interesting couple out on the town is John Barrymore Jr. and wife Cara.
Warner Bros:
Unprecedented
global
premiere

"HELEN
OF
TROY"

The tumultuous
events that brought
the Age of Titans
to its raging climax!
The spectacular
Spartan siege set off
by Helen and Paris,
history's most famous
runaway lovers!

In
CINEMASCOPE
AND
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3 years in the making
at a cost of $6,000,000!

FROM THE FAMED 'ILIAD' OF HOMER — STARRING
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STANLEY BAKER • NIALL MACGINNIS • ROBERT DOUGLAS • TORIN THATCHER • SCREEN PLAY BY JOHN TWIST AND HUGH GRAY • DIRECTED BY ROBERT WISE
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If any abnormal condition exists, see your doctor.

Coming Attractions

BY RAHNA MAUGHAHN

Picnic

If this won the Pulitzer Prize as a Broadway play, Heaven only knows how many awards the Technicolor movie version will reap. Superbly directed by Joshua Logan, this hums the languid story of a Kansas day and the effect a swaggering braggart, William Holden, has on a handful of lives. There’s Kim Novak, a beautiful young thing who knows the futility of having sexual magnetism and not much else. Her adolescent sister, Susan Strasberg, suffers from surfeit of brain. Mother Betty Field is determined Kim will have more out of marriage than she had. And last of all, is sex-starved roo, school teacher Rosalind Russell. Her problem is age, and a never-dying necessity of feeling wanted. Into this sterile women’s world strolls Holden with the rippling muscles and unrestrained morals. There’s so much in this that merits unqualified praise, it would be difficult to single out one performance except to say that Rosalind Russell will probably net herself. a Supporting Academy Award. (Columbia).

The Court Jester

Back in the days when knighthood was in flower, Danny Kaye was just a weed. England needed men who would fight the tyranny of the false king and restore the throne to the rightful heir—an infant boy in whose veins coursed the true royal blood. Short-changed in courage and derring-do, Kaye nevertheless joins up with The Fox, a Robin Hood-type loyalist. Instead of the swashbuckling adventures he had imagined, Kaye finds himself singing lullabies to the infant king and lollygagging over Glynis Johns. Then, by a stroke of phenomenal luck, Kaye becomes the key figure in saving England. Masquerading as a court jester, Kaye is able to gain entrance to the tyrant king’s stronghold. In a matter of hours, he’s embroiled with love-starved Princess Angela Lansbury, is credited with assassinating a trio of noblemen, is made a knight, and engages in mortal combat on the tournament lists. With his usual flair for making you love the underdog, Kaye is delightful in this latest Technicolor pleasantry. (Paramount.)

INCONSOLABLE Kim Novak pours out her heart to young sister Susan Strasberg in "Picnic."
Ransom

All crime strikes terror in people but the most dreadful is when a child is taken from parents. Their only son kidnapped and held for ransom, Glenn Ford and Donna Reed go through hell many times over. Once police chief Robert Keith presents the odds of getting back the child alive, Ford realizes that the payment of ransom might actually hasten his child's murder. It takes courage that borders on the superhuman, but against pressure from his wife, the public and his business colleagues, Ford holds firm; no ransom. His theory is, if ransom payments were never made, the ghastly business of kidnapping would end. Just how this conviction pays off, makes for almost unbearable emotion. Never before has Ford come through with such a great performance. By actually living every minute of the ordeal, he creates an unforgettable film experience (MGM).

Helen Of Troy

Even though the year is 1100 B.C., the plot has a familiar ring. A peace-loving, prosperous people, the citizens of Troy are constantly under threat of war from aggressive neighboring states. To ease the tension, Paris, played by Jack Sernas, embarks on a mission of peace to muscle-flexing Sparta. Nearing the coast of Sparta, Sernas is shipwrecked and in his weakened condition given shelter by Rossana Podesta, Queen of Sparta. Water-logged or no, Sernas is quite a lushed hunk of man. It follows that when Sernas' diplomatic missions fails, Rossana flees from her husband and goes to Troy with Sernas. Whereupon, a thousand Greek ships set sail for Troy, and the threat of war becomes fact. Done on a grand scale in WarnerColor, it's all very fascinating to watch, but alas, the poor Trojans, they should have looked their gift horse in the mouth. (Warner Bros.)

Target Zero

An exciting war story about a tank, its crew, a handful of infantrymen led by Lt. Richard Conte, and a girl, Peggie Castle, all trying to reach the UN forces in Korea before the retreating Reds swamp them. The slow, wearisome march back through mine fields and Red patrols makes for shot nerves and trigger tempers, but Conte whips them on. Finally arrived where Conte thinks the American troops have a toe-hold, they find utter desolation and no survivors. The only piece of equipment in working order is a field telephone. A call to Command Post and Conte is given the word: hold the ridge against a main body of retreating Reds. It's a rough assignment, but one that's carried out with the aid of Navy jets, leaving the principal character free to act in approved boy-gets-girl fashion, when the fighting's over. (Warner Bros.)

Artists And Models

With their usual knack for getting into outlandish situations, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis cut a giddy swath in the comic book field. Finding that serious art doesn't pay, Dean takes over the comic book illustrating job vacated by Dorothy Malone. Well-fed
what's new in eye beauty!

Look prettier—through curly lashes in just seconds—with the new soft-cushion

Maybelline PROFESSIONAL

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for long, dark, velvety lashes—Solid Form in gorgeous gold-plated vanity case—or Cream Form in smart kit

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SPECIALISTS IN EYE BEAUTY

LIZ, BE A LADY!—Mike Wilding gifted Liz Taylor with a full-length mink coat before they took off for Europe and Africa where he'll make "Zarak Khan." Liz loved the coat so much she wouldn't take it off! Saw the Wildings at their home a few days before their departure and Liz was barefoot, in a nightie—topped by you-know-what. And she was chewing gum like crazy. Said Mike, "Liz, dear, that chewing gum just doesn't go with the mink." But Liz went right on chewing. She doesn't have to go to work until April, so her trip is all play.

NICE ICE—Joan Crawford is sentimental about presents, too. Husband Al Stevens gave her a platinum and diamond bracelet just before she finished "The Way We Are." She refused to take it off, wore it to bed and even under the sleeve of her costume for final scenes of the picture. The bracelet is so elaborate, with 87 diamonds, that it was out of place with her picture wardrobe, so Joan had to hide it. Steele also gifted her with an unusually handsome set of luggage for her personal appearance tour with "Queen Bee." It even included 6-foot wardrobe trunks to hold ball gowns without folding! And if you saw it and wondered why Steele had the luggage monogramed J.C. instead of J.C.S., he explained, "This is for a professional tour of Joan Crawford, not Mrs. Steele." Al plans to go to England with Joan in May when she makes "Esther Costello" there. His soft drink company does lots of business in Blighty, so that makes everything ducky.

PROBLEMS—Just when it seemed Aldo Ray and Jeff Donnell were patching up their marital problems—Aldo was running up phenomenal phone bills from New England where he was touring for "Three Stripes In The Sun" to call Jeff in North Hollywood—comes word that he's assigned to leave next month for Africa to star in "Beyond Mombassa." Question now is, will Jeff go with him or stay here to resume her career? These half-way round-the-world separations are not so good, as Jeff and Aldo found out when they had that long "Stripes" location in Japan.

MODERN ALDEN—A friend of Jeff Richards asked Jeff to try to set up a date for him with Dorothy Malone. Jeff obligingly played John Alden and telephoned. But Dorothy asked, "Why don't
The romantic story of a fabulous guy... a girl... and the exciting music they made together!

The Benny Goodman Story

FROM THE STUDIO THAT GAVE YOU The Glenn Miller Story!

you speak for yourself?" So Dorothy and Jeff have been dating ever since! And the friend still doesn't believe that Jeff didn't double-cross him!

SPAIN FOR AVA—It doesn't seem that Ava Gardner anticipates any renewed romance with Frankie Boy, or anyone else for that matter, when she returns to Hollywood because she says she doesn't plan to stay here. She wrote she has bought a three-bedroom house, complete with swimming pool, in Madrid and will make Spain her home. And that she'll be a hotel dweller here, when she does arrive to resume her career.

FOR REAL—Sometimes the dates arranged by studios for young contract players turn out to be more than publicity bait. Columbia masterminds had Kerwin Mathews escort Victoria Shaw to the make-up artists ball a few months back, but since then Kerwin and Vicky have been dating on their own. When he took the Australian beauty to visit Disneyland, they found a big poster of Vicky in the coke bar. The picture was taken a year ago in her homeland where she was a top model!

written and directed by VALENTINE DAVIES • produced by AARON ROSENBERG

continued on page 74
Farewell to single bliss!

When Rock finally took a wife, he passed up "glamor" for a chic secretary.

Here's why he chose Phyllis Gates

By MARK DAYTON

BETORE HE finally married Phyllis Gates, Rock Hudson had performed the prize clam-up job of the decade. Whenever people asked when he was going to take Phyllis as his blushing bride, he'd wrinkle his forehead, and say: "Phyllis? Phyllis who?"

Rock never worked as hard at anything as he did at keeping his romance with Phyllis an island of privacy in his very public life. The fact that he had been so determined not to talk about his yen for Phyllis, the fact that he didn't even fall back on the tired device of evaluating their relationship as just "friendship," actually was the tip-off to the importance it had assumed for him.

But it was scarcely news that Phyllis had become important to Rock. There still is, however, consuming curiosity on what made her important to Rock. Now that she's emerged as the lucky lass whose lot it is to meet Rock at the front door with his pipe and slippers after he returns from a hard day at the studio, why did he choose her above all others? What made one of Hollywood's ranking glamor boys go for an obscure, erstwhile secretary and airline hostess when he could have had the most glamorous and celebrated creatures of Hollywood come running at the crook of his finger?

A valid clue to one of the big reasons Phyllis captured her elusive quarry is the fact that, with Phyllis as his gal, Rock has been more carefree than at any time since he grabbed the Hollywood lion by the tail. From the start, she never has stifled him. She has given him ample breathing room. He can be himself when he's with her, and he can be himself when he's not with her.

Whether he's articulated it or not, this is vitally important to a guy of Rock's temperament. He has no taste for women who react to any display of interest on his part as if they bought the papers on him, and that henceforth if he wanders it is to be at the end of an invisible leash.

Rock had a year to discover that there's nothing jealous, demanding or possessive in Phyllis' personality. With Phyllis, he doesn't have to worry about being seen in animated—albeit innocent—conversation with another girl for fear word might get back to her, and she might misunderstand. In her absence, Rock feels no unseen hand maneuvering him into rigidity or timidity. What he appreciates in Phyllis is that she acts like his girl, not his jailer or probation officer.

In a sense, Phyllis survived a rather strenuous shakedown...
DREAMY-EYED Rock wed just one week before 30th birthday.
ROCK HUDSON continued

JULIA ADAMS danced with Rock before both became more serious about others. In Venice, Rock had lots of fun with Novella Parigini.

The free-as-a-breeze existence

cruise. If there was any jealousy or possessiveness in her make-up, it would long since have been flushed out by Rock's occasional dates with other women—dazzlers like Cornell Borchers, Jane Wyman and pert ballerina Joyce Van der Veen, to name a few.

When Rock sees Phyllis, he is not on trial. He does not have to account for his time or pass inspection. He's home. He's in charge, and he's most enthusiastically welcome.

Only a year before he and Phyllis eloped to Santa Barbara, Rock had uttered these prophetic words:

"I've made many bets I wouldn't marry until I'm 30. I have a year to go, and I expect to collect. Certainly I want to marry and have a family, but up to now I just haven't had the time, the money, or the security."

If ROCK had thought about that statement when he made it, he might have amended it to read: "I just haven't had the time, the money, the security—or the girl!"

As joyous wedding bells have confirmed, he finally found the right girl in Phyllis. The only element lacking to the fulfillment of the terms Rock set forth was time. His star had rocketed to such dizzy heights during the past year that he need never have further concern over money and security.

He's one of the most wanted men in pictures, and is good for
suites Rock perfectly—’til he felt the lure of marriage-type love

at least two decades of steady work in top roles at top pay opposite the top dolls in the business.

Which returns us to our earlier contemplation. How did Phyllis, of all the charmers Rock has known, rate as his ultimate choice? In what manner does she stir Rock where other young women, all inordinately fetching, failed to reach his heart? The answer may be found out of Rock’s own mouth.

Here is a breakdown of Rock’s previously enunciated views on what it would take to lure him from single blessedness, and how Phyllis measures up in providing those inducements.

Rock: “When you take a girl to a premiere, a party, or a movie, you don’t really have a chance to know her. I distrust hasty judgments. I want my marriage to last, so I feel very strongly that I should know a girl very well, and that she should know me just as well.”

There is no girl—including Rock’s first unrequited Hollywood love, Vera-Ellen—whom he has had the opportunity to know as long and as well as Phyllis Gates. He knew Phyllis, completely off-guard, a year before the idea of dating her ever dawned on him. During that time, when, as agent Henry Willson’s secretary, Phyllis manned his outer office, she invariably engaged in gay repartee with Rock when he came to see Henry. The first thing that struck Rock—even when his attitude was completely impersonal—was how “regular” she was.

But perhaps even more significant as a barometer of their chances for lasting happiness, Rock and Phyllis share a common culture. The Winnetka kid, after all, lost his heart to a fellow Midwesterner. They’re both carpetbaggers in Hollywood. They react to Hollywood’s enchantment and enthruse in its flamboyance from the vantage points of similar backgrounds. No man can—or necessarily wants to—fully escape his beginnings, and with Phyllis, Rock can feel comfortable. With her at his side, it is much less of an effort to bridge two widely separated worlds.

SINCE they started dating, Phyllis grew on Rock, but good. He has been with her under all conceivable circumstances—dined with her at plush night clubs on the Strip and roughed it with her at hot dog hangouts a little way east on Sunset. He had more than ample opportunity to satisfy himself that Phyllis’ charms wear well, and to realize that if she were all facade, her masquerade—and their courtship—would have expired a long time ago.

Rock: “Let’s face it. I’m a guy who thrives on attention. I want a girl who’ll make a big ‘to-do’ over me and tell me what a wonderful guy I am.”

Or, as one pal who knew him well so astutely put it a long time before Phyllis popped into the picture: “The girl who continued on page 16
Throughout the filming of "Giant," Rock kept his intention of marrying a well-guarded secret captures Rock will have to be willing to play second fiddle."

But not just any doll could scratch away at second fiddle for Rock. It couldn't be carried off tragically or tentatively. Rock's got too sharp an ear. Phyllis manages to evoke sweet and loving music from those strings. Rock's sheet music for a second fiddler calls for no long-suffering serenade of martyrdom. He couldn't take that.

Both their friends are convinced that in Phyllis, Rock has found no distaff stooge, but an alert, bright, sophisticated young lady who utterly adores her man, and who is fully convinced that getting that lifetime contract to play second fiddle to him was the best duty any girl in her right mind could hope to inherit on this mortal coil.

Unlike so many women Rock has known, Phyllis does not serve two masters. She will not have to juggle her career and her husband, and stand by like a horrified spectator waiting to see which will fall to the floor first and be shattered. Being married to Rock is all the ambition she cares to handle.

Having been exposed so long to the operations of one of Hollywood's top agents, Phyllis is in the enviable position of being able to understand, out of first-hand knowledge, the demands put upon an actor of Rock's eminence. Her only professional excitement is the identification she feels with him, the joy she gets in his triumphs. There is no fear, as is so common in many Hollywood marriages, that the great actress wife may be outstripped by friend husband. Yet being in the business, although out of the spotlight, Phyllis is able to be part of his professional life as well as his private life.

Although Rock is as far from overbearing as a man can be, there's little doubt of his strong psychological need for a girl...
who thinks the sun rises and shines around his handsome brow. He would shrink from subservience, but he's masculine enough—and honest enough to admit it—to consider dependence a desirable feminine trait. Less than that would threaten his emotional security.

**Rock** still smarted from the hurt he felt when one girl accused him of being attentive because he was using her—a rather diabolical thought which never had entered his then unworldly mind. He's had his fill of neurotic feminine v.i.p.'s who look for cynical motivation behind every amorous overture. His marriage plans definitely ruled out any woman who possibly could delude herself into thinking he was using her. By the same token, they excluded any woman who would have reason to use him to further her career. Phyllis passed muster on both these very sensitive counts.

**Rock:** "In addition to economic security, I feel that emotional security is vital if you're going to be happily married. Acting is a high-strung business, and there's always a danger of emotional hangovers at home. Marriage requires all sorts of concessions, compromise and give and take."

With Phyllis, Rock's surrender quotient is apt to be at a minimum. She's not interested in reforming him, surpassing him or domesticating him. When he answers the door in blue jeans, a plaid shirt and bare feet, she's not shocked or pained. She's enthralled. She enjoys Rock's personality as it is. She has no plans for overhauling him. On the contrary, it has been Rock who's been winning Phyllis over to his enthusiasms.

**Rock:** "I'll tell you one thing. The woman I marry is going to have to know how to make good coffee."

Phyllis makes sensational coffee. In fact, Rock raves about all her cooking.

**Rock:** "Like any other guy, I wouldn't be happy with a woman who didn't dress well. I'd like my wife to be a pretty girl who knows how to wear pretty clothes."

Phyllis, as it will be freely conceded, is a stunning gal who wears stunning clothes stunningly, and looks attractive in anything she wears. She and Rock not only wear well, they look well together.

**Rock:** "I'm a sucker for home life. To me, marriage without a home would be nothing."

Rock's got the home. Phyllis already has lovingly helped him shape it up. In short, Phyllis has made the home more homey, and as Mrs. Hudson she figures to be at least as much a glutton for home life as Mr. Hudson.

One thing is abundantly certain. When she answers the phone, there will be only one surname under that room. She will be Mrs. Hudson, not Mr. Hudson's wife, Phyllis Gates.

While this story is, of necessity, analytic, it is not to be suggested that Rock's attitude toward his bride is even remotely clinical. What he cares about is that he and Phyllis touch off the kind of chemistry they do. She relaxes and enjoys him, and he enjoys returning the compliment. There's no danger of Rock having gone into this marriage with test tubes aloft, not when he confesses that one of the things about Phyllis that intrigues him is her "confused eyebrows."

This would seem to bespeak a commendably emotional basis for a long and happy marriage. Phyllis Gates makes sense for Rock Hudson. But what makes most sense of all is that she also makes his heart go pitter-patter.
SURE of their love, Debbie and Eddie face the future with gaiety and confidence.
From the first day they met, Debbie and Eddie knew there'd never be anyone else and their faith was never shaken

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

RARELY IN the history of the entertainment industry has a romance between two of its favorites captured public imagination as did that of Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher. It all seemed so "right." The glowingely lovely Debbie, everybody's darling, and the handsome Eddie, newly poised by a swift success, idolized by hundreds of thousands of girls. They were surely the Prince and the Fairy Princess in everybody's fairytale book. The stories of their love-at-first-sight meeting, their courtship, their happiness, would have gladdened the hearts of all our grandmothers. And they gladdened our hearts, too . . . no less. It was all so very perfect.

Too perfect, perhaps, for a cloud "as big as a man's hand," appeared to mar this lovely idyll. And it grew and multiplied into several clouds. There were, it began to appear, obstacles. They multiplied so rapidly that it all began to look hopeless—to everyone except Debbie and Eddie! Differences of religion were pointed out, differences of points of view of families, of business associates, of careers . . . even the fundamental fact of simple geography became a barrier, for Eddie's work was in the East, Debbie's on the West Coast. Never were two lovely people in love with each other so bedevilled from so many different directions.

Then suddenly, on last September 26th, they were married in a simple, civil ceremony at Grossinger's, the resort at which Eddie had made his first success. But by this time a bewildered public didn't know whether it was witnessing a happy ending to the story or a beginning of certain tragedy! In all the fuss over the obstacles, everyone—except Debbie and Eddie—had lost sight of the myriad things which had made it "right" for them in the first place and will surely make it "right" for them in the long run.

For these two had known from the beginning that they were made for each other. Neither of them ever doubted it for a moment, even in their most turbulently troubled times.

Eddie knew it, with utmost certainty, that day nearly two years ago when he visited the "Athena" set at MGM and first glimpsed the dewy Debbie, in the white dress and with the yellow ribbon in her hair which made him dub her instantly, "Little Miss Halo." He asked her, almost reverently, to have dinner with him a night or two later, and when he called for her, he gave her violets. "They seemed," he says, "the only suitable flowers for a girl who looked like the very spirit of Springtime."

It seemed a special and wonderful thing to both of them continued on page 20
During that gloomy period in her romance when things looked hopeless, Debbie bravely carried on with her work.

When it developed that violets had always been Debbie's favorite flowers, it must, they felt, "mean something."

And, little by little, as their gay courtship progressed, at parties in Hollywood, at a benefit performance they both attended in Washington, D.C., and on through the continental criss-cross of their paths, they delightedly explored the reasons, large and small, why it must be true, in spite of what anyone said, that they were really made for each other.

They even traced it all back to their Depression childhoods when both had known poverty which came starkly close to actual want. They could marvel that the little girl in El Paso had struggled to help her mother at menial jobs while her father sought employment on the WPA—while at the same time the boy, in far off Philadelphia, was trying to help his parents by hawking vegetables from his father's cart.

Eagerly they searched for other bonds... and found them. Each had been a member of a closely-knit, deeply affectionate and loyal family group. Debbie had had her father and mother and older brother, Bill. Eddie had had, in addition to his parents, four sisters and two brothers. "A real mob!" he described them to Debbie, grinning.

But the differences in number didn't matter. Nor the differences in geographical background, nor religion, nor culture. The thing they had in common was what was im-

THERE'S no pretense about Debbie. For all her vivaciousness, she's a simple girl with simple tastes.
important—the togetherness of a family, the central aims of its
members, the loyalty, the strong sense of belonging to a unit.
Besides, their families had had fun together.

"Those are the things that really matter," the young lovers
agreed. "That’s the way it should be and that is the way we
want it to be with us."

IT SEEMED important, too, that in each of these family
groups religion had been important. They had been devout.
The vital thing, they felt, was that the family should have
devotion and faith. Differences in form, they assured one
another, "can be worked out—if only we are tolerant and re-
spect each other—and love each other."

They didn’t see these differences as obstacles—and they
still don’t. They were hurt and bewildered when so many
people who didn’t understand their feelings on these subjects
raised so many cynical doubts.

Lori Nelson, who perhaps knows them better and loves
them more than any other friend, said to me, “I’m so glad
that someone—at last—is going to write something positive
about Debbie and Eddie. They have had so many negative
thoughts and opinions flung at them from so many directions
that it is a marvelous thing that they have come through it
as steadfastly as they have.

“But it is true that never, no matter how rough the going
was, did either of them waver. They just knew that they were
made for each other and that it would all come right.”

And while they were discussing and disposing of the serious
aspects of their love and their plans for harmonious years
together, they were also discovering a multitude of other
reasons why these years should be not only rosy but real gay.

There was their mutual interest in the same kinds of music,
which also reached back into their early years. Eddie, of
course, had yearned to sing and had begun singing, “at the
top of my lungs—even when I was peddling vegetables. I
sold many a cauliflower on the strength of a good, pure F-
sharp!” While he was still in high school he began singing in
the synagogue and on local radio programs, the latter mostly
for mere carfare to and from the studio. He played the piano,
too, after a fashion, and idolized George Gershwin.

So he was pretty fascinated to learn that his beloved had
also been interested in music in her teen days and had sung
in her church choir. But he was considerably startled when
his “Springtime girl” confessed that her most earnest musical
efforts had been dedicated to the French horn which she had
played with the Burbank, California, High School orchestra.
(Their family had moved here from Texas some years before.)

“A French horn? Why such a fantastically formidable in-
strument . . . for such a little girl?” Eddie demanded, with
some hearty masculine mirth at the mental picture of little
Debbie entangled in all that brass tubing, puffing away.

“I don’t know,” Debbie admitted, helplessly. “I know I
was a funny little girl, in a lot of ways, and I loved music so
I wanted to do something big in it. I guess I thought the
French horn was good and big . . .” Eddie agreed that it was,
and he loved her memories of her youthful “funniness” and
continued on page 22
To the young lovers, their problems never were obstacles—just things to be worked out

her ambition. And he was moved to confess one of his own. "When I was a teen-ager, I began to think my voice was kind of—well—mellow! And I'd heard Sinatra sing that Brahms lullaby and I thought that was pretty nice. So I learned me some lullabies and I went hunting around the neighborhood for some kids to sing them to. I thought that would be the thing!

"But the kids didn't want to hear my lullabies! 'Make that creep go away!' they'd say. 'We gotta practice our baseball!' I felt pretty frustrated!"

Debbie could laugh with him over this youthful frustration. But she sighed, too, because she couldn't bear for him to be disappointed, even so long ago and over so trivial a matter. Their understanding of one another and their feeling of oneness grew with each revelation.

Their mutual tastes in fun, for instance. It was exciting to discover that they both enjoyed spur-of-the-moment fun more than planned fun. A sudden inspiration—"Let's go to the beach and eat a waffle right now!" is more intriguing than an invitation to a formal, dress-up dinner party ten days hence.

It's more fun to say, "Let's rush up to Arrowhead for some water skiing this week-end," than it is to plan an appearance at the most glittering Hollywood premiere.

Neither of them cares much about night clubs. To Eddie, who has appeared in them countless times professionally, they smack of work. To Debbie, whose tastes are fundamentally simple, they seem like a great deal of confusion and smoke and noise without much meaning.

They both like picnics and hot-dogs-and-music-by-the-fireplace and queer little, out-of-the-way restaurants. And they both love sentimental presents.

One thing which has endeared Eddie to Debbie is his habit of bringing her little gifts. He began it early in their courtship when he would arrive, carrying a tiny package. A symbolic bangle for her charm bracelet or a tiny ceramic dog. "It looked like the dog that made you giggle when you saw him on the Boulevard. Thought you might like him . . ."

"These things," Debbie reflects, "made me know that I was in his mind when we weren't together. That's important!"

She began to try to plan small gifts for him which would
"mean something." She remarked, sagely, "When two people are really made for each other, they can cement it all with lots of small tokens."

One time when Eddie made a hurried trip to the Coast he brought her a scarlet coat with pert hat to match. "I found myself thinking about you in red," he said, "and I thought it might be right. I had to see!"

She was so superlatively "right" in the red ensemble and she loved it so much that his next gift to her was a Thunderbird car—in the same shade of red! Whoever before bought his ladylove a car to match her favorite coat? His next gift was a set of scarlet luggage to go with everything else.

Debbie was so touched at his taking an interest in what she wore that she began to consult him about his preferences when she planned to buy something new—and even when they were merely going out together. Now he consults her about his clothes, too, so that when they go anywhere together they have elaborate discussions beforehand about what to wear, down to the last cuff link and selection of earrings!

Debbie loves to cook and lately she has been experimenting industriously with the highly-seasoned Jewish dishes which were new to her but which mean "home cooking" to Eddie. "No one knows what it means to me to have her want so much to please me," Eddie told a close friend. "I guess it gives me a sort of heart-warming 'man of the house' feeling. It's wonderful!"

One of Debbie's favorite wedding presents came in an envelope from Grossinger's, marked "Top Secret." Inside was the resort's famous and heretofore carefully guarded recipe for the special rye bread which Eddie adores. She was experimenting with that before the honeymoon was a week old.

And so, Debbie and Eddie face their future with gaiety and confidence, as why shouldn't they? They are steadfastly sure, as they have always been sure, of something that the skeptics couldn't know—that they must certainly, from the beginning, have been made for each other.
You think you have troubles? Take a look at these pictures of Bill
"Picnic"

Holden & Co. hard at work!

TENSION of daily shooting is obvious as star Holden chats with cast member.

CARRYING Cliff Robertson on back in scene from film makes Holden puff hard.

location in Hutchinson, Kansas. C'mon fellas, smile.

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During a brief breathing spell on the set of “Picnic,” we asked Bill a few pointed questions; his graphic answers do not have to be set down in words.

Is it true you like “roughing it” on location?

How would you feel about another Academy Award?

Did “Picnic” present any artistic problems?
How do you like working with Kim Novak?

Do you think TV is a threat to movies?

What about reports "Picnic" is big box-office?

What do you think of gossip-mongers?
GRACE KELLY:

What’s Jean Pierre Aumont got?

Chance provided an idyllic meeting with the handsome Frenchman in Cannes and—wham! the Kelly romantic department underwent a complete change

By BILL TUSHER

WHILE GRACE KELLY was in Asheville, North Carolina, on location for "The Swan," Broadway and Hollywood buzzed with rumors that her curly-haired Gallic charmboy, Jean Pierre Aumont, had stolen away from rehearsal on his New York play, "The Heavenly Twins," to join her for a brief, but tender—and very clandestine—reunion near Asheville. When I checked MGM for confirmation or denial of this enticing tidbit, I was assured by a studio emissary who had been in Asheville with Grace that there was not a morsel of truth to the suggestion. Moreover, I received the gratuitous assurance that the byplay between Grace and Jean Pierre is "not a serious romance." MGM is not obliged to take Grace's latest amour seriously, but everyone else seems to think it would be moronic to minimize this trans-oceanic attraction of the sexes.

Nobody, with the possible exception of studio spokesmen who are occupational wizards at kicking up smokescreens of denials behind flaming romance, would dispute that the alluring Miss Kelly has it bad for the handsome French war hero. The question is: Does Grace have it so bad that she's apt to marry her itinerant boy friend to take the cure? Granting, as any appraisal of a Hollywood romance must, that nothing can be taken for granted, the Kelly-Aumont enchantment has been of such depth that one doesn't have to be a scientist or a clairvoyant to detect considerable gravitation toward the altar.

In sensing this trend, however, it is necessary to temper any forecasts with the recognition that the way to the marriage license bureau is strewn with obstacles. One of these easily could stem from the fact that although Grace's amorous surrenders have been neither numerous nor frequent, and although they have been executed in the most ladylike fashion, the luscious Philadelphian is not entirely lacking in susceptibility—this despite her vaunted stainless steel interior. She is exposed to many charming men in her work and travels. As her one time television producer, Fred Coe, once pointed out, and as subsequent events proved him correct: "You can't work with Grace continued on page 30
Kelly without falling at least a little bit in love with her."

An illustrious case in point is Jean Pierre Aumont, who first became enamored of Grace when he co-starred with her on a Sunday night NBC Playhouse drama two years ago. If his professions of affection are not to be dismissed as continental hyperbole, he fell a lot in love with her.

The point is that while in Hollywood laboring on "The Swan," Grace has not had Aumont's halter around her neck—or his ring around her finger. This condition of availability would make it foolhardy to suggest that so delectable a dish might not, pending a reunion with Aumont, lose her heart to a comparative interloper, who may be entirely unknown even to her at the moment.

As improbable as this seems, it cannot be swept under the rug as impossible. Who, for example, could have forecast in the flush of Grace's romance with Oleg Cassini, that chance would provide an idyllic meeting with Aumont in Cannes, and a complete change of love interests for Grace?

Without doubt, the path to the altar is cluttered with booby traps. But the overwhelming evidence, so far, is that instead of putting this torrid romance to sleep, distance has lent longing and fidelity. Enraptured cross-country telephone conversations between Grace and Jean offer proof that they still care, but it could conceivably be argued that this is not conclusive proof.

Grace's almost hermit-like personal life during production of "The Swan" would suggest that Aumont's enforced professional absence has not interfered with her well-known predi-
such depth that one needn't be psychic to see where it's heading

lection for concentrating on one project at a time. For the most part, she's been a positive stay-at-home. Whether the rumor of a North Carolina rendezvous with Aumont was a figment of the imagination or not, the few nocturnal excursions Grace has made while Aumont toiled on the Broadway boards were of such a nature as to make it abundantly clear that at this intriguing moment in her life, Miss Kelly does not have the slightest disposition to play the field.

Her dates—and it is stretching a point to describe them with a word usually carrying romantic connotations—have been disappointingly platonic even to the most imaginative purveyors of gossip. The obvious conclusion is that the spell of Aumont is still rich in her veins, and that she's got the romance department earmarked exclusively for him.

Grace was scheduled to complete her assignment in "The Swan" by December, in time to spend the Christmas holidays with her family in Philadelphia. There could be little doubt that the not-so-glacial beauty with the chameleon-like corn silk hair would see her family on her return to the East. She is most devoted to her kin. Likewise, there could be little doubt that she would tear herself away from her family, however reluctantly, in order to spend as much, if not more, time with the patient and pining Jean Pierre. She is very much devoted to Jean.

A strong likelihood, as the December farewell to Hollywood approached, was that when Grace visited her family for the Christmas season, she would bring with her a guest—one none other than Jean Pierre. This would give the clannish Kelly clan an opportunity to give Monsieur Aumont the once-over. And if this should come to pass, it could be interpreted only as a preliminary to the recitation of marriage vows. Grace is not notorious for having her parents inspect casual boy friends.

Adding further fuel to the roaring fires of matrimony speculation is the fact that Grace is not expected back in Hollywood until March, when she plans to participate in the annual Academy Awards presentation. She is not at this point up for a second Oscar, but with three months for the love virus to dig deeper, it could be that she may show up at the Oscar rites with a more animated trophy, the same Jean Pierre.

Nor is this idle speculation. Grace conceded to me at lunch recently that she and Jean are "very good friends," a remarkable concession considering its source. Certainly she never stuck her lovely neck that far out during her globe-girdling courtship by Oleg Cassini, a gentleman with whom most people, including some very close friends, had expected her to enter into the holy covenants of marriage.

But while Grace still is relatively reluctant to make public revelations about her private life, the party of the second part in this friendship, Monsieur Aumont, has not allowed his lips to be sealed by any such restraints. Ever since they rekindled the flame of love at Cannes, he has taken every opportunity to proclaim to the world that he has tumbled for Kelly like an unpopular French government.

"She is an adorable and sensational woman any man would be pleased and proud to marry," he sighed in Cannes, scene of the International Film Festival, on the heels of his idyll with his one time TV co-star in New York.

He even obliged with a flashback revealing the roots of their seemingly deep affection.

"For three months," he recalled those rapturous days before Grace had emerged as a Hollywood goddess, "we never left each other. Then life separated us. Now we meet again.

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With Jean Pierre in New York, Grace led a secluded personal life while making “The Swan”
I am extremely happy over this unexpected good fortune.
In Paris after he briefly tore himself away from Grace, Aumont spelled out his intentions—and his hopes—in even more unmistakable language, if that is possible.
"There is no one but Grace who counts for me," he blurted out frankly. "Grace is charming, adorable, very intelligent and very modest despite her beauty."

As Grace has told me many times, as, in fact, she reiterated when I interviewed her after her post-France reunion with Jean Pierre in Hollywood, there is nothing she abhors more than to have her personal life paraded in print. If she had any second thoughts, if there was any sobering morning after following her European hand-holding with Jean Pierre, he had given her an out on a silver platter. But the young lady obviously doesn't want out.

Instead of cutting the garrulous Aumont cold when he showed up in Hollywood, she joyously allowed him to monopolize all her time during his four-day Coast stopover en route to New York to fulfill his commitment for a Broadway play. When I was with Grace, she had a gayety and serenity that frequently, when encountered in so normally contained a young lady, is attributed to the thawing out powers of love.

Significantly, Grace has availed herself of none of the many opportunities to disclaim a serious romance. On the contrary, she has maintained an amused, rather than an annoyed, silence. The most pregnant remark attributed to her since the romance hit the front pages was her reported statement when asked if she and Jean were going to marry:

"He hasn't asked me yet, but he's a wonderful man."

This kind of talk—and this kind of silence—isn't calculated to pour cold water on marriage guessing bees. While Grace has not babbled about her affection to reporters, her actions would seem to have spoken as loudly as Aumont's words.

Her feelings were abundantly reciprocal in the now famous series of pictures outrageously bootlegged, and gleefully published all over the world, showing her billing and cooing with Jean Pierre at a table at a sidewalk restaurant on the Riviera. There scarcely was anything pedestrian about Grace's friendship with Jean as she took his hand, caressed it, kissed it, stroked her face with it, and buried her cheek in it.

Unless she was helping Jean rehearse for his then forthcoming Broadway play, the scene could have been a rehearsal for marriage. On the other hand, this touching, but harmless display of affection, as Aumont himself would be the first to acknowledge, would not necessarily obligate Grace to marry him.

But if they are so disposed, the obstacles don't seem insurmountable. Jean Pierre, purely on the basis of his matrimonial record, is apt to meet less family opposition, and less social opposition than that supposedly encountered by Grace's erstwhile suitor, the dashing couturier Cassini.

Cassini laid siege to Grace as a seasoned veteran of two spirited marriages, the first to patent medicine heiress, madcap Merry Fahrney, and the second—over bitter family opposition—to beautiful Gene Tierney. The fact that he had struck out in two marriages might well have meant, as persistently reported, that he had three strikes against him as far as the Kelly family was concerned. It certainly posed religious problems inasmuch as Grace is a devout Catholic, and her faith does not countenance divorce.

Aumont was married to the late Maria Montez. As a widower, presumably he would have clean skirts in the eyes of the Church. The only episode smacking of notoriety that attached to his name was his short-lived separation from Miss Montez six years before she died—while still his wife—in a reducing bath. In Paris at the time of the rift, Aumont lamented: "The beautiful dreams of love do not last forever."

Whether they last forever or not, he managed to rekindle

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JACK LEMMON was as thrilled as a sweepstakes winner the day he drove his brand new bright red Ford Thunderbird to the studio for the first time.

As he pulled up at the Columbia parking lot, his pals Dick Quine and Blake Edwards were walking out. Since both had Thunderbirds of their own, Jack decided to use the opportunity to let them test-drive his, "to be sure everything worked all right and that it needed no adjustments."

Dick and Blake were eager to oblige. A little bit too eager.

While Jack waited on the sidewalk, they drove off, grinning like two schoolboys playing hookey for the day. When they came back five minutes later, they looked worried. As they slowed to a stop, Jack could hear the clank, clank, clank. His face gaped in alarm. "What happened?"

Dick hesitated. "I'm not sure—sounds like something's wrong with the brake drum . . ."

"I better take it back to where I got it, in Westwood," Jack replied, looking very worried.

"If you do," Dick warned, "take it easy. For all I know you may have no brakes at all!"

Jack spent an uneasy day at the studio, wishing time would pass faster so he could find out what was wrong with his car. At last he was ready to leave.

It took him 45 agonizing minutes to drive back to Westwood, at a snail's pace. Perspiration was running down his face when he finally pulled into the repair shop.

The service manager only had to back up the car to find the trouble. Dick and Blake had put a big bolt inside the hubcap, which caused the clanking noise. When Jack found out, he laughed till he almost choked.

Jack’s sense of humor—particularly his ability "to take it"—has helped him on many occasions throughout his life. When other people might have gotten annoyed, discouraged, flustered or frustrated, he could always find something to chuckle about.

The Lemmons came to California during the latter part of 1953. With one picture finished, Jack was convinced that his
SON Chris always gets into the Lemmons’ act.
A Boston-bred Harvard man, Jack bears no discernible resemblance to a stuffed shirt

career and future income were assured. Consequently, he spent all but $1600 of his savings for the down payment on a home in Brentwood. Before long, he learned that anticipations and realities don’t always go hand in hand in Hollywood.

A forewarning of what the immediate future might hold was a notice that what little furniture they had sent from New York was lost en route. With the limited amount of cash available, Jack and Cinnie decided the three things they needed most were a stove, a refrigerator, and a bed. The first two had come with the house. That still left the bed. To save money, they settled on one—a single bed. The next 23 days were typified by an almost continuous, though good-natured, struggle for blankets and space, with Jack spending a good deal of the time on the floor.

At last their furniture arrived. After it was uncrated and unpacked, the Lemmons’ front lawn, backyard, garage and service porch were littered with cartons, papers, boxes, nails and other packing paraphernalia. A neighbor suggested Jack call a trash pick-up service to get rid of it.

The next morning the estimator showed up at the house just as Jack and Cinnie were having breakfast. It took him less than five minutes to come to a conclusion. “It’ll
cost you fifteen bucks to have it picked up and disposed of,” Jack made up his mind even more quickly. “No thanks.” He called a “U-rent-a-trailer” company and inquired about their rates. “Five dollars the first hour, two-fifty thereafter, and thirty dollars deposit,” was the laconic reply.

“I’ll be right over,” promised Jack, having figured out that the whole transaction wouldn’t take any more than an hour and a half, at the most, with the total cost in the neighborhood of $7.50—half of what he’d have paid the trashman.

He realized he was a bit off in his calculation when it took him nearly 20 minutes to bring the trailer from the rental place to his house and then another two hours to load it. Time was running up his bill. As he headed for the city dump, Jack figured he’d be lucky to break even with the original estimate. When he finally pulled in, he had a bright idea, “How about buying the wood I brought along?” he asked the attendant. The reply was pointedly negative.

Leave it to Jack to come up with a crack at a time like this. “The next thing you’ll tell me is that I’ll have to pay you something to leave it here,” he laughed, quite breezily.
Proud Papa—and mama—pose for family portrait with Chris who seems to have inherited his father's flair in front of a camera.

The attendant laughed right along with him. "You're so right, buddy. Two dollars and four bits . . ."

To make a long story short, by the time Jack unloaded the trailer, and returned it, he was out more than $20—over five dollars above the original estimate of the trashman.

"You know," Jack said as he told this one on himself, "after a while I got so desperate and the situation got so doggone ridiculous that if I couldn't have laughed about it, I'd have gone stark raving mad!"

Somehow Jack constantly gets into such predicaments but he always manages to see the funny side of it all.

It's a good thing that in spite of Jack's Harvard-Bostonian upbringing, he didn't turn into a stuffed shirt. Had this been the case, he'd have been upset when he and Cinnie tried to get their Finnish maid, Impy, used to their manner of living.

When they first hired her, she spoke very little English. Jack, who had experience in directing—at least on stage and in television—considered it a very small problem to teach her the rudiments of being a perfect maid. The first test came when the Lemmons gave a dinner party, and Jack taught her just the right intonation in announcing "Dinner is served."

The try-out guests for Impy's new talents were a producer and a director and their wives who had been properly impressed by Jack's tales of how wonderful their new maid was. Imagine everyone's surprise when, after the Lemmons and their guests had finished their second round of cocktails, Impy stuck her head into the living room and loudly shouted, "OK, everybody. Eats, ready, table."

"Didn't I tell you she was a pearl?" Jack grinned, un-daunted, and gave fair warning to all his friends and relatives that if they ever tried to take Impy away from him, he would shoot on sight!

Today, Jack's talents as an actor are matched by his gardening capabilities. And here, too, his sense of humor paid dividends. When he first bought his house he was most impressed by the lovely roses the previous owner had grown. As far as he was concerned, there was just one thing wrong with the method: the ditches around the plants disturbed him. He thought it would look prettier if the ground were flat. And

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In his private life and in the movies, Jack’s found that a sense of humor pays dividends

so, without discussing the matter with his gardener, Jack spent two full days leveling all the ditches.

When the gardener came back the next time he promptly reversed the procedure, knowing very well that unless the flowers had a basin to collect water, they’d soon die.

When Jack found out what had happened, he was ready to fire the man. But since he wasn’t around, Jack spent another two days erasing the ditches. This time he also left a note for the gardener not to touch the soil around the plants again. In return, he, too, got a note. “Since you know more about gardening than I do, I quit.”

It FINALLY dawned on Jack that he may have been at fault—a hypothesis that was quickly confirmed by a call to a nearby nursery. He spent another day-and-a-half digging ditches again. Then he sent a note to his gardener: “I was wrong. Please come back. P.S. If you want to direct my next picture, you’re hired.”

The gardener came back.

As could be expected, even in his every day work Jack’s attitude is one of his greatest assets. Thus when Columbia cast him in the Clark Gable part in the remake of “It Happened One Night,” the thought that he, like Gable, would have to strip to the waist in one of the best scenes of the picture haunted him for the better part of two weeks—till he decided to do something about it.

Not that Jack has a bad physique. But how many fellows are there in Hollywood whose build can compare with Gable’s? Jack had no illusions . . . He promptly enrolled at a gym.

When the head instructor met Jack the first time, he looked
a bit disillusioned. "It'll take a good amount of exercising to get you in shape," he sighed.

It so happened that this gym was frequented by seemingly all the muscle boys in Southern California. Naturally, they watched Jack with a great deal of curiosity when he reported for his first work-out.

"Now here are two 30-pound dumbbells," the instructor told him. "After you are able to raise them up ten times in a row, we'll increase the weight . . . ."

"Sounds all right to me," Jack came back, self-assured. The weights didn't look very heavy. He found out better when he tried to lift them. He got them up about halfway when he ran out of gas.

Since most of the muscle boys kept walking by with big smirks on their faces, Jack got a bright idea which, he hoped, would astound his muscle-bound associates . . .

AFTER his first week of exercise had ended—by then he was doing considerably better—Jack walked into the gym like he was ready to lift up the whole building. He beat his chest loudly when he got ready for the dumbbells, but instead of lifting the 30-pound ones, he reached for a pair that looked like they weighed 200 pounds apiece.

All eyes were on him when his muscles tightened, his face went through agonizing contortions, and then, wonder of wonders, he lifted them easily up over his head. Astonishment in the hall reigned supreme. Then everybody realized what had happened and started to laugh—with him, not at him.

The dumbbells, of course, were phony. Jack himself had planted them in the gym over the week-end after borrowing them from the studio. From then on, everyone was on his side. Instead of being supercritical, they urged him on and on to greater achievements.

Four weeks after he started he could lift the 30-pound dumbbells 37 times, and already had graduated to weights increased to 45 pounds for each arm. He may not have developed into a Mister America, but he could certainly expose his upper anatomy without having to blush.

Even as far as his son, Chris, is concerned—or maybe we should say particularly where Chris is concerned—Jack's sense of humor has helped him through some mighty precarious situations.

The first time he took him to a restaurant for dinner, for instance, Chris behaved beautifully—till Kim Novak and Mac Krim, who happened to be eating at the same place, walked over to say hello to Jack and Cinnie. One look at Kim—and Chris went wild! He grinned, gurgled, ducked his head and chortled, then grabbed a fist full of crackers and threw them all over the table at the rather startled Miss Novak. Cinnie gasped at her son's effort to attract Kim's attention. Not Jack. He was beaming. "That's my boy!" he burst out proudly. "He sees a pretty girl—and WHAM!"

"Just like his father," added Cinnie, who fortunately has a sense of humor too.
JANET LEIGH:

A visit to

BOBBY enjoys chatting with Janet before departure of her train. She’d just finished working on “Safari,” partly filmed in Africa.

GAZING out the window of dining car riding toward the Channel, Janet’s spirits are sky high—she’s less than one day away from Tony.
From London to Paris with love—that’s how Janet traveled to see her man when they were on opposite sides of the Channel.

A SMILING Janet prepares to board the Golden Arrow boat-train in London for trip to Paris.
JANET can just smell la belle France as she scans the horizon on deck of boat-train which took her direct to Paris without changing.

Janet's in fine fettle as boat-train crosses the Channel to reunite.

WEATHER got a little nippy on crossing so Janet borrowed officer's coat. Later she visited with the captain and enjoyed a good joke.
TOGETHER again—in Paris—after a separation of a few months while Janet worked abroad in "Safari" and Tony in "Trapeze."

her with Tony in Paris

BEAMING Janet views the Paris boulevards from her hotel window. END

HAPPINESS at being reunited is clear during Paris stroll.
GLENN FORD TELLS

How to get along in Hollywood

A battle-hardened veteran of many a stray banana peel tells when to zig and when to zag in filmdom

By JACK HOLLAND

YOU HAD TO see it to believe it.
In over eighteen years of writing about motion picture stars I'd never seen it before or even heard of such a thing happening.

It was during the filming of "Trial." Over 180 extras had been working on the set for about two weeks making the big trial scene. On the last day, Glenn Ford, the star, suddenly got up and made a short speech thanking the extras and telling them what a pleasure it had been working with them. Everyone was visibly moved by this gesture of Glenn's. And none could remember anything like it before.

This same gesture, if done by some stars, would have been called—and rightly so—pure corn and hammy histrionics. But those who know Glenn knew this was no stunt, no act.
It was strictly on the level.
Not long after this "Trial" incident, I went to Columbia to see Glenn work in "Jubal." I couldn't help noticing how the men on the crew honestly liked him. They didn't bow or scrape or cater to him—and they didn't cast daggers at him behind his back. They just sincerely thought he was a regular Joe. Many of them had known Glenn for years. One man knew him when he was a newsboy. Another was with him in the Marines. Another goes fishing with him. They all liked Glenn for a simple reason—he wasn't acting the star.

I have known Glenn since the early days when he used to haunt record shops trying to find bargains. He was just getting a start in

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pictures, he had little money, but he did have all the enthusiasm of a young guy who has his dreams. And after all these years, Glenn still has the same dreams and enthusiasm. Hollywood has not thrown him.

GLENN made no attempt to answer why he has kept a sense of balance. He realizes he has changed, that he has grown up, but he thinks this is to be expected. After all, he is older than he used to be.

"There are lots of things I've done recently I wouldn't have done before," Glenn commented quietly during a minute off from "Jubal." "I'd have been too self-centered then. But living and working in Hollywood teaches you a lot of things if you want to take time to learn them.

"Hollywood is a tough town. Let's not be Pollyanna-ish about that. It can beat you to a pulp. But it can also beat you into amounting to something. I've always tried to do what I thought was right. Not that I've always succeeded. But I did learn one important lesson early—not to let myself be weighed down by a lot of advice. I've acted more or less on my own, sometimes to my advantage and sometimes to my disadvantage. But at least the mistakes I made were my own.

"I have always believed that the best way to get along in Hollywood is to do my job as an actor as sincerely and as conscientiously as, possible and mind my own business. I have also felt that if I got a bad picture—and I've had plenty of them—I should just go on trying instead of getting dis-
couraged. When you’re doing your job you’re too busy to have
time to get fouled up in messy details that can make your life
a downright miserable affair.”

Like all newcomers, Glenn was, in the beginning, advised to
play social games—to be seen in all the night spots, to get in
gossip columns, to be part and parcel of the social cliques.
After all, you had to belong, didn’t you?

“Sure it’s important to have publicity,” Glenn said honestly.
“But you have to put it in its proper perspective. I’ve never
seen a good performance come out of Ciro’s or The Mo-
cambo. Of course, I don’t honestly like night clubs. I never
have. So maybe that’s why I feel as I do.

“As for the social routine, this talk about social obligations
one is supposed to maintain is a lot of hooey,” he snorted.
“The clique system is out of style anyway. Half of the parties
are given by people you don’t even know. Fortunately, I don’t
get asked to very many, because Ellie and I hardly ever go.

“We give about one big party a year ourselves—at Christ-
mas. The rest of the time we may average two or three other
small affairs. Our guest list consists of people who are usually
not in the business. Our last Christmas party was a typical
example—the list went from Jack Dempsey to Ben, the man
who delivers our milk.

“Naturally, I will go to some parties that I feel are neces-
sary to my work. But usually I go alone to these because Ellie
doesn’t like to leave home. It’s harder to get her out than it
is to move the Queen Mary.

“I have gone to a few such parties with another friend, and,
of course, this has given rise to all kinds of rumors and gossip.
Ellie and I have long since stopped paying any attention to
that kind of thing. The gossips can say what they want now.
We just don’t care. Yet, this lesson isn’t easy to come by.
Sometimes the town can destroy a marriage if either of the
parties believes or misinterprets a malicious bit of gossip.
Lots of things I’ve done could have been misinterpreted.

“For instance, there have been times when I was accidental-
ly seated next to a very attractive young lady at a dinner par-
ty. Such moments have been duly reported with all the ex-
pected distortions. Then, just recently, Ellie and I and some
friends went to the theatre. I was sitting next to a young lady
Ellie and I knew. The photographer took only her picture and
mine. You can imagine what this could have done if I’d been
concerned about gossip.

“Maybe I have learned to put the important things first—
and gossip as such is not important unless you make it so.”

SHIFTING the phonies in Hollywood from the real people
can be as trying a job as handling the gossips. Glenn met
a cross-section of the natives here early in his career and he
learned in due time which were the regulars and which were
the fast-talk boys.

“For a while I was the number one gullible boy,” Glenn
laughed. “I believed everybody. But now I can spot a phony
a mile off. There are those, for instance, who are always

can beat you to a pulp, but it can also make a man out of you”

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MITZI GAYNOR:

Come back, little

Mitzi Gaynor's riding the crest of a giant-sized wave now, but what a different story it was a year ago!

By Denny Shane

A HAPPy marriage has worked wonders for Mitzi, who talks things out with hubby Jack Bean instead of brooding over them.

At this moment, Mitzi Gaynor is in the happy position of riding the crest of a giant-sized comeback wave. She's about to make her big splash in "Anything Goes," in which she co-stars with Bing Crosby and Donald O'Connor, and which is said to have all the elements of a smash hit. She'll soon star in another highly touted Paramount product, "The Birds And The Bees," opposite George Gobel. She has a stack of scripts piled shoulder-high—picture and stage possibilities—and a European personal appearance in the offing.

Yet only a little over a year ago, it was announced in the papers that Mitzi Gaynor had asked for and received a release from her lucrative pact with 20th Century-Fox. That was putting it kindly.

Says Mitzi, in her characteristic candid fashion, "They let me go—and I was sick about it."

A few weeks before option time, she had approached the front office to inquire about her status and was told that she would be expected to make one more picture at the studio, starting several weeks later, but that, since no further appropriate roles were in the offing, her option was not being lifted.

How does it happen that a seemingly successful young star like Mitzi Gaynor can find herself "out" at the ripe old age of 23—and apparently heading for greater fame than before just about a year later?

At 19, Mitzi Gerber, five feet, six inches of girlish bounce and theatrical know-how, was plucked from the second lead of the operetta, "The Great Waltz," to co-star with Betty Grable and Dan Dailey in the movie, "My Blue Heaven."

A 20th Century-Fox talent scout, who had caught her Los Angeles performance in the operetta, invited her to test at 20th. It was Mitzi's first acquaintance with a movie studio and cameras.

"Being used to heavy stage make-up, thick dark lashes and all, that I applied myself, I felt barefaced when the make-up girl prepared me for the test," Mitzi recalled, "and I'm sure I was shouting my lines loud enough to catch the last row of a live theatre audience."

Regardless of what Mitzi thought of her own screen test, it impressed studio executives, motivating them to place $1,000 a week at Mitzi's disposal, to garnish her windfall with a starring part for her first movie role, and to roll 20th's heaviest publicity guns into position, with bigtime promotion of their vivacious young "find" as target. Her

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At 23, Mitzi felt the long hand of fate—she was all washed-up in films. But after a brief period of self-pity, she decided to fight back.
name changed from Gerber to Gaynor, speedily became known to movie fans as the monicker of a real cutie-pie, a lively kid with a lot of sparkle.

In the year following her discovery, Mitzi made five pictures in rapid succession. None was nominated for an Academy Award, but Mitzi’s reviews indicated that she was handling her roles expertly.

On the outside, her vast amount of publicity was concentrated on a considerably more sophisticated plane—when would Mitzi marry Richard Coyle, the very handsome young lawyer with whom her name was exclusively paired? Or would she? Or had she already? Columnists found this subject of sufficient interest to ponder at great length.

A LL IN ALL, life in movietown was very rosy in 1951 for Mitzi Gaynor. Then came 1952, a year which brought only one picture assignment. The studio, it seems, was beginning to run out of cute-girl roles for Mitzi. Having an abundance of time on one’s hands—even with $1,500 now rolling in weekly—can cause restless, even uneasy moments.

Following an appendicitis operation, Mitzi spent a lot of time taking it easy—eating, sleeping, sunning. Ruefully, she confesses now, her 112 pounds snuck stealthily up to perhaps 135. Things had just slowed down entirely too much for Mitzi Gaynor. The following year she again made only one picture and that wasn’t really for her own studio, but rather for a subsidiary that uses 20th’s facilities and players. It was becoming quite clear that Mitzi’s star was not in the ascendency. More bluntly, her career was on the skids.

Her big romance had also cooled, but through a strange set of circumstances, Mitzi met someone new. One of the major talent agencies, MCA, had set out to woo the young star to join its family of clients. Assigned to the task was one of the elder agents, whose reasoning power was stronger than his rhumba. And he had arranged a date to take Miss Gaynor to the Coconant Grove. Approaching one of the younger bachelors in the TV department of the firm, he propositioned:

“Come on along to the Grove tonight. I’m taking a prospective client. You do the dancing and I’ll do the talking.”

That was how Mitzi met her future husband, Jack Bean. Two years and millions of conversations later, Jack and Mitzi were married—on November 18, 1954. Long before that eventful date, Jack had uttered some pretty important words to Mitzi. Contrary to popular belief, he does not run her career, but these two have—almost from the start—discussed practically everything and anything unself-consciously. They are very close to each other.

Shortly after they met, that night at the Grove, Mitzi was
although she remained vivacious, her thinking underwent a change

It was then that Mitzi went to the front office to get the lowdown on her up-coming option and was told that the studio had a picture for her—one more—"There's No Business Like Show Business." Then she'd be on her own.

Right then, at the time Mitzi Gaynor learned that her soft berth was slipping away, was the turning point in her movie career. First, she was terribly blue. With the emotional response of a true daughter of music, which she is, Mitzi felt dreadfully hurt. She searched herself for fault, accused herself of imagined deficiencies.

It occurred to her that though her theatrical career had started on the stage in her early teens, when she became a ballerina, show business had invariably been a matter of much pleasure for her. Everything about it, learning lines and all the rest, was easy for her. Maybe she allowed it to be too easy. Mitzi figured she was a little tardy in her realization that she'd fallen into a rut, but she had one last chance to work herself out of it. Without quite realizing it until then, Mitzi had become typed as a cute and saucy kid.

"Until then," she said, "I thought making movies was just fun. I still love every minute of it, but with a difference. "I've schooled myself to concentrate, really concentrate. I realize now it's the most important thing in acting. You can even dislike a person you're playing opposite and appear con-

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No longer fearful of being on her own career-wise, Mitzi welcomes the chance to select roles she likes

"THE BIRDS AND THE BEES": Mitzi with David Niven.

"ANYTHING GOES": Mitzi's comeback gets off to a roaring start in this big musical.
Mitzi's way of handling herself, career-wise, has altered since the big switch. She was always sweet, straightforward, honest, punctual—well-liked for her dependability and amiability. In all, Mitzi Gaynor was a very pleasant co-worker to have around, but perhaps a shade too compliant for the best interests of her own career welfare.

THOSE associated with her at Paramount on her two recent assignments there seem to like her every inch as much as the folks at 20th, but they also register reaction that she raised some very interesting questions regarding her own portrayals and costuming. She wanted logical answers and wasn't satisfied until she got 'em.

This is where Jack Bean enters the picture. There are those who would have him play the role of a Svengali, a wizard who masterminds the Gaynor gains. Such miscasting is very amusing to those who know Mitzi's husband. He's a clean-cut looking young man in his early 30's who is bright, perceptive and likable. He is also shrewd about people, holds a master's degree in psychology and adores his wife. He wants her happy. A good while before they were married she asked Jack whether he thought she should continue with making movies. She was finding fault with herself at the time, accusing herself of being deficient at her work. He told her right then as far as he was concerned, she could do anything she wanted to so long as she made an effort to do it to the very best of her ability.

He also explained that he felt the only way to clear the mind is to talk out any matters of concern, not to bottle them up. That is exactly what Jack and Mitzi do.

Jack has something to do with Mitzi's success, all right. His way is subtle and effective. It accomplishes the purpose of a man who loves her. He encourages her along the path of growing up to an adult way of reasoning out her own answers, a policy he seems to have followed from the time they met.

Mitzi's adult approach, so badly needed to boot her sagging career out of its rut, is evidenced by more than her departure from coltish roles and a youthful fear of being on her own, career-wise. She welcomes the chance to pick her own parts now, preferably romantic comedy. Even more impressive, Mitzi now has a pretty clear idea of the relative importance of things.

I heard she was interested in doing a Broadway show and asked her about it.

"I'm reading some scripts," she answered.

"What if Jack couldn't adjust his business to go to New York with you?" I asked her.

"We haven't talked that over yet," she replied, "but I couldn't get very far away from Jack for any length of time." she said simply. "I can't be happy unless I can see Jack happy, too."
Audie dates the Mrs.
DEVOTED to their sons, Audie and Pam wouldn’t dream of dashing off for the night without making sure they were safely in bed.

LIKE most husbands, Audie is ready to go hours before the l'il woman and can't understand what is taking her so long to dress.

Homebodies Audie and Pam Murphy don their Sunday best and treat themselves to a rare evening of merry-making on the town.

PAJAMA-CLAD Terry, reluctant to turn in, presents a bit of a problem until Daddy reassures him everything will be all right. continued on page 56.
On their big night out, Audie and Pam make wishes, shop for toys and do all the little gay things that spell out fun.
**DINNER** for two goes from oysters to cherries jubilee. Audie, now in "World In My Corner," forgets film-making this memorable evening.

**AFTER** dinner, Audie and Pam dance and talk. On the way home, they drop into the hotel's gift shop to get toys for their two sons.
SCANNING the steppes of Asia is enough to make a Greek conqueror’s mouth water. So is Marisa de Leza, who plays a temptress.

Alexander was great

And so is Richard Burton as the youthful—and tragic—king who came closer to world conquest than any other man
CLAIRE BLOOM, English charmer, makes Dick Burton's heart throb in "Alexander The Great."
A man who had faith

Confidence was all Howard needed and he got that unexpectedly

A GREAT man is not always a big man. I mean a big money man or tops in fame and success. A man can achieve greatness through what he gives of himself to others, a principle that is demonstrated daily by the many people who have made up the "links" in our own Thank you chain on "On Your Account." Such a man was the late singer-actor George Houston, according to another singer-actor named Howard Keel.

"George helped so many young singers when they needed help most—early in their careers. I was lucky enough to be one of them and I can never adequately express my gratitude to him," says Howard. "He was never a professional teacher. He never charged or accepted fees. But he taught us so much. Some other singers who were coached by him about the time I was were John Raitt, of the musical stage, Brian Sullivan and George London, now both at the Metropolitan Opera.

"I never understood exactly why George didn't reach the top rung of success himself. He was a big, handsome man with a fine personality and a good voice. He sang the lead in MGM's 1938 musical film, 'The Great Waltz,' but that was the biggest film role he had. He did stage roles and concerts, but was overshadowed in his field at that time by Lawrence Tibbett and John Charles Thomas. But he never became embittered.

"George's greatest satisfaction in life seemed to come from helping young talent. He was married but childless. Perhaps that was why he treated young singers like his own children. He was only 48 when he died of a heart attack. His life ended far too soon. I shall always regard him as a great man," Keel says.

"It was really George's faith in my future that made me take singing seriously and really work at it. When I met him I had no real confidence in my singing; I didn't know what I could do. But after working with him for a while I felt that if he believed in someone, that person must have something—including me. So, in his subtle way, he instilled much-needed confidence in me."

You have to know Keel's background to understand that early lack of confidence. You see, he discovered his voice practically by accident. Ironically, this same Keel with the big bass-baritone voice was turned down when he tried for the glee club in high school back in Gillespie, Illinois! After his father's death, Howard came West with his mother and brother. They settled in Fallbrook, California, where Howard finished high school. He wanted to become a surgeon, but lack of finances ruled that out.

He had to go to work and his first job was as dishwasher and fry cook in Hollywood. Later, he worked in parking lots. But he was a good mechanic and friend offered to get him a job in the Douglas Aircraft factory. Later on, he switched to North American Aircraft. At sometime along in there he discovered he had a voice. All of a sudden, he was singing at parties, just for kicks.

See Dennis James daily on "On Your Account," CBS-TV, 4:30 p.m. EST, sponsored by Procter & Gamble.
So popular did he become that Howard decided to try using that voice professionally. He quit his aircraft work and got a job as a singing-waiter. But he didn’t like it, left after a short time and went back to Douglas.

However, he didn’t stop warbling. As a matter of fact, he started going to evening classes in singing at Los Angeles High School and there he auditioned for the operas being produced in English by George Houston with conductor Hans Lert. But nothing happened.

Lert at that time was also rehearsing the oratorio “Saul And David” with a 70-piece orchestra in Pasadena. Three days before the performance the basso was called to Texas. Lert, recalling Keel’s audition, located him and asked if he could sing the part. Howard then sang only bass—he didn’t get into baritone roles until he was signed for films. His honest answer was “I don’t know, but I’ll try.” With only three days’ rehearsal, and singing for the first time with a symphony orchestra, he made it. In fact, his performance was so good that after the final curtain George Houston, who had been in the audience, told him, “I’d like to talk to you about your future.”

And thus did the influence of Houston enter Keel’s life. “George, by this time, was still in pictures, but regrettably not in singing roles. He devoted his evenings to coaching or directing—without fee. He always wanted to direct movies, but never did. His consistent advice on acting was ‘Naturalness above all.’ He wasn’t the type who gave a lot of advice or quoted sage sayings—his actions spoke for themselves. And his philosophy always was, ‘I don’t want anything from this except the pleasure of working with young talent.’”

Keel’s work for Douglas took him to the Middle West in 1944 and, with the confidence instilled by Houston, he entered the Mississippi Valley Music Festival and the Chicago Music Festival. He won in both contests. Back in Los Angeles, the following year he auditioned for the National Concert Agency and was signed immediately. He kept his Douglas job and sang in spare time. Then, in 1945, came the break which sent him to New York for “Carousel” and “Oklahoma!” and after a year’s run with the latter in London, came his film debut.

“It was George who had convinced me I had to stand on my own two feet and try concerts. Additionally, he suggested some of my numbers and coached me. “He went through life trying to help others. It’s typical that he had joined the French Ambulance Corps in 1914 before the United States entered World War I, then switched to our own service in 1917. His greatest talent, apparently, was helpfulness. And for that, who can deny that George Houston was a great man?” asks the star of “Kismet,” adding, “I hope someday I too can help young talent develop their potentialities.”

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AUDREY MEADOWS:

She looked like an unmade bed (once)

But that was the only way Audrey could convince Jackie Gleason that she was the girl he needed for his TV show

By FLORENCE EPSTEIN

WHEN Steve Allen carried off Jayne Meadows he broke up the kind of sister act they write plays about. Comedies—the ones that combine hilarity with sentiment and run for years.

Even as she was led to the altar, Jayne sighed to Audrey, "Maybe you'll meet someone . . ."

"Are you out of your mind?" said Audrey. "I've got a career, a lot of laughs, money to pick up and go where I please—no man could possibly give me more."

Of course, there's love, which Audrey forgot to mention. Early this summer, alert columnists were gleefully preparing to make Audrey eat her words. They let fall an item that she was shuttling back and forth to Washington, D. C., on purely non-political grounds. There was a businessman down there, they said, who had one foot in the door of the marriage license bureau. Apparently, the door jammed, because next thing you knew, people were saying, "I never figured Audrey and Phil Silvers would hit it off so well together."

Probably the only reason some handsome brute hasn't come along and seized the girl is because she won't let him. The mind Audrey Meadows has is completely her own. And even without sister Jayne's constant companionship, she knows how to make life interesting—if not dazzling.

Over the next three years, Audrey stands to earn a million dollars as the dead pan, highly nasal and devastatingly sarcastic Alice Kramden, TV wife of Jackie Gleason. The first thing Audrey did when she heard about Gleason's tremendous $11,000,000 deal with CBS was to call him up.
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"This is Aly Khan speaking," said Jackie when he answered the phone. "Honestly, we were like a couple of kids, gigging and all," Audrey says. The next thing she did was try to think of ways to spend the money fast. It isn't hard. "After all," she says, "when was making only three hundred dollars a week I thought nothing of buying a fit for three hundred dollars.

She had it in mind to buy a new car. Lovely fancy. Just a handmade job called The Wildcat Three. It resembles rocket and cost $130,000.

"Since the General Motors people were going to sponsor us, they said I might be able to get it for $100,000," Audrey says. But actually, they didn't think I should buy it. It goes 300 miles per hour in seconds. Can you imagine that?"

If there is anything Audrey appreciates about her acting career, it's the money. I'm just not the kind who'd die for her art," she honestly admits. "My aim is to make as much money as possible so I can buy clothes and travel. In other words, I enjoy my money. But don't get me wrong. Just because I get a real kick out of donning jewelry, wrapping the mink I bought myself around me and leaving Alice Kramden behind, doesn't mean I don't love the girl. Alice can't afford mink or acrobatics in Europe, but she's made it possible for me to enjoy them.

Audrey also enjoys to the hilt the work that earns her the loot. "Gleason is adorable to work with," she says. "So is Art Carney. For that matter, so is the whole crew. It's wonderful. By riding along with Jackie we all share in his popularity."

But Audrey does not merely ride along. As the distaff side of "The Honeyoons," she's won the admiration of even so stern a critic as The New Yorker magazine which called her, "a truly engaging young woman with a deadly comic approach." And Jackie says, "Audrey manufactures lines like a rope maker—then the script gets fouled up."

This dynamic bundle of talent was almost overlooked by Gleason in his intense search for the right Alice. One day Gleason's manager met Audrey's manager on the street and they both stopped by at Audrey's for a chat.

"Know anyone who can play Alice?" Gleason's manager asked her.

Audrey took a quick look around the room. "Me," she said.

"Nah," both managers said. "You're not the type."

But they arranged an interview anyway, and Audrey got all dolled up to meet Gleason. He said hello and goodbye, then called in both managers.

"Are you guys crazy?" he asked them.

"She's too young and too good-looking."

Audrey, who hadn't really cared about the job, now sizzled with desire for it. She had some photos taken of her the minute she woke up one morning, first making sure she looked like an unmade...
AUSTRAY MEADOWS continued

bed. When Gleason saw them he thought she was perfect for the part. But it took some time to convince him it was the same girl.

Audrey claims she owes whatever success she has to her sister Jayne, since Audrey had never even wanted to be an actress. “I learned to speak Chinese before I could speak English,” she says. “And I always wanted to be a spy. But Jayne wanted to act. Thank God she got her way.”

The reason Audrey spoke Chinese first is because she was born in Wu Chang, China, where everybody speaks it. Her father, the Reverend Francis Cotter, was an American missionary there. Audrey, her sister and two older brothers (now successful lawyers) were brought up by an amah until Audrey was five. Then they came to Providence, Rhode Island.

The little girls were quite a curiosity. A lady who worked for the Providence Journal under the byline of Mother Goose thought they’d make charming copy. The girls were very cooperative. They told

Mother Goose that the Chinese whacked at their fingers with carving knives every time they reached for cookies.

“My poor dears,” said the old lady. “Do you have many scars?”

“No,” they said. “We were too quick for them.”

From Providence, the family moved to Sharon, Connecticut, where Audrey’s parents still live. One summer, a friend of the Cotters gave a lawn party for members of a summer stock company. Jayne persuaded her brother to take her there. She smeared on dark pancake make-up, black-red lipstick and wore the longest earrings she could find all because she’d heard that the part of an Italian signora was still to be cast.

Arriving at the party she arranged herself languidly on some lawn furniture and waited to be discovered. She was, by a very amused director. Despite the disappointing fact that almost every other girl in Sharon found her way into the company, Jayne’s career had started.

Audrey, who was tall and thin, distinguished herself in school by singing the boys’ parts in various musicals. Jayne urged her to take lessons. When she was 16, Audrey’s singing teacher hired Carnegie Hall and she made her debut there as a coloratura soprano. Just as she was getting ready for college Jayne said, “Come to New York instead. We’ll get jobs on the stage.”

“What wild times they were,” Audrey recalls. “Dad used to drive us in for auditions and Jayne and I would rehearse in hotel powder rooms.”

Jayne, from the superiority of her 18 years, would dress her 16-year-old sister to fit the role being cast. Once, they heard that the Thalian Guild was looking for someone to play a waif. Audrey, properly attired, was plunked onto a seat in the waiting room at the Guild office. After a long while, one of the female executives walked over.

“Little girl,” she said to Audrey, “you look very peaked. Why don’t you go across the street and get a bowl of soup?”

Jayne always went with her on auditions. Other hopefuls dragged along serious-minded accompanists. Audrey never even considered that idea. There was the occasion she stood Jayne on the stage, left her to run to the piano and hit a note (for pitch) and hummed it all the way back to Jayne’s side. Then they both broke into a shattering rendition of “Farewell, Wesleyan-a,” one of their brother’s college songs.

“If they’d had jobs for two idiots,” they later recalled, “we’d have got them.”

Somehow Audrey did manage to land singing jobs with the Gordon String Quartet, in nightclubs and finally on Broadway where she was the lead in “Top Banana” for 16 weeks.

During the second World War, she toured the South Pacific with a USC troupe. “I was reported dead on three different occasions. It got so frightening I was afraid to look in a mirror.”

Still very much alive, but weakened by yellow fever, Audrey went to Hollywood to recuperate and visit Jayne who had made a name for herself there.

Audrey never got far in films. “I was fed up with movie executives,” she says. “They always sat with their backs to me during an interview.”

Once she got tired of waiting in an outer office and popped a large piece of hard candy into her mouth. Just then a secretary chose to usher her into the inner sanctum. Audrey didn’t bother to remove the jawbreaker. The executive finally swivelled in his chair to get a look at her and his eyes popped.

“Oh,” said Audrey. “If you want to photograph me on this side, I’ll just shift the candy to the other side.”

She felt she belonged in New York and came back. When Jayne joined her they rented a four-room apartment in the East Fifties and continued to help each other.

“Jayne’s forte was drama and music and comedy,” Audrey says. “We attended each other’s rehearsals whenever possible and offered advice or criticism. Jayne is not only my sister, she’s my best friend.”

AUDREY loves working with Jackie and she’s a perfect foil for him on the “Honeymooners."
The girls called each other Eleanora or Duse) and Sarah (for Bernhardt) and got along beautifully. "We never fell the same kind of men," Audrey says. We once axed a suitor because he was interested in both of us. We knew he didn't have much of right for either of us. "We used to impersonate each other on the phone, and Jayne always dreamed up the weirdest things which I was always racy enough to do." "Motorizing through midtown Manhattan one day they spied a runaway horse. Stop him, Audrey!" yelled Jayne. Audrey jumped out of the car and started a hot pursuit. She caught hold of the riddle and let it drag her till the horse got tired. Meanwhile Jayne dashed into a restaurant and imperiously demanded a bowl of sugar and a napkin. "What for?" said the owner. "To replace the energy of an exhausted horse," she haughtily explained. Audrey's springboard in TV was the Bob and Ray show. At the audition they asked her if she could play the harp and the fiddle. She couldn't, but that didn't stop her from seeing yes. "No matter what you ask Audrey she says yes," Jayne said later. "Some day she'll find herself in a cage with nothing but a chair between her and three hungry, snarling lions."

This time she merely found herself the part of the aristocrat, Lydia Lovely, who was forever pulling a bellcord for a butler who never came. One day she had an idea. She wore sneakers with her floor-length gown and instead of pulling the cord climbed up it hand over hand. Everyone broke up but Audrey. To her, the stunt wasn't funny—just logically in keeping with Lydia's character. No wonder John Crosby calls her "master of the deadpan."

Despite her antics (she claimed at another audition that she could whistle through her teeth and do a soft shoe dance in combat boots, and was not at all upset when asked to stand on her head and sing an aria at the same time), Audrey called Jayne the childlike one who lived in a world of imagination. She, Audrey, was the realist.

However, it was Audrey who bought a polaroid camera and had her sister photograph her in every possible costume so that she'd know, when she arrived in Europe, which was most becoming.

It was Audrey who once volunteered to get dressed while water skiing—with the speedboat at full speed—so that photographers could get a good picture of her arrival, at a resort. This was daring but not fatal since Audrey is an expert water skier. Also a terrific tennis player. "But I'm a happy spectator, too," she says. "I love to read, try to get ten hours sleep and like to cook."

Plainly, Audrey enjoys whatever she does, wherever she is. That's a girl the boys write home about but so far can't take with them.

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Let's look at the records

Reviews of new discs by BOB CROSBY

I give you Her Nibs, Miss Georgia Gibbs, flying high with the moving Italian ballad, "Goodbye To Rome." A quick switch in mood on the flip, "24 Hours A Day" is good, good Gibbs for Mercury.

Have no fear, Liberace here! and he's "Sincerely Yours." Well, that's what it says on the Columbia album, from the sound track of the Great Man's new movie. It's a collection of old and new Liberace favorites, sure to please. Just wonder what's with Perry Como, and up comes a Como click — "All At Once You Love Her" and "The Rose Tattoo," two sensitive ballads warmly interpreted with the easy charm of Como (Victor). . .

Another sock jump tune for Chuck Berry, "Thirty Days" looks like a pop & R&B favorite. Chuck belts out the flip, "Together," in a quieter mood but with strong feelings. (Chess) . . . Liberty brings along a new artist with an old song and mighty nice they are — Julie London caresses those notes of "S Wonderful" and makes you think so too. Flip's a poignant and lovely new ballad, "Cry Me A River." . . .

New inspirational number that's headed for the heights — "Young Abe Lincoln," with young Don Cornell belting out the lyrics with fervor and warmth. Flip of the Coral disk is a dreamy ballad called "Dream World." . . .

You can play Johnnie Ray's new platter across the board — it's a 3-way winner. "Johnnie's Comin' Home" has a sentimental but fast-paced C&W appeal; "Love, Love, Love" switches to the rock 'n roll treatment, both pack a pop sock, too, for Columbia. . . . A mighty mellow gal named Sarah Vaughan sings "C'est La Vie" with that sultry warmth we know and love. "Never" on the flip makes this a duo to cherish (Mercury). . .

The Four Aces stir up an exciting batch of wax with "A Woman In Love" from the popular musical, "Guys And Dolls." Makes a good combo with "Of This I'm Sure" for Decca.

In case you find yourself face to face with the big pay-off, "$64,000 Jazz" may supply you with the winning answer. A dozen jazz immortals perform on this exciting LP platter, the selections chosen by George Avakian for Columbia. . . .

Once upon a time there was another Liberace (George). Just to prove it he waxed a platter of "Strauss Waltzes For Dancing" that is real George, also. (Columbia). . . . Teresa Brewer shoots up with "Shoot It Again," for Coral, and the oil crystal ball shows plenty of spurs for this one. Bleeding hearts will love the flip, "You're Telling Our Secrets," sung with a catch in the voice. . . . If your budget doesn't run to the fancier wines you can still have "Champagne For Dinner" by way of Armando and his orchestra and an RCA Victor album of enchanting mood music. Ooh, la, la! Such a mood! . . . Val Valente, a great voice, gives an impassioned rendition of "With All My Heart" and "Touch Of Love" (Columbia). Sort of a Neapolitan Johnnie Ray, you might say.

Lou Busch (Joe "Fingers" Carr) moves in with an instrumental waxing of "Zambesi" that's impressive and exciting. "Rainbow's End" is on the reverse, and this one could bring in the pot of gold (Capitol). . . . Memories Of You, an oldie featured in "The Benny Goodman Story," gets a modern treatment by the Four Coins and it's all to the good. "Tear Down The Fence" backs it up and Epic ties it up. . . . Doris Day springs a surprise that her fans will love. With a complete change of pace she slams into a rocking rhythm number by Bob Merrill. "Ooh Bang," and proves this gal can do but anything. Backed by "Jimmy Un-Known," it's a Columbia disc.

"The Bob Crosby Show" is seen Monday through Friday on the CBS-TV network from 3:30 to 4:00 p.m. EST.
Sheila Graham’s Hollywood Lowdown

continued from page 6

Sheila Madison introduced me to their adorable infant, between canapes when they housewarmed their cottage on a Hollywood Hill. The view was stunning, but not more so than the new lovely Mrs. M., who is making up to her Guy for the misery of his former marriage.

The quarrels in the marriage of Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh are a thing of the past now. When I saw Janet in London and Tony in Paris, all Jan talked about was Tony and vice versa. They are more in love now than at any time since I've known them. By the way, the reason for the Dick Contino break-up with voluptuous Leigh Snowden is because Dick let her know that his career is more important to him than marriage.

And the reason Rock Hudson jumped the gun on his "No marriage before I'm 30" promise was his desire for privacy. And having attended so many of these wedding circuses, I don't blame him. The worst of them all was the Rita Hayworth-Dick Haymes nuptials with the click-clack of the cameras dawning out the "I do's." I hope Rita picks a less troublesome mate the next time around. But how can you be mad at a girl who is so loyal to the muddle she married? The Paris reports of a possible get-together of Rita and her ex, Prince Aly Khan, are ridiculous. Aly has eyes and heart for only one lady these cold Paris nights—Bettina the model. And they might be married by the time you read this . . . Ditto for Gregory Peck and Veronica Passani.

And don't sell the Donald O'Connor-Gloria Noble whatever it is, short. I see them hand-holding all over town. . . . There were denials when I first reported that Hal March would marry the ex-Mrs. Mel Torme, but when I saw them holding hands in Luchow's one Sunday evening, the facts of love were obvious. . . . And still in the romance department, the surprise marriage of 1955 was Yvonne DeCarlo's to stuntman Robert Morgan. This sultry siren, aged 33, was always in love, never a bride. The only other time she was engaged was to another stunt man, Jacques O'Mahoney, now just plain Jack Mahoney and the star of the "Range Rider" TV series.

The second biggest surprise of the old year—Vic Mature's half a million dollar settlement on ex-wife Dorothy. And I honestly believe that Vic forked out this huge sum to spare a court fight which could only have hurt Dotty's schoolboy son, whom Victor adored. "I realized I was hanging onto him, not to the marriage," Vic told me in Europe.

Poor Cy Howard, he tried to put me off after making a date with me for tea in his Paris apartment, but I didn't go.

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HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

continued

home and so missed his “Sorry can’t do it, am in conference” telegram. You can imagine his embarrassment when I arrived on the dot of five and no conference! There was naturally no sign of Gloria Grahame, the girl who took him for better or worse in a black robed wedding a year ago—just Cy, his sniffsly and his secretary. He was working, he told me, on the Ingrid Bergman-Mel Ferrer movie, “Red Carnation.” And I hope they all know what they are doing because Cy is better known for his comedy stuff for Martin and Lewis, and Marie Wilson. Don’t get mad at me again, Cy. I’m always ready to be pleasantly surprised.

The only thing holding up the Jack Webb divorce from Dorothy Towne is MONEY. When last heard from, Dotty’s lawyers were up to their brief cases in Jack’s financial facts, ma’am. But after the big bite taken by his first wife, Julie London, I’m wondering what will be left for Number Two. It isn’t any of my business, but it seems to me that Sergeant Friday is one of nature’s bachelors.

The biggest surprise during my London visit was the wife of new heartthrob, Rossano Brazzi. She’s twice the size of her husband but an absolute angel, and I hope Brazzi won’t allow his success to hurt his marriage—it often does, you know. Rossano told me he believes in slapping women. “Has he ever slapped you?” I asked his wife. “No,” she giggled. “He’d be afraid to.” The Italian star had a royal tussle with Katharine Hepburn, he told me, at the start of their “Summertime” picture. “In fact she walked off the set when I refused to allow her to teach me to act. But we ended up great friends, and I think she’s the most wonderful woman in the world—next to my wife of course.” Mrs. B. just giggled.

Paging Jose Ferrer. I’d like your version of the fight with producers Irving Allen and Cubby Broccoli. According to a spokesman for the latter, Jose did not finish directing or starring in “Su vivors Two”—he quit after allowing for 60 minutes of film which was missing an ending. I grant that Jose is temperamental. But he’s also a pro and amateurs walk out before the job is done.

And talking of pros—you should have heard Mel Ferrer when he read a new item that wife Audrey Hepburn sulked in her “War And Peace” dressing room. “She’s a professional,” said Mel. “She’d never let her producer down like that.” I believe it. ... And in passing it'll be a long time before Mel and Audrey work in the same picture. They are both good and tired of the repeated untrue that Mel’s riding to fame on Audrey’s reputation. He was a star lon before they met.

Alec Guinness wore a new toupe for “The Swan,” his MGM picture with Grace Kelly. And here’s a laugh. In this story, her Grace plays a cold fish. ... The $6,400,000 question in Hollywood is how can Judy Garland lose some of the enormous weight and retain her health. The fat is unhealthy and unbecoming. But it’s worse when she dikes. A good psychiatrist could remove the cause for the over-eating. ... Mike Todd sus made it tough for the other producers in Paris when he cleared away all those cars from the scene of his “Around Th World In 80 Days.” The irrate owner made such a fuss, that the head of the gendarmes made a new ruling, prohibiting outdoor locations in Paris unless okayed by the Prefecture. ... Meanwhile Evelyn Keyes has more or less given u waiting for Mike to marry, and is sul merging her grief—if any—by going to school in Paris.

Orson Welles is wanted, but badly, in Paris by some of his disgruntled performers who claim he owes them a salary. And the BBC in London is looking for him to start the television series he allegedly promised but hasn’t delivered...
Jeff Chandler's hair is now SNOW WHITE. . . Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds face their first real separation since the wedding in the Catskills, with Debbie having to make "The Catered Affair," and Eddie not yet having worked out a deal with his sponsors to do his TV show permanently from Hollywood. After his Ford Jubilee for CBS-TV, December 17th, Eddie had to return East.

There ought to be a law against that French reporter who poison-penned that Gina Lollobrigida wears falsies. Doesn't the man have eyes? . . . You'll like Sophia Loren, who comes to Hollywood in the very near future for a major studio. . . Gina's due here too, to settle her contract problems with Howard Hughes. And with these two fiery Italian ladies in our midst, you can expect some temperamental tantrums. These gals hold nothing back!

The silliest story of the year—that Bing Crosby would retire. He tried it once, then ran screaming back to the tape recorder at CBS. And he's huddling right now with Harry Ackerman for some more biggies on TV. . . Lonesomest man in town—Gene Kelly. His wife Betsy Blair spends more time now in Europe than here, making pictures—producing as well as acting. Betsy gave up her career when she married Gene. Which just goes to prove that a good thing can wait. . . New star Dana Wynter has a new love—Lord Rothermere, the British press Lord. His family has long owned the London Daily Mail. Dana made a hit with his lordship, in spite of asking him at their first meeting, "What do you do?"

Happiest face of the year—Rhonda Fleming's, when I saw her at the London airport waiting to welcome Doctor Lew Morrill. This was a long way from the day when Rhonda accused the doctor of locking her out of their home. . . Kathryn Grayson's "illness" cost her $150,000 for withdrawing from "Port of Africa," after two agreeable conferences with the author. No one can quite understand Kathy's withdrawal from her friends. . . Or Susan Hayward's. Stardom has certainly NOT brought happiness to these two girls. And you can add, Ava Gardner, Lana Turner and Rita Hayworth. They'd have been ahead if they hadn't been discovered for pictures. . . Dorothy Malone, who is taking almost as long as Yvonne DeCarlo did to find a mate, has finally moved into a house after years of living in a hotel. "I lived at the Beverly Hills Hotel so long, I finally paid off their mortgage," she told me.

Don't be surprised if Jackie Gleason returns to live "Honeymooners" on Saturday night. I hear that CBS is ready, willing and able to pay the $40,000 per show for those already filmed and in the can. . . Jackie Coogan has lost all of his hair but retained his sense of humor. An actor blew his lines at a Johnny Carson show and someone said, "Maybe he's too young for the part." "What'de mean too young?" Jackie wanted to know. "Why, I made three comebacks before I was 9 years old!" . . . Several of the shop renters in Disneyland are worried about their investment. But Walt doesn't have to lie awake figuring. Everyone had to sign five-year contracts and pay the first and last year's rent in advance.

Dick Powell tells this story on himself. When the doctor presented him with a huge bill for removing his perforated appendix, Dick was unhappy. "Okay," said the surgeon, "just pay me one tenth of what you wanted to pay me before I put you on that operating table." . . . Sight of the week in Beverly Hills—Jack Benny driving all over town looking for unused time on a parking meter. . . And when I asked Jacko how it feels to be a million dollars richer—after winning his long battle with the income tax boys—he said seriously, "It's no laughing matter. Just think, now I can take all the violin lessons I want."

END
though he and Jerry may be for a change, it’s a rather sketchy existence. Dean has a mad crush on Dorothy who thinks comic books poison young minds—a choice example being addict Jerry. When she tries to reform Jerry’s reading habits, Dean really is in a pickle. Without Jerry’s grizzly nightmares, Dean wouldn’t have a plot in which to bury his talents. Fantastic though it sounds, one of these nightmares reveals a top secret military formula. From then on, it’s a matter of who gets Jerry first, the FBI or Communist agents. Fortunately, when the mad scramble is over, pert newcomer Shirley MacLaine, who’s about the most vivacious thing in this Technicolor crazy quilt, gets the remains. (Paramount.)

The Lieutenant Wore Skirts

BECAUSE television writer husband Tom Ewell is being recalled back into the Army, Sheree North, in a rash of devotion, joins the WAC. Thinking once he’s in, Ewell will be assigned to writing another book on the Army, Sheree has high hopes of becoming his aide. This devilishly clever plan of outs manipulate the Army ricchets when Ewell is rejected for a bum knee. Instead of taking his enforced bachelorhood with grace, or Bonnie, or Sue, Ewell seethes at the thought of Sheree surrounded by crisp uniformed officers. He joins her in Hawaii and uncomfortably settles down to being an Army husband. When that doesn’t work, his mind goes berserk trying to figure out ways to get her discharged from duty. At the end of his rope, old cut-up Mother Nature takes over and Sheree is forced to trade in her bars for didee pins. A top-notch comedy that bubbles with laughter and giggles. (20th Century-Fox.)

There’s Always Tomorrow

AN EXCELLENT provider for wife Joan Bennett and their three almost grown children, toy manufacturer Fred MacMurray has the unpleasant sensation that his life is over before it ever started. Taken for granted and often ignored by the family, MacMurray has a good idea how a discarded rag doll must feel. Some of his starch returns when fashion designer Barbara Stanwyck walks back into his life after a twenty-year absence. Her only motive, honest injunction, is to take another look at the man she loved. By the time MacMurray’s son gets through adding two and two together and coming up with sex, an innocent friendship becomes a full-fledged romance. In the showdown, Barbara’s decision might not be the best thing for MacMurray, but it assures the family circle they can ride along with old sparse tire pop. A sad commentary on married life—if nothing else, this should make women revalue their spouses. (Universal-International.)

Flame Of The Islands

ONE of those lucky few, Yvonne De Carlo has oodles of men pursuing her all over the Trucolor Bahamas. Formerly a public relations girl, Yvonne, for no good reason, is given $100,000. Immediately her private relations start getting confused. With the loot, she buys an interest in a Nassau gambling resort which sports quite a hodge-podge of men. Partner Kurt Kasznar can’t control his red blood or the red ink. Howard Duff’s mother manages to louse up his engagement to Yvonne. Zachary Scott’s fawn eyes mostly take in the lurid doings. And Jim Arness looks down from his height of 6’4”. In the final scene, after the gambling syndicate has been blown sky-high by the British Navy, Scott conveniently killed, Duff’s ma dead, and Kasznar missing in action, Yvonne and Jim are free to drink in what remains of the peaceful beauty of the Bahamas. (Republic.)

The Crooked Web

AS mysteries go, the unpretentious story about a war crime has a fair share of tense moments. A former G.I., Frank Lovejoy forgets his Army past and seems quite content being the proprietor of a chromium-plated drive-in. As far as his favorite car-hop, Mari Blanchard, can see, he has one fault—gambling. It doesn’t come as too great a shock to her when “brother” Richard Denning appears on the scene with a slick scheme to recover some stolen war loot, and Lovejoy eagerly anted up the necessary capital for a trip to Europe. Once in Germany, Lovejoy bumbles along, matching wits against Mari and Denning who are acting very torrid for mere brother and sister. Obviously, Lovejoy is going to be had but good, and it couldn’t happen to a more deserving opportunist. (Columbia.)

ROMANCE of Jack Sernos and Rossano Pedorsa causes a war in “Helen Of Troy.”

Coming Attractions

continued from page 9
promoting get-rich-quick deals. They
me to a star, fawn all over you, and
then deliver the punch with a statement
that can make you a million if you'll
invest in a picture that is sure to be a hit.
I've learned to take a jaundiced view of
such people. The same applies to kids I've
ever tried to help. I'll do as much as possible
for those who don't ask me for any-
ing. I stay clear of those who want special
or selfish favors, but I'll go to bat
for the sincere ones."

He does more than go to bat for them.
Glenn has even purposely thrown scenes
at some young players who have worked
with him. This is not just a noble gesture.
It's just that Glenn learned long ago not
to think he had to have all the best camera
angles, that his face had to loom as the
most prominent. Bette Davis was one
who gave him some good pointers on this.
It was she who vividly impressed him
with the fact that the star isn't as im-
portant—or are his close-ups—as the
picture as a whole.

However, he can be equally firm with
young "slackers." They have thought he
was temperamental. On a couple of oc-
casions he has given some sound advice
and some strong words to kids who ar-
rive on the set late and unprepared. But
Glenn takes his work seriously—and he
expects young people who are getting
breaks to realize their own obligations.

Because Glenn has not suffered from
permanence he has managed to get along
with the stars in this town. He has been
awed by a few of the big names, espe-
cially in the beginning, but he never
sought their attention or their favors.

"I had my star heroes, but I didn't ex-
actly collapse when I heard their names,"
Glenn grinned. "I think if I had been too
star-conscious people like Bette Davis
and Fredric March wouldn't have been so
kind in helping me."

Glenn has even managed to get along
with some of the town's most difficult
directors. Three especially have bad reput-
tations, but Glenn has had no trouble. He
has escaped their sarcasm and their
venom merely because he has recognized
that they are perfectionists. Since he's a
 guy who is always intent on doing a good
job, they had to respect him. Plus the
fact that Glenn is a guy who can always
stand up firmly for his own rights.

Perhaps one of the reasons Glenn has
kept his sense of values in Hollywood is
that he doesn't let Hollywood take over
his life. Most of his friends are those
he knew in Santa Monica long before
Glitterville came into his life. This has
given him a perspective which he wouldn't
have otherwise.

"I don't think it's wise to be only with
those who are in the industry," he ex-
plained. "If you get up in the morning
and talk nothing but pictures and if you
come home at night and continue to talk
only pictures, you can get in a good-sized
rut and lose your balance. I believe in
mixing all types of people and all types
of professions among my acquaintances.
You certainly avoid the ones who 'yes
you to death that way. And no one can be
more honest with you than those with
whom you grew up. You need that kind of
blunt, honest opinion in this business
where so many toss out the flattery."

Glenn then switched the topic to dis-
continued on page 72

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HOW TO GET ALONG IN HOLLYWOOD continued
cuss how your wants change the more you progress. Concentration on luxuries and material things have led many stars down the road to disaster. The more they get, the more they want. Glenn hasn't ever had this trouble.

Don't get the idea, though, that Glenn isn't living a pretty doggone good life. He's got a good set-up. But he isn't sinking himself into debt for anything. He never has. His father long ago told him never to buy anything on time. He has a lovely home, but he waited to buy it until he could pay cash for it. He owes nobody anything—and this is something few stars can claim.

"Sure I started out big and flashy," Glenn laughcd. "I got a sky-blue Lincoln convertible once, a real racy job. Now I drive a Cadillac coupe—all black. I almost always wear a grey suit, white shirt and black tie. Ellie is forever trying to get me to wear colorful ties. She has bought me some beautiful ones, but I never wear them. I just give them to Peter, which doesn't make her too happy. "I'm not out to put on a show for anybody. The only ones I want to impress are those with whom I work, so I may have their respect."

Nor is Glenn falling for another Hollywood pitfall—that of believing his own publicity. He hasn't even adopted the attitude that now that he's a mighty important star he doesn't have to give any more interviews. This is getting to be the big Hollywood Fever.

What Has Jean Pierre Aumont Got? continued from page 33

them with Maria Montez while she lived. In the case of Grace Kelly, it would seem that those beautiful dreams have been awakened in a full rebirth.

Even his advancing years have failed to give Aumont pause in his courtship of Miss Kelly. The still youthful looking and debonair Jean Pierre, smilingly admitting that he is all of 43, is not the least bit alarmed by the disparity between his age and Grace's. "A man should be older than his wife," he dismissed it simply.

It may be of some comfort to Miss Kelly that Aumont has a background— notwithstanding his one brief falling out with Maria Montez—as an exceptionally devoted spouse. Although he and Miss Montez were in a business notorious for absentee marriage mates, they were together as much as a couple can be.

Until Maria's tragic death in a bathtub, they had dedicated themselves to a career as a team. They made the vow four years earlier when they co-starred in a Hollywood movie, and they kept it faithfully. They teamed up in pictures in France and Italy, and Maria even figured in Jean Pierre's occasional ventures into playwriting. In Paris, she starred in one of his plays, "The Happy Island," and after her death, he relinquished his interest in it because of the unhappy memories it held for him.

This quality, if it is not haunted by visions of his first marriage, conceivably might be quite appealing to Grace Kelly. Aumont certainly has not pushed headlong into a new life. By his own ingenuous admission, he would appear, only at relatively long last, to have fallen head-over-heels in love with Grace.

Whether his latest beautiful dream of love is not fated to last forever, or is fated to be sanctified at the altar, is an engrossing romantic question in the ever engrossing life of the ever more engrossing Grace Kelly.
"A powerful book, meaningful, profoundly moving"

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ALSO REAL—Kathryn Grant and Roger Smith, two other young Columbia contractees, point out that their dates never were studio-arranged. Mebbe so. But Kathryn has also had some more quiet dates with Bing Crosby.

BABY TALK—Momie Van Doren Anthony was rushed to the hospital when it was feared she might lose her expected baby, but now all is well and the Anthony heir is due in July.

POPULAR—Rita Moreno absolutely refuses to discuss her dates with Marlon Brando, but it's a fact she still has them. She says too many people have talked for publication about Brando, that he's been "deeply hurt" by untrue things printed about him. So she keeps mum and takes no chances on being misquoted.

STORMY—Jack and Dorothy Webb have separated, she says because of a "personality problem," but adds they hope it won't lead to divorce. They've separated and reconciled before. When Dan Dailey made a trip to New York alone, it started separation rumors, so Gwen hurried to join him. But theirs has also been a stormy marriage and a close friend of theirs says, "I'll give it two more years at best." Hope he's wrong.

TEARS FOR PIER—It was a very tearful Pier Angeli who tore herself away from Vic Damone and their baby, Perry, when she flew to London to replace Kathryn Grayson in "Fort Afrique." Because of Katie's sudden illness, Pier had only 14 hours' warning of her departure. But Perry and his nurse were to follow after a week and Vic, as soon as he finished current night club dates. Pier said she definitely would take the baby to New York for Vic's appearance at the Copacabana there in February. But still, she was disappointed to miss Christmas and her first wedding anniversary in the new Damone home.

FAMILY NOTE—Just about the proudest new parents in town are Jan Sterling and Paul Douglas who insist they're unprejudiced but add that son Adams Douglas is "beautiful, intelligent and altogether remarkable."

SOUTH OF THE BORDER—Lana Turner and Lex Barker went to Acapulco to supervise the beginning of construction of their house there, immediately after Lana recuperated from surgery for a tumor, which by the way was completely successful. But Lana still has headaches from the concussion she suffered in that fall some months back.

DESSERT NEWS—Everybody who's anybody in Hollywood goes to Palm Springs sometime during the winter, 'cause it's much warmer in the desert and the glamour boys and girls must keep their tans! But two couples who enjoyed leisurely early season vacations at "The Springs" were Ray Danton and Julie Adams and the Jeff Chandlers. Ray resumed tennis and golf, which he had to forego after breaking his wrist in a picture last year. During the Chandler holiday, Jeff gifted Marge with a diamond wedding band.

NO SEPARATIONS—Cyd Charisse doesn't believe that distance makes the heart grow fonder, so she's going to Europe with Tony Martin for his personal appearances there. She hasn't finished furnishing their new home but says that can wait until they return.

PRODUCER—Fred Brisson busses his wife Rosalind Russell during party held in London.

WEIGHTY PROBLEM—Believe it or not, bride Phyllis Gates had to help Rock Hudson count calories on their honeymoon! Rock had deliberately gained many pounds so he'd look more mature in his final old-age scenes for "Giants." But he was told to take the weight off in four weeks before starting "Written On The Wind." And it was at the beginning of that month that Rock and Phyllis had their surprise wedding in Santa Barbara.

TWO YEARS TO GO—If Dr. Herman Platt wants to marry beautiful Elaine Stewart—and obviously he does—he'll have to agree to a long engagement. Two years, in fact. That's what the lady says. Her five-year contract at MGM has two more years to go and Elaine insists she won't marry before it terminates.

LOTS LESS LOT—Dick Anderson and his bride, Carol Lee, were surprised and chagrined when they went to look at the lot which was a wedding present from Alan and Sue Ladd. Part of a hilly estate which is being subdivided, the lot had been worked over by bulldozers and now doesn't look anything like the original! Dick has double respect for Alan these days, for Ladd is not only his father-in-law but his boss. Dick is making "A Cry In The Night" for Jurgan Productions—and that's owned by one Alan Ladd!

DATA ON DATES—It looks more serious than ever for George Nader and Dani Crayne. She even helped him move into his new house. . . Pat Crowley and Tommy Rall have discovered each other. Which means Tommy has a gal who's a wonderful cook . . . At the moment Nick Adams is Natalie Wood's favorite date but she's also seeing Tab Hunter. And Tab, who has slowed down in the date department somewhat, has taken up painting as a hobby. Might say he's swapped goils for oils.
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TAYLOR: CAN GOSSIP END HER CAREER?

REGORY PECK: "Wolf" in gray flannel suit?

PIPER LAURIE: Open for altar-ations

DORIS DAY

APR 4, 1956
When these shining stars sing and dance to Cole Porter's wonderful melodies...
She had adored him from their first meeting and he seemed no less attracted to her. But, recently, his desire turned to indifference, and tonight there was a suggestion of a sneer on his lips as he wormed out of two dates they had planned later in the week. She was losing him. and she knew it. But, for what reason she hadn't the remotest idea.

What she didn't realize was that you may have good looks, nice clothes, a wonderful personality, but they'll get you nowhere if you're guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath).

No tooth paste kills germs like this . . . instantly

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste does. Listerine instantly kills germs, by millions—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end.

Far and away the most common cause of bad breath is germs. You see, germs cause fermentation of proteins, which are always present in the mouth. And research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, the more you reduce germs in the mouth.

Tooth paste with the aid of a tooth brush is an effective method of oral hygiene. But no tooth paste gives you the proven Listerine Antiseptic method—banishing bad breath with super-efficient germ-killing action.

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four times better than tooth paste

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against? With proof like this, it's easy to see why Listerine belongs in your home. Every morning . . . every night . . . before every date, make it a habit to use Listerine, the most widely used antiseptic in the world.

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4 times better than any tooth paste
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ON THE COVER: DORIS DAY, STARRING IN PARAMOUNT'S "THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH"

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with WARREN STEVENS
and INTRODUCING
ROBBY, THE ROBOT

SCREEN PLAY BY PHOTOGRAPIED IN DIRECTED BY PRODUCED BY
CYRIL HUME EASTMAN COLOR FRED MCLEOD WILCOX NICHOLAS NAYFACK
Based on a Story by Irving Block and Allen Adler • AN M-G-M PICTURE
HELLO again to all of you from Hollywood... Rita Hayworth's daughter, Princess Yasmin, will probably be the richest girl in the world when she grows up. Her aged and doting grandfather, the fabulously wealthy Aga Khan, has made a new will and Yasmin will get one-fifth of his estate when he dies, and the one-fifth is estimated by those who know, at over 150 million dollars. Which is one reason why Rita likes to stay in Europe, and why she really doesn't care one way or the other about making pictures... Clark Gable has it in his contracts that he always has to get the girl at the end. He's not taking any chances of riding off into the sunset alone. Clark and his wife Kay are really living it up, what with hunting junkets to Mexico and luxury cruises to South America. In all the years I've known him, this is the first time I've ever thought he was really happy.

When Bob Mitchum blabbed that he and wife Dorothy intended to buy an island off the coast of South Carolina, the price of the island went up from $40,000 to $150,000, so the Mitchums dropped the idea... And when Miriam Hopkins checked in at a plush Beverly Hills hotel recently, the clerk taking her reservation doodled after her name: "Ex-movie idol—and I remember when Miriam was one of our town's biggest stars.

There's serious trouble already with the recent marriage of a top young idol and his newly-acquired bride. I understand that neither really wanted to get married but were forced into it by his agent, who insisted they wed in order to kill a career wrecking story about the star being prepared by one of those scandal mags. Now they're trying their best to make a go of it, but it's rough.

Janet Leigh may not return to the screen even after the birth of her and Tony Curtis' baby this summer. Janet hasn't looked or felt so well since their marriage five years ago, and Tony is trying to persuade her to give up making pictures and just keep on having babies. In the meantime, though, Janet is busy supervising the merchandising of her "Janet Leigh Dresses"... When I asked continued on page 8

Here's how to single out the Tampax user: First, she's intelligent. She realizes that internal sanitary protection is a far more sensible way of handling "problem days." It prevents odor. It eliminates chafing. It's easy to carry, insert, change and dispose of. It does all the things you wished sanitary protection would do... Secondly, the Tampax user is poised. She's conscious of her clothes, her carriage, her grooming. She particularly likes Tampax because it's "invisible" when in place; she doesn't like belts, pins or pads. She feels strongly that the Tampax way is the nicer way, the more modern way, the most desirable way. When millions of smart girls do use Tampax, why shouldn't you? It's sold at drug or notion counters in your choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Get it this very month! Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

IF Tony Curtis has his way, wife Janet Leigh will retire from films when the baby comes.

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A story of people... picked by fate out of a city's millions to be touched and changed by a chance meeting that starts with a kiss in the rain...

The lonely girl and the soldier—a street-corner pick-up that became a miracle of love.

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"Miracle in the Rain"

with PEGGIE CASTLE • FRED CLARK • EILEEN HECKART • JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON • ALAN KING

NOVEL AND SCREEN PLAY BY BEN HECHT • PRODUCED BY FRANK R. ROSENBERG • DIRECTED BY RUDOLPH MATE • MUSIC COMPOSED AND CONDUCTED BY FRANZ WAXMAN
HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

continued

Janice Rule why she and Farley Granger broke off their short-lived but well-publicized engagement, she told me: “We were too impulsive. We hadn’t had time to really think about what we were doing. We were in a play together and suddenly we were in love, or so we thought. But we’re still friends.” However, I understand Farley doesn’t feel quite as friendly toward Janice as she does toward him.

Biggest hee-haw of the Grace Kelly engagement to Prince “Roulette” came from Lauren Bacall when she was asked if Bogey intended to bow to Her Grace after the wedding. “If Bogey ever bowed,” Baby cracked, “I’d have to pick him up off the floor.” Then she went away mumbling, “What is this burg coming to—royalty to the right of us, royalty to the left of us. Where does a peasant go to register, anyway?”

Audie Murphy has been offered the F.B.I. files on their narcotics investigations to document a picture he plans on the dope situation. The F.B.I. feels that if Audie, as the most decorated hero of World War II, told the real, horrible story of addiction, teenagers would heed him.

... Bing Crosby isn’t happy about son Gary’s man-about-town meanderings every night. Speaking of Bing, Kathy Grant, the 22-year-old Columbia starlet who’s been getting the rush from him for over a year now, has slammed up on the subject of their romance since she got herself into an embarrassing predicament over the premature announcement of what she hoped was to be their wedding. “After all, what can I say about us without creating fresh problems?” she asks when questioned on the subject. ... Another girl who’s keeping mum these days is Rita Moreno. When the question of Marlon Brando comes up, Rita says, “I’m keeping my big mouth shut this time.” Rita and Brando were a cozy twosome before Josiane Berenger made it an unfortun-

able triangle, so Rita dropped out. But now that the fisherman’s daughter is no longer “engaged” to Marlon, he and Rita have resumed their dating—but strictly on the q.t. “It’s true that Bud and I went out in Palm Springs,” Rita confessed, “but that’s all I’m going to say about it. I’ve learned that I’m so much better off when I don’t discuss him. He doesn’t like it, so why waste the time?” I agree. When you’re dealing with two guys as eligible but elusive as Bing and “Bud,” it’s best to keep your eyes open wide and your mouth shut tight.

Pati Derek, though she doesn’t talk about it, had it plenty tough taking care of her two sick children while about-to-be-ex-husband, John Derek, was on 12 weeks’ layoff from Paramount. In the meantime, John is busy denying that Ursula Andress was the cause of the break-up, yet they were seen lunching constantly at the studio commissary. ... In her next picture, “Gigi,” adapted from the famous play by French writer, Colette, Leslie Caron is supposed to portray a girl who is taught by her aunts not to marry to make a man happy, merely make him

continued on page 68
TRY FOR A $375 SCHOLARSHIP IN PROFESSIONAL ART

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“A nurse showed me the way to marriage happiness!”

sends Mrs. Eve Akers who now uses Zonite to douche

SAFE! Many married women—as well as brides, and those about-to-be-married—wonder about douching for feminine hygiene. Mrs. Eve Akers learned from a nurse the importance of following the proper method of douching with a fountain syringe, using an effective yet safe solution—like ZONITE.

EFFECTIVE! No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is so powerfully effective yet so safe to body tissues as ZONITE.

HEALTHFUL ZONITE completely deodorizes, promptly washes away germs and odor-causing waste substances. A nurse once advised Mrs. Akers that if any abnormal condition exists, she should then see her doctor. The nurse said she would probably recommend that she continue to use ZONITE as usual.

DAINTY! You, too, can be one of the modern women who welcome the “peace of mind” and daintiness that ZONITE gives them after monthly periods and other times. You can use ZONITE directed, as often as needed, without the slightest risk of injury. Costs only pennies per douche.

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HAPPLY WED, Jeonne Crein and Paul Brinkman celebrated their tenth anniversary.

SHIRLEY MACLAINE and actor-director hubby, Steve Parker, rushed off to the Orient.

NO ADVICE NEEDED—There’s a scene in MGM’s “The Opposite Sex” that will give you fans-in-the-know an extra chuckle. Joan Blondell gives advice to June Allyson on how to hold a husband! Joan is the ex-Mrs. Dick Powell and June the present Mrs. P. What’s more, come August 19, June and Dick will celebrate their 11th anniversary! Although it’s been said that Blondell originally introduced June and Dick, Junie told us this isn’t true. They met when making “Meet The People” in 1943. Dick was the star and June had a minor role. June didn’t meet Joan until shortly after she didn’t meet Joan until shortly after she and Dick were married in 1945. They were at a party at Norma Shearer’s and the introduction occurred on the dance floor when Dick, in an understandable fluster, introduced June as Joan and vice versa! Naturally he was covered with confusion! June also told us that she’s “giving” her birthday, October 7, to son Ricky who feels he’s always been cheated on the birthday party deal! You see, he was born on Christmas Eve!

SMART GIRL—Julie Adams is another gal who doesn’t need advice on “how to hold a husband.” She used to be completely disinterested in sports but then she married Ray Danton who’s a whiz at them. So first she started taking golf lessons and now she’s learning tennis. Smarter still is her philosophy on this score: “I’ll never try to compete with Ray in sports but I want to be able to enjoy them with him.”

YOUNG LOVE—There’s no doubt about it, Natalie Wood is the most popular member of our town’s younger set. Latest of the young bachelors to “discover” the 17-year-old beauty is the very eligible Bob Wagner, who, incidentally, has given up driving Fords and has let himself go with a real jazzy Cad. Natalie also dates Dennis Hopper and Nick Adams and often these three get together for an evening’s reading of plays or discussion of the “deep” writers. AND, we can tell you that Natalie’s secret love is an older man! If she’s looking for heartbreak, this is the way to get it! C’mon girl, you’re a good actress and don’t need to “suffer for your art.” Oh, yes. Dennis also finds time to date Margaret O’Brien, who at 19 is also a beauty.

ANOTHER SECRET?—Tab Hunter, another of the very eligible young bachelors, confirmed the other day that his secret love is a girl back in the East. Actually, we have a hunch that Tab is kidding, because he’s a little tired of having his name linked romantically with so many young Hollywood beauties. Poor lad! But it is true that Tab is giving lots more time and attention to his work these continued on page 74
DARRYL F. ZANUCK presents
GREGORY PECK • JENNIFER JONES • FREDRIC MARCH

in 20th Century-Fox's

"The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit"

CINEMASCOPE® co-starring MARISA PAVAN • LEE J. COBB
ANN HARDING • KEENAN WYNN with GENE LOCKHART

Gigi Perreau • Portland Mason • Larry Keating • Arthur O'Connell • Connie Gilchrist
Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK • Written for the Screen and Directed by NUNNALLY JOHNSON
COLOR by DE LUXE • In the wonder of High-Fidelity Stereophonic Sound
LIZ TAYLOR:

Can gossip end her

LIZ appreciates honest publicity, deplores the distortion of truth.
Fed up with the vicious rumors about her marriage, Liz may retire to achieve the privacy she craves

By JOHN MAYNARD

THERE IS mounting evidence that Liz Taylor has had her share of snide publicity, and if this has not been noted by those whose business it is to note things, then it is because they've been too busy compiling the vaporous words that may be driving Liz to outright mutiny.

Apparently, she's gone along thus far for one good reason: she truly loves to act. If it were just that and not the extraneous trappings of film celebrity, she might go along for a lifetime. But it's not just that. It's the mounting impact of the wayward press and the wayward tongue.

This should be somewhat surprising. Liz Taylor's been in show business since she was knee-high to a voice teacher, and she knows as well as any—and better than most—that publicity is by no means irrelevant to its pursuit. Furthermore, by conventional Hollywood measurements, she should have acquired by now a skin the thickness and consistency of armor plate.

But this has not proved to be the case.

Although she is the first to grant the benefits of legitimate and benevolent publicity (and as little as a year ago was able to claim an ability to shrug off idle, baseless and unpleasant chatter), she is said today to be in open rebellion.

It is alleged distortion of truth that is cracking Liz Taylor's erstwhile gayety and confidence. It is the remorseless penetrating of her inner walls of privacy, as roots will penetrate the toughest barriers. It is the quote-by-hearsay, and the quote out of context, and the downright misquote that are wearing her down.

To a friend, she recently confided that her "personal" life today is validly comparable to that of a young woman school teacher in a small town, "And for some of them," she said, "there simply is no life. Oh, I've never been one, I know. But I do read my mail, and one wrote me it was like living in a prison, but a prison with glass walls. And nothing but eyes on the outside. All kinds of eyes. And no matter how circumspect her life, there was always something—you know what I mean by this—subject to interpretation. I don't remember the exact words, but that was what she was saying. And dear heaven, I am so sick of interpreters and interpretations. You understand, don't you? If I were writing it, I'd put those two words in quotes. I'll admit, it's as hard on school teachers as it is on me. But grant me this—it's as hard on me as on them. Just a matter of magnifying."

And "interpretation" has indeed been rough on Liz Taylor. Not for nothing do you get away with a face and fame like hers.

To constant readers of gossip columns and the gaudier type of magazine, it might seem like trivia. To the subject, however—especially if she is inordinately sensitive and has much to love and much to protect—it has more the effect of slow corrosion.

Not too long ago, for example, she walked very

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swiftly into the office of an intimate on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot, slammed the door behind her, and burst into tears. In her hand she carried, tightly rolled, a copy of a film magazine that, in banner heading on its cover, demanded to know whether she and her husband, Michael Wilding, had all but severed their marital bonds. The article, worded in that wondrously snide fashion that has reached its full flower in the current “expose” magazines, left little doubt that this was the case. Actually, it also left little doubt that hi-jinks had been involved somewhere.

“I can remember the time,” an associate of hers has since commented, “when she could have taken a thing like that or left it alone. But now she has so much—Mike, two lovely children, the absolute top plateau of her career. But it’s Mike and the boys who really count. And, I imagine, what the boys will grow up to. She must pray that it won’t be to stacks of back copies of articles like this one. You follow me? So it’s come to mean so much more to her.”

Similarly, she has of late been moved to unwonted rage by unauthorized quotes and conjectures, and to speechless indignation by the output of writers who in truth did interview her and then, by her own deposition, wrote little or nothing in truth whatsoever.

“It was just like reading a piece about someone else,” she once expounded in choked tones. “I didn’t say anything like what was printed!”

It’s a pretty old story, yes. Stars have been moved to such protests many times before. But what still has to be remembered is that with Liz Taylor, this is a relatively new thing. This is what caused an old friend to say the other day:

“Personally, I think Liz wants a change, and I think she’ll find a way to get it. It’s simply not worth it to her any more.”

And there have been other indications. In the early spring of 1955, to pick a time rather arbitrarily, they would have seemed to Liz Taylor what they seem to other players, one of whom has expressed it in a single, pithy observation: “So they put the sword in me—so it’s part of the package.”

Sure. But that depends on how much you have to lose. And the more you gain, the more precious the package becomes.

Thus, later in the spring of 1955, singer Vic Damone had hopes the Wildings would come to his opening at Ciro’s. and asked a mutual friend to pass the word. The friend did so, and was informed by Liz they would be delighted to come. Then it turned out Mike had a business conference that night. But Liz would still like to attend, and would the mutual friend escort her? Of course he would—and with Mike’s blessing.

Now that is harmless stuff—or it is anywhere except along that curlecyce strand of Los Angeles County territory called the Sunset Strip. There the wayfarers picked up their column fodder the next day to be advised that the Wildings were raising hob with the tether again; Liz had turned up at Ciro’s “alone.” (“I was the ‘alone,’” the mutual friend later conceded, gritting his teeth only slightly.)

A year ago, she wouldn’t have cared. Now she did.

Nor is it insignificant that her new and gathering touchiness was not born overnight. During her New York trip for the premiere of “The Last Time I Saw Paris,” there were two separate episodes that should have been symptomatic, a tip-off to what was on the way.

For one, she appeared in public a time or two with Montgomery Clift, her co-star in “A Place In The Sun” and a close friend of hers and Wilding’s. The gossips picked it up for a lot more than it was worth—and Liz, instead of shrugging them off.

**A CHILD of the theatre, born to adulation, Liz is enormously devoted to her career, but her husband, home and children still come first.**
publicity, but idle gossip has made her rebellious

as she should have, paid them more attention than they rated.

Then, as she was being driven to the airport for the flight back to Los Angeles after the opening of the picture, she was handed the morning papers, containing the reviews. The New York film critics for the most part had not thought very much of the proceedings.

Amazingly, this time—for actresses absolutely must be inured to what critics say—there was a gush of unrestrained sobs. Or maybe it wasn't so amazing—she had been told, and had convinced herself, that this was her best effort since "A Place In The Sun."

"What's the use!" she cried, perhaps in unwonted revelation. "You work on a picture for months and months, you do your best, you eat and sleep what you're doing, and in a few hours—zzztt! You might just as well not have done it. What's the use?"

No more than the outburst of a tired, naturally emotional woman? Could be. Doesn't have to be, though.

And it was shortly after she left Hollywood for Spanish Morocco to join Wilding on location that Liz really blew a gasket. She announced to her publicity department, after one particularly unfortunate and inaccurate summation of her home life in the public prints, that she was not going to give any more interviews. Not to anyone, any time, for any reason.

And that hadn't changed when she got on the plane.

It probably will change. She is very definitely, for instance, going to make "Raintree County," a three-hour super-under-taking for MGM, and normal mass curiosity won't hold still for all the months that will take.

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"Wolf" in a gray flannel suit?

Is Greg an adventurer—or a solid citizen? Here are the facts that will dispel any confusion.

When Gregory Peck, Hollywood's leading prodigal, was selected for the title role in 20th's CinemaScope translation of Sloan Wilson's best selling novel, "The Man In The Gray Flannel Suit," the arch reactions to this inspired casting were so thick you could have cut them with a sharp pants crease.

Not that the resultant outbreak of cynical speculation necessarily reflected informed opinion, but the cocktail circuit crawled with sly glances and amused whispers which seemed to call into question the supposition that this represented a classic example of type casting.

Greg Peck, perhaps more than any other Hollywood leading man, has epitomized to the public the image of the man in the gray flannel suit. In Sloan Wilson's novel, as in real life, the gray flannel suit is a commuter's uniform, standard garb for bright young executives who live in the suburbs and work for television networks and other such glamorous employers in teeming New York City.

The gray flannel suit is a symbol of suburban respectability, of comfortable conformity, of conventional if rather luxurious life, once or twice removed from boredom. The wearer of the gray flannel suit usually is a man who allows himself no major indiscretions, and who is the soul of discretion about any indiscretion he might indulge.

He is, unless circumstances intervene, a monument to the family unit, and whatever crisis may befall him, he is ever the controlled paragon of respectability.

As a hero-image of the man in the gray flannel suit, Greg Peck is living proof that you can be all this and loaded with glamor, charm and magnetism, too.

But the hard core of Hollywood skeptics, unlike the doting fans, did not hail the selection of Peck to play the man in the gray flannel suit as the ultimate example of fidelity in movie casting. To them, Peck as the man in the gray flannel suit was a piece de resistance in Hollywood irony. To them, dressing Peck's personality in a gray flannel suit was a Brooks Brothers version of the wolf in sheep's clothing.

There was no moralizing in this attitude, for those who held it plainly were more entertained than disturbed. Still, fresh in their idle minds was the disintegration of Peck's marriage.
A VERY stable citizen, Greg has never lost his healthy respect for the proprieties venerated by "The Man In The Gray Flannel Suit."
GREGORY PECK continued

GREG strikes an informal pose while on location for Warner Bros' "Moby Dick."
His “exile” abroad was climaxed by the filming of “Moby Dick”

to placid Greta Peck, and still fresh in their minds was the knowledge that the very respectable Mr. Peck had taken up with his Gallic brunette beauty, Veronique Passani, before he had left off—at least officially—with Greta.

So the question has been raised. Is Greg Peck a bonafide man in a gray flannel suit? Or is he a Jekyll-and-Hyde, an adventurer masquerading in the uniform of respectability and convention? Is he, after all, just another Hollywood marriage jumper who would just as soon trade in his wives as often as he trades in his cars?

With Greg Peck, as with the man he portrays in the picture, one does not cease being a man in a gray flannel suit because of an honest involvement with another woman. The gray flannel suit does not represent a masquerade for Peck because he divested himself of his wife. It would have represented a masquerade only if he had completely divested himself of his way of life.

There is not a shred of evidence that Greg has done this, and there is every evidence that he has no intention of changing, giving up or transferring the locale of the way of life to which he has become so fondly accustomed.

It is, of course, true that Peck was openly enamored of and almost constantly in the company of the lovely Veronique before Greta was granted her interlocutory decree on December 28, 1954. The erstwhile French newspaperwoman who came to interview Greg and remained to become part of his fascinating life story was seen with him in Madrid, Paris and London, and she joined him in the Canary Islands while he was making “Moby Dick.” They were seen together daily during the summer of 1954. They arm-in-armed it at Paris night

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It's READY for a session of script-studying, Shirley Jones reveals the intensity which catapulted her to stardom in "Oklahoma!" and "Carousel."

Bachelor girls at home

Shirley Jones and Barbara Ruick, young Hollywood stars, have fun rooming together during the filming of "Carousel."

SET for some jazz. Shining-eyed Shirley went from a coal-mining town to Broadway to Hollywood.

"GO out? I'd love to," cries Shirley, when a call comes. Barbara just keeps on practicing.

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Roommates come in handy—
for sharing a laugh or a secret,
a dress or a drop of perfume

A LAUGH  a minute is the rule, but Shirley won't swallow every

DATE BAIT  party dress gets the approving nod from Barbara.

CINDERELLA  rise to film fame hasn't spoiled Shirley's natural
charm; she always finds time for a chat over the coffee cups.
story that Barbara tells her. They play friends in "Carousel" too.

"DON'T pinch," begs Shirley, as Barbara zips her into the dress.

ALL DRESSED UP with some place to go, Shirley's a vision to set hearts skipping. Barbara adds a French touch with her own perfume. END
DEBORAH KERR:

SHOCKING, MISS KERR,

Simply Shocking!

Who ever heard of such ideas from a lady?
But then Deborah’s brand of feminine spice is unique

HAPPILY married, Deborah enjoys a game with Francesco, 4, and Melanie, 7. She claims her daughters have “raised me very well.”

SOMEONE ought to tell Miss Deborah Kerr. There she was looking as delectable and enticing as all get-out. She had been making a very dignified scene in “The King And I” over at 20th Century-Fox and then she went into her dressing room, removed her 35-pound dress, put on a most enticing and feminine robe, and was taking a few minutes rest before the shooting of the next scene.

It’s probably best to mention here that the dress had been removed and the robe put on before I went inside.

With a warm, sparkling smile she remarked, “So what is the topic of the day?” She laughed lightly, “I hope you don’t want to hear all kinds of sensational things about me. I often think I must be Miss Dull of 1956. I’m not at all sensational — really. Nothing ever seems to happen to me.”

That’s what somebody ought to tell her—that she is one of the most exciting actresses in Hollywood. And that is not said just because it is a typical remark to make of all feminine stars. Deborah is exciting.

Such is the impression others have of her too. It’s not that she goes around in cleavage jobs or walks with a wiggle or creates headlines. Hers is the excitement of real femininity. A night club in Las Vegas thought enough of her as a vital personality to want her to do an act at a fabulous amount of money, but she turned it down with the cryptic remark, “Must have started as a gag. What would I do? Maybe tell stories or do a mild British strip tease?” She grinned, “You know, perhaps I might do that some day after all—just to be able to say I did.”

Probably no one in town is less known than Miss Kerr. Her remark might surprise and possibly even shock some who have always envisioned her as the lady who walked around regally with studied charm.

“Ladies are fine if they are real ladies,” Deborah remarked. “To me, a lady is someone who has warmth, a vital personality, who is interesting and a little provocative. The studied, prim, proper variety can be rather dull, but everyone knows that, doesn’t he? That’s the kiss of death. Such women only

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"I HATE to fight," explains Deborah. "But once I take a stand, I simply won't budge."
"The prim and proper variety of lady creates
create long, wide yawns. But, you know, it's funny about me. After playing those 'proper' ladies for such a long time I had to play a sort of free-thinking and free-living woman in 'Eternity' to prove I was actually a lady.

Deborah's sense of humor is the unpredictable kind. She can be talking about very profound matters and then, suddenly, turn the whole thing into a laugh with an unexpected remark. The men on the set of "The King And I" certainly found her delightfully humorous. In fact, they adored her. She was a "regular guy" to them, and no phony doll ever impresses the men on a crew in this town. Head prop man Duke Abrams especially liked her. He surprised her almost every day with a little gift, usually a house plant.

D EBORAH has always been able to laugh at herself. It's one of her most delightful traits. One day on the set, attired in a voluminous dress, she was doing the "Getting To Know You" number where she mimics the intricate Siamese fan movements of the "Royal Wife." Yul Brynner, who co-stars with her, remarked, "You're the first fully dressed fan dancer I've ever seen." To which Deborah replied, "We thought it would be sexier this way."

Deborah's humor helped her when she was discouraged about the parts she was getting.

"I'd die without a sense of humor," she said. "Imagine how awful it would be if you couldn't laugh—at yourself. I'm a peculiar person. I invariably find something funny in even the most depressing of situations. Oh, I may be down for a day or two but sooner or later I'll find I can laugh at the continued on page 65

DELECTABLE Deborah balked at "proper" parts, made a total break when she scored as the captain's wife in "From Here To Eternity."

"THE PROUD AND THE PROFANE" co-stars Deborah and Bill Holden in a wartime romance. Her next: "The King And I."
TWIRLING a pistol is an easy task for straight-shooting Duke.
“The Searchers” finds John on location in Arizona and enjoying every gun totin’, hard ridin’ moment of it.

PRETTY audience brings out all the he-man Wayne charm, as he and Vera Miles share a laugh during the shooting of Warners’ “The Searchers.”

AS TOUGH a trio of hombres as ever rode the West, Ward Bond, Jeff Hunter and John unite against Comanche kidnappers, continued on page 32.
He's so at home in boots and ten gallon hat

COFFEE time is anytime for John, even hitching a lift to day's location.
that he makes a hard day's work look like a ball
PIPER smiles and evades questions about her romance with Gene Nelson.
Open for altar-ations?

When Piper Laurie and Gene Nelson laugh, many people think they hear wedding bells. But how can they be sure it's the real thing?

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

At this point it may be true that most of the newspaper-reading people of the world are happily absorbed in the love story of Grace Kelly and her Prince Rainier of Monaco. As this is written, it has all been so story-bookish, all so very perfect.

But in Hollywood, the real inside group of romance-lovers, the discriminating ones who may be called the real "romance gourmets," is much more interested in the less publicized romance between Piper Laurie and Gene Nelson. The reason? Well, Piper and Gene have an obstacle to overcome before their romance can come to fruition. There is the invaluable element of suspense involved in the story. Will their love and their attraction for each other last until Gene's divorce is final and they can be married?

Piper and Gene are seen everywhere together—publicly at big premières and parties, quietly at small off-beat dining spots. Sometimes she cooks dinner for him at her chic little bachelor-girl apartment—and Piper takes pride in her cooking. They are obviously a devoted, hand-holding couple. But they won't answer questions about their relationship or their intentions. "How can we," they inquire, "when Gene's divorce won't be final for some time? Any remarks from us about future possibilities would be in very bad taste!"

But undoubtedly they have a lot of fun together. There are tender interludes for any interested bystander to witness and the two of them seem not a whit worried about it. And there is this additional sliver of observation. Piper has never appeared to have real, relaxed fun before on any dates she has had in Hollywood, with the possible exception of her occasional public appearances with the late Leonard Goldstein who was, after all, old enough to be her father.

On dates with younger, more eligible men, Piper has always seemed a trifle self-conscious, seemed to be trying too hard to be animated and interested. Her animation and interest with Gene look genuine.

But a close friend of Piper's speculates, "I wonder if the obstacle isn't the real attraction for Piper? I wonder if Gene won't find, a few months hence, that when the obstacle to their romance is about to disappear, that Piper will disappear, too? That's the way she has always been—excited over a love affair which had something to prevent its culmination. But when the obstacle disappears or seems to be on the point of fading away, then Piper seems to get either bored or frightened. I've simply never figured out whether this girl is actually

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The new look for Piper: her own apartment and a maturity that suggests marriage

afraid of marriage or just gets a touch bored when the excitement of the feminine chase is over, when everything seems to be going too smoothly.

"Of course," the friend went on, "it was a big change for Piper when she left that all-enveloping family circle of hers and took an apartment by herself. Perhaps that really meant something. Maybe Piper is growing up and preparing to meet life on its own terms."

I suddenly thought of the Piper of not so long ago. the Piper who so loved and valued the home she shared with her own family, the Piper who said frankly, "I think I'm serving an apprenticeship for a successful marriage!"

People used to protest to her, "But, Piper! The really 'smart' career girl has her own apartment, lives her own life, expresses her own personality and independence in the way she lives! You can't go on living at home. You have to have privacy...."

To which the cool and practical Piper replied, "Rubbish!" And she would go on, "I like to see lights in the windows when I come home from the studio and I like to know there are people there who love me and will be glad to see me. I like to come home to the comfort of a well-run home.

A S FOR privacy, Piper had her own self-contained little apartment in her parents' home where she could, if she wished, be as completely independent as she would have been in an apartment miles away.

"I can take care of a home," she told me. "I can keep a place tidy with little effort and I started to learn to cook—
to cook well and with ease—when I was about five or six.

"But I want and intend to marry some day and I think
that a girl who lives alone too long, who never has to learn
to consider other people's tastes or schedules or convenience,
is in danger of getting to be pretty selfish and hard to please.
It is terribly important for a woman to know how to live
in harmony with other people. I'm having some practice
at that by living with my folks."

She has some detailed plans about how she will run that
future home. "Unexpected guests for dinner won't cause any
behind-the-scenes consternation," she has promised herself.
"nor will breakfast or snacks at odd hours cause any tizzies."
She has plans about furnishings, too. "I'm going to have a
home that is bright and cheerful to look at—and comfortable
to be in," she says, determinedly. "I hope I'll never, never
have a piece of furniture or even a water pitcher which is
meant to be cherished and not to be used.

"I want my house to be designed and run for the people who
live in it. I don't want the people to be slaves to the house
or to its routine. I get dreadfully impatient with nervous
hostesses who admonish their guests, 'We mustn't be late
or have an extra cocktail. Dinner is ready and the servants
will be upset—"

"I would much rather do without servants and attend to
it myself, if necessary," says Piper. "I could manage
nicely and make everyone comfortable without getting 'upset.'"

She could, too. And you might notice just here that
Piper's plans for her home always seem to include a number of
"people." She comes from a comfortably large family

and evidently looks forward to a similar one of her own!

But somehow, romance and marriage have eluded her. One
bitter and disgruntled ex-suitor has said, "Piper isn't going
to settle for anything less than perfection in a husband. And
perfection she is not going to find! The names of the men
she has dated read like a roster of the most promising and
successful of Hollywood's eligible bachelors—and some of
them have been seriously in love with her. But one by one she
has discarded them or given them the brush-off somehow."

Piper has admitted, herself, that when she meets a new
man she immediately starts analyzing him, trying to discover
whether or not he is "good husband material." But isn't
Piper, perhaps, fooling herself? Does she have an inner
trait, an instinct of which she is not conscious, which in-
fluences her without her knowing it?

I am inclined to think that there must be something in the
theory her good friend holds about Piper not being interested
in romance unless there is some obstacle involved. And there
is another thing: Piper has a strong, protective, actually
maternal instinct about the people she is fond of, especially
is this true of men.

With Leonard Goldstein the obstacle was the difference in
their ages—he a man of middle years and Piper practically a
chit. Leonard was probably more acutely aware of the dif-
culties this raised than she was, at first. But the criticism
that accrued to him because of his attentions to her aroused
a very important emotion in Piper—her loyalty and symp-
athy toward anyone who is under pressure. She comes
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HORSEPLAY comes naturally to the new, relaxed Piper. Despite her determined silence, she's never seemed readier to whisper "I do."

FRIENDLY Piper seems to have won another admirer. STANDING on her own feet, Piper is now free to choose her roles.
While "insiders" take bets on whether they'll marry, Piper and Gene enjoy a gay companionship and keep their secrets

fiercely to the defense of any friend who is criticised and this she did with Goldstein.

If he had wanted to take advantage of this strong emotion of Piper's, he might possibly have persuaded her to marry him. It is to his credit that he did not do this. Nevertheless, his death was a great blow to her. "I loved him as I do my own family," she said, later. Possibly that was the first time she realized how she had actually felt about him.

Then there was Dick Contino. Piper had dated him as gayly and as casually as she had any number of other attractive and successful Hollywood young men and it seems unlikely that she had given him more than a passing thought or two until he got into trouble with the Army.

Then Piper's protective instinct came to the fore again. She "understood this sensitive man," she maintained. And she defended him staunchly against all criticism, apparently feeling certain that he was being persecuted for something that he could not help and also certain that he would vindicate himself so that everyone could be proud of him.

In the process of thus passionately defending Contino, Piper undoubtedly fell at least a little bit in love with him. And her friends' horrified protests of, "Piper, you can't tie yourself to a man who is under such a cloud..." undoubtedly made her fall still more in love. There was that obstacle again!

But when the cloud passed and Contino did vindicate himself, just as she had believed he would, the obstacle was gone and Piper's interest waned. It isn't much wonder, however, that Contino admits today that he has never quite gotten over loving Piper. A man won't forget that kind of loyalty very easily.

Well then, what about David Schine whose sporadic attentions to our red-gold girl have attracted perhaps more attention from the press than they deserved? This is a complex situation and relationship. It is difficult to imagine anyone—even Piper—feeling sorry and protective about David Schine, of the fabulous hotel dynasty, the Schine who was always so sure of himself when he was in the national spotlight. But Piper managed to feel that way about him!

In the first place, she liked him, she had fun with him, their dates were pleasant. When national criticism of him began to heat up—there was Piper's protective instinct and loyalty to be called into play again. The man was being attacked!

She didn't even mind—and this is hard to believe until you understand her attitude—when he objected to photographers taking pictures of them together at night clubs "because it might not be good for me to be seen with a movie actress!"

Another girl in Piper's position might have been furious, would have had, indeed, every right to be furious, as Piper had. But Piper didn't see it that way. It was her curious fate to see that obstacle to her romance with David as an added attraction. She liked him because of it!

But when Schine's publicity star waned and the "obstacle" disappeared, well, Piper just didn't seem to care any more.

So now there is Gene Nelson.

Gene is young enough to be in Piper's age group. He is gay and sophisticated and relaxed.

Once Piper said of the Hollywood men who took her out, "They're all so intent on their own careers that we can't talk about anything else." That isn't true of Gene. He is a success. His career is set.

Piper's career is pretty well set, too, with her new freedom from her Universal-International contract, her liberty to choose her own pictures, to make TV appearances and so on. Piper is riding "high-and-pretty." She has never been so animated, so thrilled with life in general. She has never seemed to have so much fun.

Perhaps it was good for Piper to break away from her family at last, to leave the home where she used to say she felt "safely shut in, wrapped in love and protection."

Perhaps with her new freedom, both in her work and her manner of living, Piper is really growing up and coming to terms with life. Perhaps in fun-loving Gene she has at last found the "perfect husband material" she has been seeking so long.

But there is still the obstacle of his still pending divorce decree hanging over them. Time will tell how Piper will feel when the obstacle is finally removed!
ROCK AND MARISA:

Man and girl vs. car

IT'S EASY, Rock says, as he approaches dandy little runabout with Marisa. A moment later, wisdom dictates taking down the top.
Problem: how to get 6' 3"
Rock Hudson and Marisa Pavan into
a jazzy, pint-size sports car

DEAD END: Rock discovers that trying to back into car will get him absolutely nowhere. He's starting to look a bit skeptical now.

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STRUGGLE to get his long legs into the little Austin-Healey makes Rock sweat but Marisa seems to be enjoying it all immensely.
It’s a tough fight, but Rock finally manages to squeeze into car.
DORIS DAY

ASK HER A QUESTION:

She'll tell you no lies

You're in for some surprises when deliciously candid Doris comes across with straight answers for her fans

By HELEN HENDRIX

"Hi! Come in. Isn't this wonderful?" Doris Day was leafing through an enormous heap of mail. "This is some of the mail I got after 'Love Me Or Leave Me' and I never had so many letters before in my life! But—" the bright face drooped a little, "so many questions! About half of them start off with 'I want to know—' and I can't possibly answer every single one separately. Do you suppose you could—?"

She hesitated and looked at me.

"Sure! You select some of the most interesting ones and we'll answer them in Screenland."

"Oh, that would be very nice. Let's start with this question which people ask so often. 'I want to know if it is hard to do all the things you have to do to have a successful career—and still have time and energy left over for fun and happiness in your personal life?'"

"Well," Doris replied, "there is something I want to know, myself! Why do such a lot of people seem to think that it is 'difficult' for a woman to have both a career and a happy home life? I find it very easy! What's more, I know a lot of women who don't have careers and who are certainly very unhappy. The career really has nothing to do with it. I love everything about being in pictures and I work hard at my job. But that doesn't interfere with our having a wonderful 'family life' together!"

Those "family times," especially all the holidays, are important to Doris. Her mother and some of Marty's family live in Southern California and there are sisters and brothers and nieces and nephews galore. "Here's another 'want to know' question that particularly appeals to me. 'Do you ever like to hunt for bargains, as I do?"

"I certainly do. I hunt for bargains like mad and you'd think I'd know better by this time because not one single thing that I ever bought just because it was a real bargain turned out to be any good!"

"The last time I thought I had one it was shoes that were on sale. Really good ones, made by a famous shoe company. So I thought, I'll save money if I buy two or three pairs of these,"

continued on page 4?
"Why do people think it's difficult to have a

"I LOVE everything about being in pictures and I work hard, but that certainly doesn't interfere with my having a wonderful family life."
career and a happy home life?"

And I did. And when they were delivered, I found that they just didn't look right with anything I had to wear. Everything about them was wrong. And of course I couldn't return them. When things are on sale, they won't let you take them back.

"That's the way bargains always work out for me. When I get them home they seem to lose all their glamor!"

"Well," I prodded, hoping to cheer her up, "how about the want to know' about career and private life?"

I LOVE my home and I love to do things around it. Of course I can't really work at it the way some women do—cleaning and all that, because of my work. But when I have the time. I love organizing my closets, and cleaning out the drawers and polishing our beautiful furniture and just puttering in general. It's fun for me.

"I don't think I realized how much I loved our home, our own house, until recently when I parted with Warner Brothers and signed with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. This meant that I would be almost three times as far away from my work as I had been before (we live in the San Fernando Valley) and it seemed that it would be sensible for us to sell this house and buy one in or near Beverly Hills where we would be closer to almost everything we had to do. It would certainly be more efficient that way!

"So we shopped around and found some beautiful places. And suddenly one day I knew I couldn't bear it—to change. 'Marty,' I said, 'let's not give up our house. I don't care how far I have to go to work. I love our own house!' So much for my efforts at efficiency!"

The word, "meals," reminded Doris of another 'I want to know' which is always cropping up in her mail. "A lot of the girls seem almost to brood over this one," she commented. "They ask, 'Is it true that you have to diet almost to the point of starvation, that you practically live on raw tomatoes and yogurt? Don't you ever give in to temptation about food as the rest of us do?'

"Well, the answer to that one is that of course it isn't true! We—all of us—try to use our heads about eating, especially about things like bread and potatoes. But I love desserts and have a big problem especially in restaurants and studio

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USUALLY bubbling over with conversation, Doris has nary a word to say as director Alfred Hitchcock instructs her how to play a scene.

THE LONG trip Doris has from her home to the studio doesn't faze her a bit for she loves her house and wouldn't dream of moving.

SMALL, informal parties, like this one given on the set, delight Doris because there's no confusion and she gets to talk with everyone.
In a new kind of role, Doris proves herself

commissaries, because I can never decide which one I want.

"I've tried to work out a 'share the dessert' system with some of my friends—you know, like the share-the-rides thing in wartime? The way it works is that one of us orders pie and the other orders cake and then we trade halves of what we have. It's interesting."

Doris hasn't told the half of what goes on when she really gets into a "share-the-dessert" routine. And she's famous for it. She is quite capable of taking her two halves of dessert and visiting several tables to investigate what others have ordered and to make shrewd trades from the "halves" already on her own plate. In no time, half the room is circulating, bartering halves of desserts, which makes for some hilarious goings-on at studio lunch breaks and it certainly makes for some curious combinations of desserts for a number of people.

All of which makes the next "I want to know" question seem almost incongruous.

"W"HAT do you do for fun? Is it mostly getting all dressed up for big premieres or going to night clubs? Or do you sometimes have lunch with 'the girls' and go shopping or play bridge, as we do?"

Doris' reply to that was a crisp one. "We don't often go to premieres and we almost never go to night clubs. And I don't particularly enjoy getting 'all dressed up' too often because I happen to adore old clothes—jeans and shorts and things that I have worn long enough so that they are really comfortable. And I dislike any sort of card game (that's because I love to talk) and I don't like to just shop except when I'm really looking for something specific.

"But I do love meeting my gal friends for lunch! Occasionally we swim or play tennis and then we sit down and gab and gab and gab. That I adore. And we plan things! I've been planning for months to take up golf but as yet haven't started. Always plans—no action!"

"A friend and I decided we would like to give a big tent party—one of those things where you have a huge tent pitched over the back garden and set up a big buffet and invite hundreds of people. But I went to a couple of them, quite close to each other, and decided that I didn't want to give one, after all. The people who gave them happened to be people I like very much, but I barely got to speak to anyone, there was so much confusion and fuss and congestion, even though the parties were beautifully planned and appointed. But I like to talk to people so I decided that I would never, never give a party of my own for more than 10 guests, no matter what the occasion might be.

"Now here's a question that fits right in here. It says, 'I want to know if you ever start things and then don't finish them?' I do and I wonder how to overcome it!' She thought a moment. "I do lose interest sometimes," she admitted.

Doris is subject to sudden and violent enthusiasms. Not long ago one of them was gardening and an engaging sight she was, in shorts or jeans, trowel in hand, smudge on nose, grubbing away among the camellia bushes or daffodil bulbs. She knew the names of a lot of the varieties of plants in her garden, too, and could sound pretty learned about plant foods and mulches.

"I discovered," she says now, with finality, "two things. Three things, really. One—it all made my back ache. Two—

WIFE of an American doctor, Doris finds her family in a terrifying spot in sinister Morocco.
some professional gardeners could do a much better job than I could. Three—it's a lot more fun to play tennis. I changed my mind about gardening. However, I love a beautiful garden and all of us adore flowers all over the house.”

THEN there was knitting. Knitting, she was advised, was creative. Moreover, it was relaxing. When you knitted something for someone you loved, it released all kinds of emotions and creative impulses. So Doris knitted.

Not just an ordinary straight-line scarf for her first effort, or even a simple patterned sweater. She started out the hard way with a pair of socks for Marty.

“If I couldn't do something complicated, something challenging,” she reflects, “I didn't see any use in doing anything at all. But it turned out to be a terrible ordeal. If anyone talked while I was knitting, I immediately dropped a stitch and had to take it all out. My family couldn't stand me!

“I finally finished the socks, though, and you should have seen them. They were just like the ones in the cartoons, inches and inches too long. Marty couldn't possibly have folded them over enough to get them into his shoes along with his feet. I changed my mind about knitting!”

There was one other question and comment which touched and pleased her very much. This girl had written: "I have lots of freckles and I used to hate them and be embarrassed about them. But your cheery attitude toward your own freckles has made me feel that there is something nice and charming and a little bit 'special' about having them and now I'm glad about my freckles.”

Doris was thoughtful about this. “I don’t like to give advice but, well, girls want so desperately to be perfect,” she said. “Look—I'm no ravishing beauty. I have other defects besides freckles. You'd be surprised at the defects some of the biggest movie stars have. What you have to do is make the most of what you have. If you're tall, capitalize on it. If you're short, be glad that you are cute and dainty.”

“Then try to project whatever you have inside you that is good and happy. In pictures they call that 'personality.' Anyone on or off the screen can do it and can have it.

“It doesn't matter how tall or short you are. Beautiful personalities come in all sizes!”

“There are lots more questions here that I'd like to answer,” she went on, gesturing at the pile of mail. “Maybe another time, we can take up where we left off. I really enjoy it.”**END**
INTENSITY that characterized Jimmy was captured in this drum-beating shot.
JAMES DEAN: IN MEMORIAM

To a fine young actor and an unfettered spirit,
we dedicate these pictures taken during Jimmy's last days.

STREET SIGNS found by Jimmy in Marfa, Texas, during location filming of "Giant" amused Jimmy and Liz Taylor on the set.

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A HAPPY James Dean posed for this candid portrait in which he is made up as a man of 50 for his big drunk scene in movie "Giant."
His individuality was captured supremely in these pictures taken during final sequences of "Giant" filming.

MAKE-UP preparations at six a.m. usually pained Jimmy but on this occasion he found it amusing.

OIL FIELDS fascinated Jimmy who loved to wander about them. Here he's carrying a piece of moss that he wanted for his pond at home.
It shouldn’t happen to Bill Holden

Talk about scrapes! Take the time Bill was in Hong Kong and started to take a “private” shower when all of a sudden...

By DICK PINE

Bill Holden pointed to a rather odd metal object hanging above the door in his dressing room at the Paramount Studio.

"Things," he said, "happen to me. Things like that." "Like that?" I repeated, uncertainly, peering at the object. "Well, it certainly looks interesting. It—what is it?" "It is interesting!" Bill assured me, solemnly. "You'd be surprised at how much interest a great many people have taken in that thing. And with reason. Want to hear its story?" I did, and it went something like this.

Bill has traveled nearly all over the world in the past few years on location trips and on junkets of his own devising. He is an avid collector of antiques and curios which symbolize the countries he visits, and the walls of his dressing room are crowded with costumed dolls and little idols, paintings and tapestries that he has gathered from all over. A notable collection—and every object has a story to go with it.

One day not long ago the ineffable George Gobel was visiting Bill and commented, in his timid way, on this splendid collection of curios.

"Y'know, I have a collection, too," George volunteered after a bit. "Would you like me to show it to you? I'll get it right away!"

He was back in a trice with a large canvas dingsus which he unrolled on the floor to display the darndest collection of old junk Bill had ever seen. Bits of unidentifiable metal scraps of the insides of ancient cars and airplanes, works from discarded alarm clocks, old can-openers.

Bill, playing it straight, admired the "collection" extravenently, then picked up a queer metal gimmick. "Now, here's..."
BILL confesses he's perplexed by odd twists of fate that harass him.
It takes more than the hazards of location shooting
to put Bill out of action; he's survived everything

an interesting piece," he said. "I particularly like this one."
"You do?" George beamed, happily. "I'm so glad because it is one of my own favorites. And do you know what, Bill? I want to give it to you for your very own."

Forthwith, George made a formal little speech of presentation and Bill replied with equal solemnity. And the object, whatever-in-the-world-it-was, was duly installed in an honored spot over the door of Bill's dressing room.

No one is, as yet, entirely certain what the object is, although there are theories that it may be something once known as a "tire lug" which was used to loosen nuts on the tires of ancient cars when they needed changing.

Holden at the moment, if you want to know the truth, is a bit rueful about it.

"Look," he says, reasonably enough. "I've been proud of my collection of curios from all over the world—some of them pretty valuable—all of them, I thought, interesting, with stories or legends attached to them.

"Then Gobel presents me with this peculiar what-is-it and takes all the play away from my stuff. Every visitor I have seems to be more fascinated by that than by what I thought were some wonderful objects."

He shook his head. "I've come to expect to have curious things happen to me when I'm traveling in foreign lands," he said. "But they aren't a bit stranger than the things that happen right here at home. Honestly, everything happens to me." Since Bill has been abroad much more of the time during the past several years than he has been in Hollywood, his "things happening" have mostly had a foreign flavor.

The romance-minded traveler (which Holden is) inevitably looks and hopes for some exotic adventures when he visits the Orient. Bill was no exception. But he wasn't looking for anything quite as exotic as the time when he was in Japan, and started to take a shower in what he contentedly imagined to be his own private bathroom in the hotel.

Just as he was about to doff his robe and step under the spray he heard a merry chorus of admiring voices and a din of giggling and looked up to discover some thirty or more bright-eyed teen-agers peering at him through some sort of slat arrangement in the doors.

His sputtering protests to attendants and management eventually brought out an interesting difference in the meaning of the word, "private." Of course it was a private bathroom, he was assured. That meant that no one else could
come in while he was using it. It certainly didn't mean that no one couldn't look in! Whoever had heard of such an idea?

After some thirty minutes of explanations and puzzles, Bill finally made it clear that coming in and looking in were equally taboo in a private bath where he came from. And steps were taken to shield his ablutions from the eyes of an affectionate public.

"But to this day," he is certain, "those people think I am odd and possibly a little bit selfish or snobbish or something."

A water shortage in Hong Kong posed another acute, if slightly less embarrassing, problem. Water was rationed and faucets were permitted to be turned on only once a day and then for a limited time.

"It presented some fine problems," Bill remembers.

"First there was the dire necessity of being on the spot when the magic hour came to turn the water on. About all you could do was fill the tub and whatever other small receptacles you could wangle and then do a lot of complicated arithmetic trying to ration what you had so that it would last all day—for bathing, for shaving—teeth. 'O-mi-gosh!' you would think, just as you thought you had it all settled. 'Somehow or other I've got to have a shampoo!'

"For a while there, members of the company did some pretty high-powered bartering for quarts and pints of just plain water. It was amazing how valuable the stuff began to seem after a while."

Water seems to figure a good deal in a lot of his foreign adventures. In the Virgin Islands, on location for "The Proud And The Profane," the company heard warnings of an approaching hurricane. The help in the hotel where they were quartered promptly took off in a body for higher and more sheltered ground, leaving the Hollywoodians to shift for themselves the best way they could.

Director George Seaton found a chef's tall hat which he fancied and appointed himself chief cook. Bill hastily appointed himself "chief table setter," on the domesticated

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An upstanding guy, Bill has found fulfillment and a sense of security in his family, home and career

theory that distributing clean dishes was to be preferred to coping with soiled ones.
There was a lot of determined gayety until someone discovered that a lively and sizable waterfall was cascading down the main staircase into the lobby of the hotel where they were trying so hard to be merry... and the only things they could find with which to try to stem the tide were a very small mop and a pitifully inadequate bucket.

"I never saw two implements—if that's what you call a bucket and a mop—look so useless in my life!" Bill says now.

"And I never felt so abjectly unamused. After learning in Hong Kong to treasure a pint of water as if it were molten gold, I learned in the islands to dread and detest the stuff. There must be a moral in there somewhere."

Luckily, after a damp and anxious night, they learned that the hurricane had veered and the danger of floods had passed. They had come through with nothing worse than damp feet and a few cases of sniffles.

Bill, an acute and often serious observer of the world around him, is given to discerning morals and meanings in events which might not impress another man. And once having drawn a conclusion, especially if it seems to relate to some sort of injustice, he is not a bit averse to expressing himself about it. This can lead to some confusion.

Like the time he and Brenda went to a movie in a strange town where they were not at first recognized. A large crowd was trying to get into the theatre and Bill thought the ushers were being pretty high-handed and rude to the customers.

"This sort of thing hurts the entire picture industry!" he sputtered, his temper rising rapidly. "I'd like to get hold of the manager of this theatre... I'd tell him..."

A tuxedoed gentleman, overhearing him, remarked, "The manager's name is McConnell and you'll find him in that office right over there."

Forthwith Bill stormed to the office—to be greeted by the self-same tuxedoed character, entering by another door.

"My name's McConnell," began the by now thoroughly confused Bill.

"No, no!" protested the character. "I'm McConnell—I'm almost sure I am. And who are you?"

"I—I'm—" stammered Holden. "Oh, let's just skip it!"

BILL has come to be philosophic about these matters.

"See what I mean?" he inquires of friends when odd circumstances catch up with him.

Like the time when dinner guests arriving at his house found the driveway and lawn awash with water because Bill had forgotten to turn off the sprinklers. "Think nothing of it," he advised, placidly, dragging out a plank or two so that the guests could get into the house.

Half an hour later, two youths who were taking a motorboat somewhere on a trailer behind their car failed to negotiate a curve in the street outside and launched the boat with a huge splash on the Holdens' already flooded property.

"See—?" began Bill. And his guests responded with a resounding, "We see exactly what you mean!"

He has even come to believe he has some foresight about the "things" that are destined to happen to him. But—

One night at a Friars' Club dinner he was telling about this foresight, a trifle smugly.

"Once on a plane trip with Leon Ames," he related, "I saw
the stewardess coming down the aisle with a tray of coffee. I don't know why, but I suddenly started murmuring to Leon. 'She's going to spill it on me—she's going to spill it on me—And, believe it or not, just as she reached us the plane lurched and down came the coffee—all over me!'

His hearers registered courteous amusement just as a club waiter, passing behind Bill's chair, tripped and almost politely, it seemed, deposited an entire chocolate parfait over the Holden facade. There were those among the onlookers who would have sworn it was a "plant," a planned gag to point up Bill's story. But it definitely was not. It was simply another of those episodes in the Holden saga which go to prove, so far as he is concerned, that "everything happens to Bill."

Over the years he has developed a sort of "what next?" attitude and one senses sometimes that he is waiting almost gleefully to see what new surprises are in store for him. He was certainly surprised when the Hollywood Women's Press Club announced that it had voted him "the most cooperative actor for 1955" and presented him with its annual "golden apple" award.

In his grateful speech at the luncheon at which the award was tendered, Bill reminded the ladies that for nine months of 1955 he had been many thousands of miles away, with the sly implication that it might have been his absence which made them appreciate him. They loved it.

Later he said, "I'm just a guy to whom things keep happening. Even if I'm on the other side of the world, things can still be happening to me right here in Hollywood. Hmmm...!"

END
JUNE ALLYSON escaped from harsh reality at an early age by going to the movies as often as possible, and she taught herself to dance—at home, untutored—by seeing Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers movies over and over, then practising the dance routines by herself. She entered amateur contests at local theatres—there were lots of such contests then—and won often enough to be encouraged. All through high school she yearned to get into show business, that seemingly "glamorous world" so unlike the one she knew.

So while still in high school, she made the Big Try and got a job in the chorus of the Broadway revue, "Sing Out The News." Her pay was far from huge, but it was a great experience. After "Sing Out The News" closed, June went back and finished school. Then she made another try at Broadway and finally landed a part in "Panama Hattie." By now, June felt that the life of an actress was definitely the life for her. She left home and went to live at the American Women's Association club-hotel in Manhattan's "upper fifties." It's now a commercial hotel but at that time the AWA, as it was popularly known, was "home" for young women ambitious to make good in New York's many fields of opportunity. It was not populated exclusively by girls in show business, but there were some girls there who shared June's ambitions, and she soon found them.

June was assigned a room with two girls and, as she recalls, there was a great FINANCIAL problems no longer harass June, who is currently in "It Happened One Night."
deal of clothes borrowing, between roommates and others, too.

"I was strictly a skirt and sweater girl then. Other than those I had one decent dress, so I didn't have much to offer. Besides, I was the shortest girl in our 'lending' group; my clothes were too short for most of the girls. When I borrowed a dress I'd have to baste up the hem and then later rip that out and press it before I returned it. That was fine with me, though. Those were happy days."

But things got rough for June again. Her show closed and she was out of work. She had saved a little money but not much because her living expenses had consumed most of her earnings. She kept looking for other chorus jobs, without success. Presently she was down to her last few dollars. She was faced with the problem of paying rent or eating. Being very practical, even then, she decided she had to eat.

"I was very much on my own, by both choice and necessity. But there I was, faced with the prospect of defeat," June recalls. "I just couldn't go back home and admit I was licked. It was a very dreary situation, but I decided to throw myself on the mercy of the hotel manager. I told him I was broke and asked if he could let me coast on my rent payments."

"He was middle-aged, kindly. I'm sure he had been faced with similar requests many times before. After all, there were a couple hundred girls always living at the AWA then. I don't know how he responded to other such pleas, but I imagine the same way he did mine. I remember he told me, "Don't worry. I'm sure you'll be a big star some day. Meantime, I'm confident you'll get another job and can pay your back rent then. Just stay on. And some day when you're a star, we'll put your picture in the lobby."

"At that time there was a big picture of Gene Tierney in the lobby. She was an AWA alumna who had made good in Hollywood. I'd look at her picture and dream of how wonderful it would be if someday my picture were there!" June told me recently, just after she finished her starring role in Columbia's musical remake of "It Happened One Night."

For a whole month June couldn't pay her rent but the kindly manager let her coast. It's on his account that she wants to express gratitude.

Meantime, June made the rounds of the theatres and booking offices trying to get a chorus job. Day after day, often in borrowed clothes to make a better impression, she applied for work.

"One of my roommates, a girl named Jean Phraenier, had a good-looking black cloth coat. Her family had money and sent her an allowance, so she was better off than most of us. But she was so generous her coat eventually became the 'community coat.' Whenever one of us had a hot prospect for a job or even a special date—and I had very few of the latter—we'd borrow Jean's coat. I'm certainly grateful to her, too."

Eventually, as you know, June did get a job, in the chorus of "Very Warm For May," then went from one musical production to another. Later, because of her role in "Best Foot Forward," she was signed by MGM for the movie version and also to a long term contract. She's had nothing but good fortune since those early days at the AWA. But looking back, she says, "It's amazing what you can do with when you have to, especially when you are young. Then, everything is an adventure. Things may be very tough when you're young, but you can have such high hopes for the future. You just keep plugging along, confident that tomorrow will bring the big break.

"But at that age you don't realize how important it is to have an 'assist'—a helping hand—from someone like the manager of the AWA who was kind enough to extend credit to me. If he had been a cold-hearted, hard-headed business man who lived by the letter of the rules, he would have told me to clear out. I don't know what would have happened if I'd had to admit defeat and go home. I feel sure my life would have been changed radically. I probably would never have gone on with show business, would never have come to Hollywood, so then I wouldn't have met Richard, wouldn't be Mrs. Powell and have two fine children."

We're happy to tell you that because June did appreciate the break she had from the manager of the AWA, she continued to live there long after she could have afforded the privacy and privilege of an apartment. She did get a better, bigger room, by herself. But she stayed on there.

And a few years later, after she came to Hollywood and became a star, her picture was put up in the lobby by the same manager who had extended her credit. And on his account she's grateful, because he had confidence in her, in her talent and integrity, when she needed it the most.
"I STARTED at the top," says Phil Silvers, "and from then on it was down, down, down!" Although this statement is not strictly true, it throws a little light on the fascinating subject of how a star is made. Not overnight, as the publicity releases would have you believe, but over years. Thirty years, in Phil's case.

It was no accident that a nationwide audience was immediately captivated by Master Sergeant Ernie Bilko, "the smartest operator in the U.S. Army." It was not chance that prompted CBS to pour $900,000 into the series before it even hit the air. It was merely that Phil Silvers was ready to go on TV, and CBS knew just how far. That he walked off with the 1955 Sylvania Award for the best comedy show of the year surprised neither one, although, of course, it delighted both.

When you watch "You'll Never Get Rich," on Tuesday nights at eight, you see the polished performance of a man acutely aware of every gesture he makes, every line he says, every effect they create. "There are practically no gags in the script," says writer-producer Nat Hiken. "It's all Phil. I know what he will do with a line that doesn't look funny on paper."

What he will do with a line is wring it dry. For Silvers is a comic in the old tradition who took thirty years to learn the business inside out.

He started at the bottom—in the tough Brownsville section of Brooklyn where he and Murder Inc. were born. (Silvers came on in 1912.) There were eight kids in the family and Phil was the loudmouth. "I might have wound up dodging lead," he says, "but instead, I wound up dodging ripe fruit at Minsky's Burlesque. I was always a ham—how I got to be one I'll never know." Neither will his family.

One brother became an architect, an-
who’ll be Marilyn’s number 3 husband?

What lessons has Marilyn Monroe learned from her two unsuccessful marriages? Will the glamorous Hollywood star attempt marriage again soon? Who’ll be the lucky man?

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the store?” Maybe it was an old burlesque gag, but it didn’t come with the script. Nor did the ad lib a moment later when the phone rang—an unusual occurrence at this sort of dinner—and everyone was startled. While it was being answered, Silvers quipped, “He says his name is Dulles—and he’ll talk to anyone!”

After he left burlesque, Phil got a small part in “Yokel Boy.” Jack Pearl, the star, thought the show was so bad that he left it in Boston and Phil took his place. As he was to do with later shows, he revamped the whole thing, working in a lot of burlesque routines which he angled toward sophistication.

It was then he got the call to Hollywood at $500 a week. He waited there for big things to happen. What happened was MGM put him in one movie and then cut out his footage before it was released. Later that year they gave him a part to memorize. “I thought it was crazy,” he says, “but I did like they said.” When he showed up for rehearsals someone discovered that he’d been cast as the cleric in “Pride And Prejudice” and he was told to forget it. He heard that Republic was filming “Yokel Boy,” so he rushed over. “We’re looking for a Phil Silvers type,” they told him, “but you’re not it.”

“It was very, very sad,” he says of that part of his career. He made some movies for Fox, but “most of them were different in name only. I was always Blinky, the hero’s best friend. In the last reel I told the girl—usually Betty Grable—that the hero really loved her, not that society snob up on Nob Hill.”

The boredom and the fancy salary left him no out but gambling. He liked to bet on horse races and football and baseball games. His brother Harry, now his manager, has been heard to lay the blame on a guilt complex. One day, though, Phil quit gambling cold. It was after he’d won a large purse on a horse. “I was panic-stricken when I recognized how much that one silly race meant to me,” he says.

It wasn’t till he left Hollywood, toured the Mediterranean with a USO troupe and came back home that Phil won tremendous and lasting recognition. He got it with the lead in Broadway’s “High Button Shoes,” and then in the smash hit (which he repeated on the screen), “Top Banana.”

He was a little afraid of TV, considering it the most demanding medium there is. “But I knew I had to do it,” he says. “You have to progress. Just because you don’t like cars, you can’t go around in a covered wagon.”

He was also ready for Sergeant Ernie Bilko, a character he feels he would not have been able to handle years back. “Gee, what a different fellow I am today,” Phil says. “How much more on an adult basis. You know, when I was succeeding and becoming a big star, there was an affection for me and I liked it. But after I arrived, I rejected the responsibility. I expected too much of people. I let the little envies creep in and I got my feelings hurt very easily. And so I didn’t enjoy my success. Why, I practically had to give up my social life. But now, when I’m off the stage, I just drop the curtain and go back to being Phil Silvers.”

But what Phil Silvers is still gets lost behind the gags that are as natural to him as his skin. Shifting and feinting like a champion behind his horn-rimmed spectacles, and generating an air of inexhaustible energy, he manages to remain, like most comedians, an enigma. Especially when he talks about his personal life. He says he yearns for a wife and family.

Meanwhile, muttering that actresses aren’t really people, he dates only the most beautiful and glamorous ones he can find. “I see them as much as I can,” he says, “and I can a lot. I talk to them on the phone—so much in fact that my friends say I’m getting a phony reputation.”

One of his friends says, “All the girls he goes out with love him. But the ones he loves the most, generally love him like a brother. He’s always heartbroken over some girl.”

He was married for five years to Jo Carroll Dennison, Miss America of 1950. “Why, on the honeymoon,” he says, “the poor found herself in New York at a table with me, Toots Shor and Joe DiMaggio. In own ignorance, I thought she’d be pressed with that kind of socializing. Hated it. Phil,” she’d say to me, ‘Don’t we just go for a nice walk in Central Park together.” I just didn’t understand.”

“Laughter isn’t my passport anym,” he says. “I used to be the guy invited to all Hollywood parties for yaks. Everyone the parties would roar at my joke (everyone but Jo). She didn’t have to, didn’t love me because I was a funny man. She loved me for me.”

Not long ago, Phil wrote an article Variety, about an imaginary comedian his thoughts. “What I need,” the fictitious comedian said, “is a girl, one girl, will be pretty and understanding. Where do you find her? Do you take Variety ad which says, ’Wanted—so body who can stand being alone most of the time, must put up with mood swings, be able to socialize.”

What Phil is looking for, said Toots Shor, after reading the article, “ain’t a girl. He’s looking for an Airedale.”

While he looks—and whatever for life is crowded with friends, and it’s to see him alone. In the past he thought it was shameful to be seen eating alone and says it took him a long time before he could walk into a place by himself and ask for a hamburger. He’s overcome the need for constant companionship, but personal magnetism attracts people to him in hordes.

Tuesday nights, anyway, you can him in his Park Avenue apartment, perhaps in an easy chair and “in the enviable position of watching” another in the film series of “You’ll Never Get Rich.”
able that put me into such a mood.

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Reviews of new discs by BOB CROSBY

WHETHER spring is a state of mind or a season, the Ray Charles Singers cheer it on with a carefree package of tunes entitled—of all things—"Spring Is Here." And high time, too (MGM) . . . . The music from "Pipe Dream" may not live as long as most Rogers and Hammerstein offerings but the enchantment's there, and with Helen Traubel, Judy Tyler and William Johnson making with the lyrics could this be bad? (Victor) . . . . Couple of solid senders team up to make "Memories Of You" memorable for Columbia—Rosie Clooney and Benny Goodman, the dream team. Benny duets with Rosie on the flip—"It's Bad For Me." . . . For another mood, try the sadly beautiful "When You Lose The One You Love," in the rich, warm tones of David Whitfield. Mantovani's orchestra gives solid backing to both sides of the London disk. . . . Lillian Roth comes through with an album—"I'll Cry Tomorrow"—presenting a group of evergreens with a vitality and styling that's refreshing (Epic).

Bill Haley's got the Comets to workin' again and the password these days is "See You Later, Alligator." Flip is "The Paper Boy" and both sides really jump, man. (Decca) . . . . Chuck Miller pinches home a sensational bit of C&W Pop-type tune in "Lookout Mountain" for Mercury. "Boogie Blues" is on the flip. Both sides beat that pulse. . . . The Four Lads add another to their string of hits with "No, Not Much" and "I'll Never Know," delivered with warmth and tenderness. (Columbia) . . . . An inspirational number with appeal is "These Hands" and it's getting a strong emotional delivery by both Johnny Oliver for MGM and Jeffrey Clay for Coral. The MGM flip is "Chain Gang"; Coral's, "You'll Be Sorry." . . .

Bring on those crying towels and "Go On With The Wedding." You pays your money and you takes your choice on number—Patti Page (Mercury) Kitty Kallen and Georgie St. (Decca) have given it the full six-hour kickoff treatment. . . . Attention Vocalists: There's a sky rocketing new Julie London shooting to the top "Julia Is Her Name" should turn trick. Standard tunes, but oh! that voice. (Liberty) . . . . The Sammy K. Ork breaks into the R&B field with big assist from Sam "The Man" T. 'n L an an appeal to "Hey, Pretty G. Flip's the charming oldie "In The Va Of The Moon." (Columbia) . . . . St. Lawrence of TV fame belts out a of R&B favorites—"The Chicken The Hawk" and "Speedoo" and does Coral label right proud. . . . Siren set and the punchy chanting of Bob Spier and —"Roll, Hot Rod, Roll." Back with "You Do Something To Me," it really Epic platter.

Dorothy Collins shows to good fect for Coral in the R&B favorite, "Go Days." Flipside's "Manolo," a M can novelty tune with a good, s rhythm. . . . The Mills Brothers su have fans "All The Way Round World" and every one of them g's to enjoy the warmth and showman of this platter. Backed with "Changed My Mind A Thousand Tim (Decca) . . . . Victor offers the ever peeling song styling of Tony Martin the persuasive ballad, "Love, You Be Thing," backed by "Just A Gigolo." Henri Rene Ork takes a bow on this too. . . . In a sweetly off-beat mel Dinah Shore comes through in fine with "Stolen Love," "That's All It Is To That" is more Shore than R but it's Dinah might. Ooh! (Victor) . . .

"The Bob Crosby Show" is seen Mon through Friday on the CBS-TV net from 3:30 to 4:00 p.m. EST.
I've had a few rather unfortunate experiences in the cooking line. A few months ago, Tony was going to England and I wanted him to have some nice barbecued steaks his last night at home. I had tried the new barbecue grill at our Pacific Palisades home and hadn't done so well. This time I got the fire just right, I put the steaks on, decided later I needed a bit more flame so the steaks would have that wonderful charred flavor. I couldn't think what to do to get more fire so, on impulse, I poured a bit of vodka on the coals. They flamed up all right and singed my hair and eyebrows. I looked just like the surrey without the fringe on top. The steaks? Oh, they were just right—nicely charred and with a fascinating flavor.

Deborah, as a rule, is not impulsive. She's quite cautious. As she says, "I usually think four or fifty times before I do something. Occasionally, I have done stupid things, like buying something extravagant. I console myself by saying, 'Well, it's good for my soul,' and then I go home and bleed a little. I have spent large sums of money on dresses I knew I couldn't afford, but you can be sure I wore them until they fell apart.

"I'm really quite practical. Maybe it's because I've never put much value on material possessions. Money isn't the big thing in my life and never has been. And that's one of the things I try to teach my daughters, Melanie and Francesca. One of the biggest worries I have is that either of them might grow up to believe she had to make a good social or money marriage. That would really upset me.

"Actually, my daughters have raised me very well. They're well adjusted and happy girls in spite of the fact that they live an extraordinary life—with their mother in pictures."

There's another refreshing thing about Deborah—which again proves that as a lady she could never be dull. She is not the least coy or phony. She doesn't even get embarrassed easily.

"How could anyone be easily embarrassed around show business?" she commented. "It's true I've said things at times without thinking which have embarrassed me later, but not often. I'm really frightfully innocent or naive—and at the strangest times. Some of the things I've said, as a result, have filled me with horror. Most jokes, though, don't embarrass me. They either amuse me or revolt me. The trouble is I can't remember any of them. I'd love to be a good story teller."

Some women parade around with ice in their veins. But Deborah has too much fun in life to be bothered with phony antics like this. She's a lady all right—the kind any man would be glad to know and any woman would admire. There's a warm fire in her blood. Ice would have a heckuva time getting along in her. **END**
Sheilah Graham's Hollywood Lowdown

continued from page 8

happy. Now how are they going to get THAT theme past the censors?

Piper Laurie and Gene Nelson shy away from having their pictures taken together, even though they've never parted. Both feel it wouldn't be right until after his divorce, but that didn't seem to bother Gene when he was courting Jane Powell... Ann Blyth is tired to death of doing musicals and costume pictures, and wants a strong emoting role. If MGM doesn't give it to her, she's very liable to leave that studio and go to one that will... Which reminds me of Esther, Williams' reason for leaving Leo the Lion. "In a lobe. "We've been at a studio too long. All they ever did for me at MGM was change my leading men and the water in the pool. They never changed the stories..." From Paris, Mel Ferrer writes that he and Audrey Hepburn will travel to Japan and a dozen other countries to publicize their "War And Peace," but Hollywood is not on their agenda.

Henry Fonda was followed here from Italy by a pretty Italian girl, Adfera Franchetti. Maybe she'll have the same luck Veronica Passani had following Gregory Peck to these shores. Incidentally, the new Mrs. Peck has no intention of ever being anything but a wife. "She just wants to take care of me," Greg smiled. "She thinks that's what a woman should do..." My nomination for the girl most in love, beautiful English import, Dana Wynter, who has said that in her eyes when attractive attorney Gurb Ghatzer is around. Which is all the time...

Marilyn Monroe's price for doing pictures may be up way, but the price of Marilyn Monroe calendars is way down... Jeff Hunter's secret dates are with a girl first-named "Dusty," whom he met in Arizona when making "A Kiss Before Dying"... Kirk Douglas' two sons by his first marriage, Michael and Joel, will move in with their father and his present wife, Anne, permanently this spring... Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger will name their expected baby "Jimmy," if it's a boy. That's Stewart's proper name and you no doubt know.

Kim Novak confirmed that she's still in love with theatrual owner, Mac Krim. "But I've also discovered that I'm more and more interested in becoming a better actress," she added. "So I'm not thinking of the other about marriage." She isn't sure just how long Mac will hang around waiting for her to make up his mind. "We've been getting together two-and-a-half years, and how long can a man be patient with a girl?" My advice is get him, Kim. Wasn't it Sophie Tuck who used to sing about a good man being hard to find?... Natalie Wood is really on the dating-go-round. One night she's out with Nick Adams, the next with Peter Lopez, then follows that strong one-tw with Tab Hunter. Some girls have all the luck, especially if they're 18 and as pretty as Natalie...

Jayne Mansfield, the girl who does a 18-carat take-off on Marilyn in the Broad way hit, "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?", will probably end up at the same studio as Marilyn—20th Century Fox. She's testing them for a role in "The Wayward Bus." Her part is described as "a young lady who's handicapped by a body that attracts men and boys..." Incidentally, Marilyn made one or tw enemies at the studio when she took he walkout powder, and they're scouting fo

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her blonde scalp. ... Lana Turner's mother, Mildred Turner, is working as a greased lady at a men's store in Beverly Hills. And Tony Curtis' pop has a job in the wardrobe department at U-I. ... Jean Pierre Aumont isn't taking the loss of Grace Kelly too hard. He's found another romance in Marisa Pavan, who's lovely enough to make it easy for him to forget the princess. ... Irene Papas, the Greek beauty signed by MGM, has a word to say about posing for American photographers. "They don't want people," she snorts. "They want forms!"

Ava Gardner has a string of boy friends from Spain to London, but she still writes friends in Hollywood that she's lonely. She won't return here though, unless it's to make a picture. ... Doris Day's career plans include a gradual cessation of singing and complete concentration on dramatics, whereas Susan Hayward, who's a marvelous actress, wants to sing, sing and sing some more.

When Tyrone Power came here to visit with his two daughters, ex-wife Linda Christian threw a big party for him, and even invited Eva Gabor who still dates Ty. However, Linda's wooer, Edmund Purdom refused to show at the party until he was sure that Ty had left. ... Purdom is asking $100,000 per picture. He's asking, but he isn't getting. ... Lovely Venetia Stevenson has promised Russ Tamblyn that she won't pose for any more cheese-bake or bathing suit pictures, after Russ read her the riot act for a revealing layout of her that appeared in a recent magazine. Russ isn't at all happy that Venetia has embarked on a screen career, but he's so much in love with the gal, he can't say "no" to her. ... Don't be surprised if Kathryn Grayson retires from the screen, even though she thinks her latest picture, "The Vagabond King," is the best she's ever done. Kathryn has never particularly enjoyed being a movie star, and has just about made up her mind to stop pretending she does.

Jane Russell has dieted down to 135 pounds and now looks as good walking away from you as she does walking towards you. ... Her secret formula for losing weight is very simple: "Stop eating so much!" ... There are two biographies of the late Jimmy Dean being readied for spring publication, one written by his father from a diary left by Jimmy, the other by Nicholas Ray, who directed him in "Rebel Without A Cause". ... The Eddie Fisher-Debbie Reynolds picture for RKO, "Bundle Of Joy," will be a bundle of cash for Eddie and his bride. He gets 35 per cent of the profits spread over a ten year period, but Debbie gets only her regular MGM salary for the loan-out. However, she's not kicking, since whatever Eddie gets, Debbie gets. ... Betty Hutton's about to launch a screen comeback, but it won't be in the filming of the Sophie Tucker story.

And that's all from Hollywood. See you next month.
clubs, and they even went to church together. This inspired a report, never since confirmed or revived, that Greg was about to embrace Veronique's faith.

Out of context, it might appear that Greg was deliberately floating convention and reneging on his marriage vows. But confidantes of Peck point out that his romance with the Passani girl was not what delivered the coup de grace to his marriage to Greta. They maintain that his marriage already was dead when chance brought him and Veronique together. Not only was the announcement of his marriage break-up made with pointed timing on Independence Day, but as far back as 1949, when Peck had left home for two days, there were reports that his marriage had run its course. His friends insist that his marriage was a victim of that sly and ubiquitous killer—enui. They assert that morally—and in point of fact—Greg already was a divorced man, and that he was not thumbnailing his nose at convention, or at Greta. He merely was submitting, as even a man in a gray flannel suit is impelled to do, to the vicissitudes of life.

At no time in the course of his headline-making romance with Veronique did Peck in any sense tell the world to go jump in a lake. He plainly liked his world too much to read it off. It was evident that what he wanted was for the world not to judge his dilemma too hastily or harshly, not to brand him prematurely as an outcast who had lost his respect for the traditions and proprieties ostensibly venerated by the man in the gray flannel suit.

Throughout his courtship of Miss Passani, Peck had burned incense to the glowing Buddhas of convention. If falling in love with Veronique angered them, he has done everything to appease the gods of propriety except give her up. He has in every sense behaved as a 14-karat man in a gray flannel suit would.

Aside from the minor fact that they were not yet man and wife, Peck and Veronique were conventional, albeit happily conventional, in everything they did after she joined him in Hollywood. Even their American reunion was arranged with a healthy respect for convention.

When, after a two and a half year European movie-making odyssey, Peck returned to the United States, leaving Veronique behind in Paris, he stated—whether with tongue in cheek or out of regard for that old watchdog, convention—that no definite plans had been made for his chic, continental 22-year-old sweetheart to follow. But a scant two months later, Veronique landed in New York, and Peck flew there from Hollywood to meet her and take her on a holiday of sightseeing and theatre-going.

Apparently still anxious not to offend the guardians of propriety, Peck returned to Hollywood by himself. Twenty-four hours later, Veronique arrived in Hollywood. It was a fascinating tableau. Peck made sweeping curtsies to convention in every step of his unconvention dilemma.

Early and late he refused to discuss with anyone the possibility of marriage to Veronique, an eventuality which no but the non compos mentis could have doubted. But the significance of this blank formality cannot be underestimated in assessing the importance Peck places respectability.

In Hollywood, he behaved like a man who had nothing to hide, explain or all. He was accepted on his own terms. I leased a two-bedroom home on Mandeville Canyon, an idyllic rustic thoroughfare inhabited by many of his movie friends, including Richard Widmark, all, whom, like him, are pillars of respeability and Hollywood counterparts of the man in the gray flannel suit. Veronique likewise respecting the proprieties, hol up in the plush Bel-Air Hotel—a five minutes from Mandeville Canyon.

Greg and Veronique were neither nor conspicuous about their relationships. Greg calmly treated it as a purely personal matter which he didn't feel obliged to discuss with anyone.

He never made a move that he cou explain blithely to his children. As unconventional as some people recon his romance with Veronique Greg's high regard for convention is reflected in the fact that he didn't stir at the interlocutory leach, and rush impulsively to Las Vegas or Mexico or quickie divorce. He did nothing to co hot breath of scandal, or to invite a hot glare of the spotlight.

Greg bluntly vowed, and never hedy that pledge, not to discuss marriage anyone before his divorce was final.

"I have no plans to marry Miss Passani," he said when she arrived to him in Hollywood. "I want to spend a of time with my three boys for the year. My house is very close to to which they live with their mother, so close fact that they bicycle over to see every day."
complex or unnecessary disregard for convention drive him into a back street life with Veronique. He frankly stated that he wanted his friends to meet her, which is how any man in a gray flannel suit would feel about his girl. He made the rounds of friends with her just as any man in a gray flannel suit would indoctrinate his intended bride. He visited with the Richard Widmarks and others who had known him and Greta for years, and the difficult transition was negotiated most gracefully.

As a man in a gray flannel suit would remark, it was all highly civilized.

While Greg was careful to avoid offending the community, he was at the same time disarmingly honest about being captivated by Veronique.

"I know," he admitted, "that I am exceedingly happy in her companionship, but naturally I cannot as yet make any plans regarding marriage, since my interlocutory decree is not final. So any talk of an engagement would be entirely premature."

But Peck was quite content for actions to bespeak the approaching nuptials with Veronique. They were not the flagrant actions of renegades, however. They were, rather, the normal actions of a normally affianced young man and woman.

He neither flaunted their friendship, nor did he keep Veronique in hiding. Her visits to the set of "The Man In The Gray Flannel Suit" precipitated a new barrage of romance questions, but Greg turned them aside just as deftly and just as charmingly as ever.

"I find," he explained hopefully, "that if I don't talk about my personal life, less is printed about it."

Spoken like a true man in a gray flannel suit.

As D-Day—the day his divorce became final—approached, Greg held fast to the code of the gray flannel suit. He had neither consummated nor discussed with anyone knew what everyone knew was an inexorable formality—his marriage to Veronique Passani. But in the interim, he had accomplished something of a social miracle—the complete integration of Miss Passani into his previously established, serene, suburban and respectable way of life.

By sheerest coincidence, Greg admitted that he was anxious to move from a rented house to a home of his own. By further coincidence, just as sheer, Veronique took it upon herself to do most of the house hunting.

As Veronique most certainly must have known, she was getting a very stable citizen, a man who pinpointed the philosophy of the man in the gray flannel suit when he said, prosaically or not:

"Acting is my job, and I like to keep at it. I'm a man who enjoys going to work every morning."

Can Gossip End Her Career?

continued from page 17

Yet, her outburst seemed to be more than merely blow-top business. Assuredly it was not the speech of an ambitious and determined youngster moving upward at all costs.

On the contrary, to those who heard it, it sounded much, much more like the staid indignation of a grown woman who knew all about the top of the mountain and decided there were aspects of it she didn't like and wasn't going to condone any longer.

Neither this magazine nor any other is authorized by Miss Taylor to say she is contemplating a Garbo-like retreat. But a ground-swell of accumulating evidence has at last broken through to make it manifest that this is at least possible. Liz Taylor's had it all and had it for many years, Now she's fed up with all of it but the creative part.

Liz recently rounded out 16,000 miles of air travel to be with her husband in Africa, then back home with her children for Christmas. That ought to dispose of that.

This much is certain: Her husband, her children, their new home in Beverly Hills—there, to crib from a moulder of fine, fat phrases, is where the heart is. And

Liz Taylor, who never grew up but just went to bed one night a child and woke up the next morning a woman, would like to go home. She has missed a lot; she'd as soon not miss any more.

One formidable detail, of course, stands in the way. She is a child of the theatre, the daughter of applause, born to adulation and to That's-Liz-Taylor-over-there-the-one-in-the-corner-isn't-she-the-most-beautiful-girl-you’ve-never-seen!

That you don't forget in a moment. But all the rest. What of Informed Sources and their nasty misinformation? What of rumor peddlers who dare not check their yeasty 'facts' for fear they won't prove to be true? What of such raunchy innuendo that hints romance with a male co-star, and who cares that he promptly marries as soon as the film is finished? Who indeed cares? The damage has been done.

That you would be glad to leave behind you.

"Liz has had enough," one remarkably authoritative observer has declared. "She's a girl who loves to stay at home and sleep till noon. Pictures she loves. But the rest of it's finally got her down. And that is for sure."
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Meet Me In Las Vegas

BRIGHT as a new silver dollar, this shimmer and glows in Eastman-color with some very festive frolicking. A rancher who goes off on a yearly gambling trip in Las Vegas, Dan Dailey latches on to the most succulent, curvaceous rabbit's foot that ever graced a gambler's vest pocket. Through some quirk of Lady Luck, ballerina Cyd Charisse changes Dailey's losing streak into phenomenal good fortune. Merely holding hands can make oil wells gush and money pour into the coffers. Fascinated by the golden metallic music she and Dailey make, Cyd comes down from her pedestal long enough to fall in love. Steps away from the altar, the winning streak mysteriously ends, leaving Cyd doubtful that she and Dailey were ever really meant for each other. In the nick of time, Dailey figures out what happened. One of the brightest of his year's musicals, the dance numbers are superb and the surprises a joy. (MGM)

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Come Next Spring

No great names, no dazzling fanfare, not even a new film process—just plain delightful entertainment. Ann Sheridan has never been better as a determined, unyielding wife. Steve Cochran shows an amazing grasp of character as the irresponsible husband. After an eight year absence, Cochran appears again on their small Arkansas farm. Because of the children, Sherry Jackson and Richard Eyer, Ann permits Cochran to remain at the farm as a hired hand. The arrangement isn't at all permanent once Ann gets an inkling that Cochran has reformed. Besides their own emotional ironing-out session, neighbor Sonny Tufts persists in courting Ann, and the mystery of little Sherry's muteness needs clearing up. In Trucolor, this has a simplicity and charm so rarely found in motion pictures these days. (Republic.)

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World In My Corner

BACK from the Korean war, Audie Murphy is having a difficult time making ends meet. So when pal Tommy Rall lines up a fight for him, Murphy is eager. In the arena, Murphy doesn't do much else except get himself clobbered, and attract the attention of John McIntire. This last proves quite an important phase in Murphy's life. Because of McIntire, Murphy meets millionaire Jeff Morrow. Morrow's money can make a championship fighter out of Murphy, and his daughter, Barbara Rush, well, she can show Murphy the truth behind the tired cliché: money isn't everything. Not a truly novel yarn, but one that will hold your interest. (Universal-International.)

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Coming Attractions

continued from page 10

Richard III

THE fashion in literary circles is to search history for some kind word on England's King Richard III. Authored by one William Shakespeare, this is not one of those benevolent efforts. It is, instead, a Technicolor tapestry of arch villainy, murder most foul and deeds of the blackest nature. With Laurence Olivier as the warped Richard, he hacks away at the heirs to the throne until none stand in his way. No one knows how royalty-studded the Great Beyond would have become if Richard hadn't been challenged by Henry Tudor at the Battle of Bosworth Field. There, he lost the battle, the crown and his life. Like most Shakespearean dramas, this would be quite exhausting minus an intermission. After all the murder and skullduggery, a cold bottle of soda pop should be held against the fevered brow to bring one back to the comparatively lily-white present. (London Films.)

While The City Sleeps

THERE'S nothing like a juicy serial murder to pump new life into big city tabloids. Thanks to psychopath John Barrymore, Jr., the dailies have a field day. The unknown killer of two young girls, Barrymore will go on murdering unless the police, headed by Howard Duff, stop him. Hoping his paper can beat the authorities, publisher Vincent Price offers a top job to the man on his staff who'll crack the case. In the cut-throat running are Dana Andrews, George Sanders, Thomas Mitchell and James Craig. When you aren't seeing newspaper politics at work, your ears are kept cracking with sexy chitchat bantered around by Andrews, Ida Lupino and Rhonda Fleming. Good newspaper thriller that splashes another coat of glamor on the Fourth Estate. (RKO.)

Great Day In The Morning

SOUNDS like it might be a musical but the only singing in this Technicolored Civil War drama, is the whine of bullets, and the only dancing feet belong to some poor devil strung up on a lamp post. Denver is the scene with both Northern and Southern factions carrying on their own private war. The Southerner want to ship a large gold supply to the impoverished Confederate Army. The Union sympathizers will do anything to stop them. In the midst of all this ruckus is neutral Robert Stack. All he's concerned with, until duty calls him, too, is raking in the money and courting Virginia Mayo which is enough to put Ruth Roman into a snit. For an average war yarn, this has more tiny plots than a suburban housing development. (RKO.)
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Federal Civil
Defense Administrator

(in The New York Times
Book Review)

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days, a wise move because Warners have announced him as the star of four upcoming movies. That's the result of his winning the Most Promising New Male Personality Award in the nationwide Audience Awards poll. You see, you fans still really do make the stars!

FAIR WEATHER—Since Aldo Ray and Jeff Donnell reconciled, Aldo has been wearing a wedding ring for the first time. He admits happily that Jeff gave it to him but won't divulge what's engraved inside . . . Dale Robertson and Mary Murphy plan a double teaming. They'll marry in May and this summer will co-star in his independent production, "El Largo," which was written by—Dale Robertson . . . Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman celebrated their tenth wedding anniversary and his gift was a dazzling emerald ring set in diamonds.

WANDERERS—In contrast, Rory Calhoun and his Lita will spend most of this year hopping all over the world. As soon as he finished "Raw Edge," they flew to Hong Kong where Rory's doing "Flight To Hong Kong." Lita isn't working in this one, as she has in Rory's last few pictures. She just went along for the ride. They're also going to Macao, then on the way back stop in Tokyo and Hawaii. This summer they'll go to Spain for another picture, then on to Africa for hunting on a real safari of their own, strictly for kicks. Rory, of course, is a great hunter and Lita has also become very expert in handling a rifle.

BETTER LATE THAN—Because Rock Hudson and his Phyllis caught friends off base with their surprise marriage, said friends have been taking their time sending wedding presents. So the Hudsens are still receiving beautiful silver and crystal and all that. They're also still looking for a slightly larger house but, meantime, Rock is having all sorts of cabinet work done in the living room, including built-in color TV set and hi-fi. The TV is strictly for bride Phyllis because Rock confides he is not a TV fan, color or not! Watch for the Hudsens to take off for Europe this summer for another honeymoon.

SO HAPPY—Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher, as happy as newlyweds should be, are going to have the fun of making a picture together. It will be at RKO and a remake of "Bachelors In Arms." At first it was going to be retitled "Every Mother Should Be Married," but 'tis said Eddie's TV sponsor objected to his starring in a picture with a title like that. Now it's being called "Bundle Of Joy." Bride Debbie has been on a do-it-yourself kick and her latest work is a coffee table made from an old automobile wheel, the kind with spokes, remember? She painted it black, mounted it on steel legs and put a clear white plastic top on her gadget. Really quite a thing!

IS DANA THE GIRL?—Lawyer Greg Bautzer, that perennial bachelor who has been reported "about to marry" almost every glamorous queen in town at one time or another in the last decade, is in love again. This time the beauty is Dana Wynter. She gets a dozen roses from him every day. They've been "doing" Palm Springs on week-ends and Greg has even persuaded her to take tennis lessons. But can Dana lead Greg to the altar?

MERRY MURPHYS—Audie Murphy, his ever-lovin' Pam and their two boys are spending week-ends on the new Murphy-65-foot cruiser "Petrel." And what a boat! Seaworthy enough to go anywhere, it sleeps nine, even has a deep freeze in the galley! Audie plans a two-week trip to waters off Mexico with his male friends for a real he-man, deep sea fishing trip. Happy marlin to you, Murphy! Audie also bought five quarter-horses over in Arizona and he plans to enter some of them in quarter-horse racing next year.

STILL STORMY—John Derek—an other real booster for quarter-horses—and to you non-Westerners, these are beautiful equines trained for cattle round-ups and are terrifically fast for quarter-mile racing—is not as lucky as is Audie in the marital department. John's separation from Pati has reached the property settlement stage and there's no reconciliation in sight. He and Pati now have what might at best be called a "lukewarm friendship." But Pati sent a telegram to John the first day of shooting on "The Leather Saint," signed supposedly by their two sprouts, Russ and Sean, who, after all, aren't old enough to send wires.

HAPPY MARRIEDS—Shirley MacLaine was as happy as a girl can be that her husband, Steve Parker, was able to accompany her to Bangkok and Tokyo, when with only a few hours' notice she was told to "get goin'" for added scenes in "Around The World In 80 Days." Combining business and pleasure, they're doing some sight-seeing on their way back . . . Mitzi Gaynor and her Jack Bean took a week off on their return trip from New York to visit Jack's parents in Wisconsin . . . . It looks like the commuters train bit back East when Ursula Thiess Taylor drives up to the entrance of 20th Century-Fox every night at 6 to pick up Bob Taylor. She always has young son Terry in the car, too. Bob is over there doing "Sixth Of June." . . . Bill Reynolds and his pretty model-wife, Mollie, had chance to move into their new house before they could buy furniture. So move they did. Since good, old-fashioned oranges are hard to find these days, they sat around on the floor a while! . . . Lucy Marlowe has been helping her bridegroom, Andy Carey, with finishing touches on a sail boat he started building a few years ago in hometown Fresno. B. you should see Lucy's fingernail's. W. down, same like yours and mine about those long hours with sandpaper!

PROUD PARENTS—Even with the drop of a hat, proud parents Pi Angeli and Vic Damone will show yr pictures of son Perry and point out the age of four months their son weighed 18 pounds and had two bat teeth! Pier, with her hair long agai really looks lovely. She was disappointed she couldn't show Rome to spouse Vi but she had to rush home after finishing "Port Africa" to start immediately on "Somebody Up There Likes Me."

TUNEFUL TWINS—Meantime, Pier twin, Marisa Pavan, has gone on a pop record kick, and they're all Pete Rugula's reason: bandleader and top arranger. Pete is currently her favorite date, a though she still also sees Tom Tryon.

DATA ON DATES—Bing Crosby and Kathy Grant are still an item . . . Kiki Novak has been out of town much of the time the last few months on p.a. tour and that's playing havoc with her romance with Mac Krim . . . Dewey Marti and Peggy Lee are on the "We're very good friends" kick, but this look like love to their friends . . . Cleo Moon and U-I executive Charles Simonelli are also still an item but she wants to stay here and his work keeps him in New York most of the time. Hence, no marriage plans—yet.
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THE RIESER COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK 18
ANNE CRAIN: The Story That Rocked Hollywood!

JULY - 25¢

Screenland PLUS TV-LAND

Halah Graham’s Hollywood breakdown!

Eleanor Powell: husband, nn Ford”

THIS ISSUE: Jane Kelly, Bob Wagner, trisa Pavan, Guy Madison a Wynter, Monty Clift

MITZI GAYNOR
THE WONDER SHOW OF THE WORLD!

It Happens
There
In Mid-Air...
In All Its
Fire, Flesh
And Fury!

HECHT AND LANCASTER
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Also Starring KATY JURADO  THOMAS GOMEZ  With JOHN PULEO  MINOR WATSON  Directed by CAROL REED  Produced by JAMES HILL

Screen play by JAMES R. WEBB  Adaptation by LIAM O'BRIEN  A SUSAN PRODUCTIONS INC Picture Released thru UNITED ARTISTS
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From a play by Paddy Chayefsky
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SPANISH SAUCE—With Ava Gardner living in Madrid and Frank Sinatra going to Spain for "The Pride And The Passion," there's plenty of speculation on whether they might reconcile. Our guess: no, Frankie is having daughter Nancy and son Frank Junior join him in Spain as soon as school lets out. Before he finished "High Society" with Grace Kelly and Bing Crosby, Frankie admitted he plans a TV series for the Fall. He'll produce and star in it.

LOVIN' LEWIS—No doubt about it that Jerry Lewis is a devoted husband. Wife Patti stayed home with their new son, Scott Anthony, and missed the Vegas opening, but Jerry arranged to have the entire act—and it was a smash hit—filmed in 16 millimeter so Patti could see it at home. That Jerry insists he chose the name for the littlest Lewis because he's always admired Zachary Scott and loved the book "Anthony Adverse," but he's such a clown we don't know for sure whether he's kidding or not! Anyway, he's recovered from his disappointment that the baby wasn't a girl; the Lewises have two other boys.

SOFT MUSIC—Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh swore they weren't going to remodel the house they bought, but so sooner had they moved in than they decided to rip out the old kitchen and re-do it completely. They're also wiring the entire house for hi-fi. That means they can pipe lullabies into the nursery for the expected heir.

HOME GIRL—Rock Hudson's bride Phyllis is determined to stay out of his professional life as much as possible, and that's why she didn't go to Nogales with him on the location trip for "Battle Hymn." Phyl wants to be the "home-maker," and didn't even want to go to New York with Rock on his recent p.a. trip, but on that occasion Rock persuaded her to go along for fun. While he was in Nogales she continued hunting for a new house. And they do not want a Japanese modern place as was erroneously reported; they're the "traditional" types.

LANA'S "SPRING"—Lana Turner is arranging a big party for daughter Cheryl's 13th birthday on July 25. Guests will be Cheryl's chums from the boarding school she attends in Pasadena. Lana's a real proud mother and she may well be. Cheryl is a very pretty girl and already taller than her beauteous mom.

QUIET ONE—Another of our town's beauties, German import Cornell Borchers, is a big disappointment to the local Wolf Pack. She just hasn't been dating! When she wasn't busy working in "Istanbul" continued on page 8

EXPLORING flashlight startles Greg Peck and bride Veronique Passani at dinner party.

CHANDELIER earrings sported by Jan Russell seem to awe hubby Bob Waterfield.
PARAMOUNT PRESENTS

JAMES STEWART

DORIS DAY

in

ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S

A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE CAN BE A DEADLY THING!

"THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH"

Directed by ALFRED HITCHCOCK • Screenplay by JOHN MICHAEL HAYES
Based on a Story by Charles Bennett and D. B. Wyndham-Lewis
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR
"I now have peace of mind in my married life!"

says Mrs. E. Rosen who now uses ZONITE to douche!

SAFE! Most women—both married and about-to-be-married—wonder about douching for feminine hygiene. Mrs. Rosen did, and she only found peace of mind when she heard about the importance of following the proper method of douching, with a fountain syringe, using an effective yet safe solution—like ZONITE.

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Coming Attractions

BY RAHNA MAUGHAN

**The Swan**

AS Prince Alec Guinness points out somewhere along the line in this royal Technicolor merengue, Princess Grace Kelly is not unlike a swan: graceful, serene, beautiful, but awkward on terra firma. The smooth water of Grace's life is her future planned by mother Jessie Royce Landis. Never having recovered from the sting of her family deposed as rightful heirs to some Middle European kingdom, Jessie lives for the day Grace will shine up the Guinness family tree and shake down some of her father's lost prestige. Much to mama's dismay, Guinness doesn't react to plan. Instead of plucking at frigid Grace's heartstrings, he prefers the more responsive strings of a well-rounded cello. Instead of seething when tutor Louis Jourdan breaks down the princess' crowned barrier, Guinness shoos them off to thrash matters out. On their return, Grace's tiara, slightly askew from her first brush with love, provokes Guinness into an awareness of his duty to the preservation of the true noble line. With Brian Aherne, Agnes Moorehead and Estelle Winwood, this timely, toothsome confection is the closest you'll ever get to a musical without music. (MGM.)

**The Birds And The Bees**

IN THIS Technicolor re-make of a frisky comedy originally called "The Lady Eve," TV comedian George Gobel takes a quiet plunge into moviedom. As a matter of fact, his initial splash is so low-keyed you'd hardly know he was in the swim if it weren't for vivacious Mitzi Gaynor and her papa, confidence man David Niven, who tosses Georgie boy some gayly colored life preservers. Heir to father Fred Clark's hot dog fortune, Gobel is a repressed shy-guy until Mitzi and Niven decide to "take him"—as we old con artists say. But love is sometimes stronger than the lure of loot. Mitzi is willing to reform when Gobel is tipped off about her nefarious career. From then on it's a matter of girl chases boy, and boy thinks it's peacily-George. (Paramount.)

**The Man In The Gray Flannel Suit**

ACCUSED by his wife Jennifer Jones as lacking the guts to better himself Gregory Peck takes a job with a broadcasting company and is immediately taken under wing by Fredric March, the presi—continued on page 74

HANDSOME Gregory Peck wrestles with his conscience in "Man In The Gray Flannel Suit."

PRINCESS Grace Kelly and tutor Louis Jourdan have moment of bliss in "The Swan."
“MY LOVER...MY ENEMY...”

Jealousy...hate...betrayal
set the torch to peaceful frontier Denver...
and Civil War begins...2000 miles from the front!

EDMUND GRAINGER presents

GREAT DAY IN THE MORNING

Robert Hardy Andrews' stirring best-seller!

starring

VIRGINIA MAYO • ROBERT STACK • RUTH ROMAN

co-starring

ALEX NICOL • RAYMOND BURR

with

LEO GORDON • REGIS TOOMEY

SUPERSCOPE

Print by TECHNICOLOR

Directed by JACQUES TOURNEUR • Screenplay by LESSER SAMUELS • Produced by EDMUND GRAINGER
Hello again, and here I am once more to report on the undercover and outer-cover goings-on in this fabulous land of Hollywood, where diamonds really are a girl's best friend, as Princess Grace may soon discover. When she married Prince Rainier in that glittering, glamorous, fairy-tale wedding in Monaco in April, she not only acquired a Prince but a family fortune in royal jewels, valued conservatively at close to a million. Plus a slate of titles including three marquises, seven countesses, six baronesses, and two dukes. But I doubt whether anyone will ever refer to her as that Dame.

I had an interesting chat with Anita Ekberg who was bulging out of a low-cut, figger-mauling satin sheath two sizes too small for her obviously, and she told me surprisingly, that she is now terribly serious about her movie career. "I got a bad reputation in the beginning because I didn't report to the Nassour Brothers when they wanted me to swing from a tree, like Tarzan, in 'Sheena, Queen Of The Jungle.' I'm not the type. And at that time I was so unhappy with my immigration troubles, I went to see them to get a visa for work and they said, 'Aha, now that we've found you we're sending you back to Sweden.' I didn't have enough money for eggs in the icebox," said the Ekberg who is sometimes erroneously referred to as the Iceberg. As for marriage plans with British actor, Anthony Steele, "We'll marry when he settles his contract in England with Arthur Rank and can come here to live. I love him more than I've ever loved any other man."

To go back to Grace Kelly, I love this advice given to her publicly—"From one Princess to another," by Dawn Addams who married Prince Massimo who has a much longer pedigree of nobility than Prince Rainier. Said the Dawn coming up like thunder—"Stick to your career, but don't let it run your life. Make friends with your husband's family." And among other unasked-for counselling, "Behave just as you would at home." And it was interesting to read what Dawn had to say of the nobility of Europe, "Once they're convinced you are tops in your class, they'll be as eager to meet you as a bunch of autograph hunters in Bobby-sock." And she wasn't kidding. The so-called nobility or what-have-you are more impressed with success than the successful.

Incidentally, Jean Pierre Aumont, the beau Frenchman who preceded Prince Rainier in the heart of Grace, won't be able to give Italian star Marisa Pavan a principality over which to rule, but he has given her his love which is also important. Despite the great difference in their ages—Jean is 43 and Marisa barely 23—this is a real love match and I'm sure they'll both be very happy. One thing I hope it accomplishes—bring Marisa and twin sister Pier close together again. They haven't been the warmest of friends since Pier

continued on page 14
IRVING H. LEVIN presents

The **Bold** and the **Brave**

breath-taking as a one man tank battle...

impassioned as its war-weary lovers... an unforgettable experience!

starring

WENDELL COREY  
Mickey Rooney  
DON TAYLOR  
NICOLE MAUREY

with JOHN SMITH - RACE GENTRY

**SUPERSCOPE**

A HAL E. CHESTER Production  
Directed by LEWIS R. FOSTER  
Story and Screenplay by ROBERT LEWIN
The winners of the 1955 Academy Performance Awards

NEW YORK—The awards for performances of the past year were presented to the accepted winners at the annual Academy Awards ceremony at the Hollywood Palladium here last night. The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences honours the year's best work with the presentation of Oscars to the nominal winners in a number of categories.

In the award for Best Actor, Marlon Brando was chosen for his role in "On the Waterfront," and in the Best Actress category, Elizabeth Taylor was selected for "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof." Both these performances were recognized for their contributions to the film industry.

Other winners for the following categories were:

- Best Actor: Marlon Brando ("On the Waterfront")
- Best Actress: Elizabeth Taylor ("Cat on a Hot Tin Roof")
- Best Supporting Actor: Karl Malden ("A Streetcar Named Desire")
- Best Supporting Actress: Bette Davis ("All About Eve")

The winners were announced by the Academy's president, Charles Chaplin, who congratulated all the nominees and expressed his appreciation for their contributions to the film industry.

The Academy Awards ceremony is an annual event that celebrates excellence in the film industry, recognizing the achievements of actors, directors, writers, and other contributors to the films of the previous year.
Robertino gives Ingrid Bergman a big hug. She will soon be seen in "Anastasia."

...all about a bachelor "father," a trusting young mother and a little boy's outlandish theories about the birds and the bees!

Universal-International presents

JEFF CHANDLER
LARAINDE DAY

TIM HOVEY

That hilarious little boy who drove "Major Benson" crazy!

with CECIL KELLAWAY • RICHARD HAYDN

Directed by JERRY HOPPER and Screenplay by TED SHERDEMAN Produced by HOWARD CHRISTIE

continued on page 72
JEANNE CRAIN:

The story that rocked Hollywood!

By MARK DAYTON

The town's astonished reaction to Jeanne's divorce suit against Paul Brinkman was, "We never believed it possible!"

THREE nights after the startling news of the Jeanne Crain marriage bust-up erupted in headlines, I attended a press preview of a forthcoming movie in which a forbearing Marine captain tells an enlisted man, "What you have done is inexcusable—but what you can't excuse, you forgive!"

A stunned Hollywood, still reeling from the shock of the blow-up of possibly the most idyllic marriage in the screen capital, is watching developments in awe of fascination, wondering whether the lovely, titian-haired mother of four children will eventually forgive the father of those youngsters the alleged wrongs she cannot find it in her heart to excuse.

When Jeanne Crain petitioned the courts for an end to her 11-year marriage to handsome Paul Brinkman, she provided the city of magic lanterns and ephemeral wedlock with a new twist to a familiar play. The usual reaction to a Hollywood divorce is, "I told you so." The astonished reaction to this bombshell was, "I never would have believed it possible!"

There still was, as this was written, a hard crust of skepticism that the dreamy-looking erstwhile bobby-soxer who has recently moved into sophisticated roles would go through with her drastic action.

When I asked Brinkman's attorney, Robert H. Powsner, if there was any possibility of a kiss-and-make-up party between his client and the beautiful woman who had accused him of "extreme cruelty" he left the door wide open.

"Any chances for reconciliation?" Powsner told me pleasantly, "Mr. Brinkman will consider with an open mind."

There was another possibly significant straw in the wind. Although Brinkman had left the new family home in Beverly Hills, when I phoned there almost a week after the divorce action was filed, the maid who picked up the phone, said, "The Brinkman residence," and when I asked if Jeanne Crain was in she said, "Mrs. Brinkman is not in," and then told me when "Mrs. Brinkman," not Miss Crain, was expected to return.

Of course, it is commonplace for divorcees to retain their married names, particularly when children are involved. On the other hand, it would seem that if Jeanne Crain had closed

THE HOPE that Jeanne's almost ideally happy 11-year marriage to Paul Brinkman may be saved is held by many of their friends.

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FOREBODING of Jeanne's angry suit against Paul may be seen in pre-divorce action photo.
all avenues to reconciliation, and wanted to sever every last tie with her estranged mate, she might have instructed her maid to revert to the use of her maiden name.

Many other factors support the popular belief—and hope—that Jeanne and the man she married over her mother’s bitter objections would pick up the pieces and try again. Jeanne is a devout Catholic, and her husband is of the same faith. It is doubted that she will find it possible to throw away 11 years of life with Brinkman, rewarded with four lovely children, out the window.

Yet Jeanne’s own family and one of her closest confidantes do not share such optimism.

“Uh, uh,” a trusted friend of Jeanne’s shook her head solemnly as she told me, “I don’t think they’ll get together. This is not something that happened overnight. They’ve been having problems for the past two years, and they finally came to a head. Nothing comes about overnight.”

THIS was an opinion straight from the horse’s mouth. My informant was one of the few people to whom Jeanne had talked after she had gone into seclusion in the wake of her divorce action.

Another line of speculation arguing against the likelihood of a rapprochement is the fact that there was none of the vacillation of a trial separation—or even a legal separation, which Catholics frequently resort to when a marriage fails, because of their religion’s unalterable opposition to divorce.

Brinkman’s own appraisal of his wife when she has her dander up, an observation he offered several years ago, could well represent a ghost returned to haunt, for it certainly would not seem to augur much hope for a marriage patch-up.

“Although she’s never belligerent or argumentative,” Paul had pointed out, “Jeanne won’t sacrifice honesty for diplomacy’s sake. Her full Irish is aroused at any injustice. She never follows the line of least mental resistance.”

There was no doubt that “her full Irish” was aroused when she socked Brinkman with her divorce complaint. California law does not require such drastic grounds for dissolving a marriage, but an obviously angered Jeanne put it right on the line. She accused Brinkman of extreme cruelty and charged that he had “inflicted personal injury and violence” upon her without justification or provocation. She went on to characterize his conduct as greatly detrimental to her health and the cause of terrible mental anguish.

“If it comes to court,” her friend told me, “there will be plenty to write about, but if it’s settled out of court, as I hope it will be, there will not.”

It was impossible to stem speculation on the events that impelled Jeanne to batter down the bonds of matrimony which for so long had held her an ostensibly willing captive.

Hollywood was agog with reports—published and whispered—that the climactic fireworks were touched off by an article in an expose magazine purporting to offer documented proof of Brinkman’s indiscretions with a starlet whom he was alleged to have met under Jeanne’s very nose at a Hollywood cocktail party. The inescapable supposition in Hollywood was that Jeanne must have removed with him over the alleged revelations in the scandal magazine.

Jeanne’s confidante, however, insisted that the article, however inflammatory, was not actually the decisive factor.

“It wasn’t the main cause,” she assured me. “There wasn’t any main cause. Jeanne took her marriage very seriously, but
it just became such that for her own well being and that of
the children, she decided it would be better to separate."

Nevertheless, it is difficult to overlook, in fairness to Brink-
man, the possibility that his last argument with Jeanne may
have raged over his denial of the accusations hurled by the
exposé magazine. It could not be considered beyond the realm
of possibility that he tried to offer Jeanne an explanation of
the damaging circumstantial evidence which was adduced to
portray him as a mate who had strayed from the fold, an
explanation that may have argued his innocence.

His attorney, in fact, made it clear to me that Brinkman
does deny the scandalous allegations published against him.
When I asked Fowsner if Brinkman intends to join the long
list of Hollywood personalities who have million-dollar libel
suits pending against various exposé magazines, he told me:
"A libel suit is very definitely under consideration. Such
action is contemplated, but it will wait until the settling down
of his domestic affairs."

The clear implication of his lawyer's statements to me was
that Brinkman's order of business was first to get back to his
wife, and second to go after the magazine which had chal-
lenged his fidelity. Whether he is destined to succeed in either
or both of these objectives is a drama yet to be played out.

To be sure, despite the fact that theirs had been celebrated
as one of Hollywood's most ideal and invulnerable marriages,
there had been occasional—very occasional—reports of fric-
tion in gossip columns. But these reports never were taken
seriously, and when they were published Jeanne and Paul were
quick to deny that they had given the slightest consideration
to separation. And no one, even in this gilded hotbed of
skepticism, had thought to doubt these denials.

Quite the contrary, Jeanne Crain's marriage was one of
the happy phenomena to which Hollywood pointed with
pride to refute charges that the city was a glorified divorce
mill. The principals to the marriage contributed greatly to the
impression that theirs was a marriage made in heaven.

Their happiness and devotion were so completely unques-
tioned, that for years the Hollywood press corps was hard put
to come up with anything colorful about gorgeous Jeanne.

"Jeanne's exemplary home life," an Associated Press story
observed, "probably has worked against her getting meaty
roles. She's married to Paul Brinkman, a manufacturer. He's
the only husband she's ever had. They have four children.
The whole family goes to church every Sunday. It's hard to

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Many friends hoped for a reconciliation.

JEANNE married in 1945 over the objections of her mother that she was "too young" and allegations that Brinkman was a playboy.
between lovely Jeanne and Paul

make front page headlines out of such normal living."

As events were to reveal, one never knows what turmoil may be broiling behind the facade of a perfect marriage, or what front page headlines may be incubating under the surface.

Jeanne herself continually waxed unashamedly idyllic about her marriage. Not only was there nothing in her earlier utterances to suggest the remotest awareness of the gathering storm, but some of her recent professions of marital fidelity have been invested with a cutting cloak of irony.

"To me," Jeanne told me on the set of "The Second Greatest Sex" at Universal-International following her return from Paris where she had filmed "Gentlemen Marry Brunettes," "if a married person does go out where the rest of society can misconstrue it, it must mean your love for your husband is not so great, even if it would hurt your husband only in public opinion. If a thing looks like something is happening, even if it isn't happening, it's just as bad, really. You must never let yourself get in such a position."

It was obvious then, and even more obvious now, that Jeanne wasn't making idle chatter when she spelled out the strict code of conduct to which she held herself, and by the same token, to which she presumed her husband held himself.

WHEN she first moved into sophisticated parts in pictures, Jeanne had remarked, "Thus ends one phase of my life and career. I was grateful for what I was. And I'm looking forward to what I hope to be."

All the time she sensed that she was growing—but she had no discernible suspicion that she and Paul would grow apart. They were head over heels in love when they married—disregarding the protests of Jeanne's mother that she was too young—on December 31, 1945.

She had blissfully turned a deaf ear to warnings that her good-looking husband was a playboy, and the customary dire admonitions that her marriage wouldn't last a year. And in marrying Paul she had gaily gone back on her own statement of a few months earlier:

"We used to have such fun, but now I am embarrassed to go dancing with him because everyone tries to get us engaged. I'm not going to marry anyone. My life is much too exciting as it is right now."

Perhaps history is destined to repeat itself. Perhaps a Jeanne Crain who tearfully rules out the possibility of a reconciliation in the flush of indignation may come to consider a reunion with Paul Brinkman in the light of reflection.

Perhaps her mother's statement on the heels of her marriage more than ten years ago offers an inadvertent clue to the final act in this drama. When news of the wedding reached her, Mrs. Loretta Crain revealed:

"A week ago Saturday I told Mr. Brinkman over the phone that Jeanne couldn't go out with him. The next thing I knew he was pounding on the door and calling for my daughter. Jeanne said she would just go out and talk to him. But instead, he took her by the hand, they ran down the steps, and I haven't seen Jeanne since. On Christmas Eve, Jeanne returned and got her mink coat and some dresses. Neighbors tell me that Mr. Brinkman got in through the window."

It remains to be seen whether Paul Brinkman will be as successful—as successful—in winning back Jeanne Crain as he was in courting her.

Meanwhile, there is persuasive evidence that her decision to divorce him caught Brinkman by almost as much surprise as those who read about it in the newspapers. A few days earlier, Jeanne had proudly showed friends a diamond crucifix Paul had given her for her birthday. In mid-March, Paul was

CLINCHES like this one were the rule during Jeanne and Paul's married life. Will Brinkman be successful in winning Jeanne back?

his usual attentive self, his arm in Jeanne's as I interviewed them together when I emceed the Hollywood searchlight premiere of Joe Pasternak's autobiography, "Easy The Hard Way." Up to the time of the break-up, they were as they had always been—one of Hollywood's most inseparable couples. Ironically, they had just vacated their home in the Holly- wood Hills, of which Jeanne frequently had boasted that Paul had built it himself bit by bit. They had not even unpacked in their new Beverly Hills home when Jeanne decided to divorce Brinkman. It hadn't even been furnished yet. There were just some beds, a few chairs, and unrated packing boxes.

Would Paul Brinkman come home to help Jeanne unpack? Hollywood waits anxiously to learn who is right—those who feel a reconciliation is inevitable, or those who feel a reconciliation is out of the question.

END
MARISA PAVAN:

Love on the rebound?

Despite recent romantic setbacks, there were far more positive reasons for the Marisa-Jean Pierre marriage

By BILL TUSHER

"W"e all confidently expected him to marry Grace Kelly. How can we be so sure he'll marry Marisa Pavan?"

The pièce de résistance of the day, the announcement of frail Marisa Pavan's engagement to dashing Jean Pierre Aumont—who gave them his answer when he married Marisa on March 27th—was getting its inevitable workover at a Hollywood cocktail party, where Monday morning quarter-backing gallops along between hors d'œuvres.

"Are you kidding?" was the amused rejoinder. "It was Jean Pierre who was eager to do the buying, Grace Kelly was still shopping when the Prince came along. The marriage may have been made on reject row, but as far as little Marisa is concerned, it has the stamp of heaven. For her, Jean Pierre is the catch of a lifetime."

Even before it reached the betrothal stage, the Aumont-Pavan romance had whispers of "rebound" prairie-firing across Hollywood. While Jean Pierre and Marisa professed their love—and displayed it—all over town, the kibitzers doggedly kept echoing, "Rebound!"

With Jean Pierre, they saw it as a simple rebound from the heady perfume of his romance with Grace Kelly. With Marisa, it was more of a ricochet than a rebound.

This impressionable olive-skinned unidentical twin of Pier Angeli has admitted, without naming the objects of her unrequited affection, that she has been in love twice before. Most of her friends are convinced that one of the anonymous two on whom she had her altar sight—and her heart—set was young Ben Cooper, who played her boy friend in her Academy Award picture, "Rose Tattoo." Nine months of dating Arthur Loew Jr. leave him the leading candidate for the other abortive love.

Although Marisa is party-shy, and in a sense even man-shy, she has arm-in-armed it with many ranking Hollywood eligibles—some of the more recent ones being young Tom Tryon of Paramount and talented music arranger Pete Rugolo. She has been squired by Richard Egan and Perry Lopez, too. And before Vic Damone up and married her sister, Pier, she gave off the impression that she had quite a crush on him.

With the advent of Jean Pierre, all this flitting from boy friend to boy friend was over for Marisa, and no doubt this lifted a tremendous weight from her. For it long has been obvious that she never has enjoyed transient friendship. She is a mature, somewhat solemn girl, with no sign of a frivolous

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Marisa and Jean Pierre have known enough of love to accept joyously their mutual devotion

bone in her slight body. Being a Hollywood gadabout is a role to which neither her disposition nor her ambition in life suit her. Although for some time now she has ceased moving in the shadow of sister Pier, it nevertheless has been apparent that she has felt a thirst for the serenity and stability of marriage to a man of her own dreams. She wants, quite understandably, to be a full woman, and it would be harsh to suggest that this feeling is nothing more than a compulsion to keep up with her sister, toward whom her love always has been tempered with a rivalry that, she admits, dates back to their childhood.

Marisa’s desire to minimize the depth of Jean Pierre’s unrequited love for Grace Kelly warrants nothing but heart-felt commiseration, but the sympathy has been accompanied by wide waves of snickering touched off by the wishful statement she made when she officially announced her engagement to Aumont.

“He didn’t know her too long,” Marisa said bravely. “That was more publicity than anything else.”

Who could condemn a love-smitten young woman for wanting to believe this fiction? Who could quarrel even with Aumont himself for trying to swallow this rationalization in the light of Grace’s accession to royalty?

But facts do not yield to sentiment. Jean Pierre’s ardent professions of love for Grace are spread on the record. If publicity figured in any way in that flaming courtship, it seemed that Aumont might have been employing it as a weapon to help induce Miss Kelly to become his bride.

Unfortunately, there is nothing to support the fanciful notion of publicity. On Grace’s part, she personally has a deep-seated aversion to the glare of publicity on her private life, and professionally, she needed the publicity like a hole in her golden head. Why would Jean Pierre and Miss Kelly have whipped up an ersatz romance to publicize? They were not making or contemplating any movie or stage play together. They were in no joint business venture.

In fact, the tender candid pictures of their hand-kissing and cheek-stroking on the Riviera were bootlegged by an enterprising French magazine photographer who used a telescopic lens to intrude on their private idyll.

Jean Pierre scarcely was making publicity noises when he put his heart on the line for newsmen, and running over with Gallic ardor, he announced for all the world to hear: “She is an adorable and sensational woman any man would be proud and pleased to marry.”

He was, to be sure, proposing from the public square. And to give him his due, his blandishments did not fall on indifferent ears until Prince Rainier materialized with an even more dazzling promise of a Continental future.

Aumont continued to avow his devotion to Miss Kelly in public, and he left it abundantly clear that there was nothing he more devoutly desired than to make the exciting Philadelphia beauty his wife.

“There is no one but Grace who counts for me,” he confessed unashamedly. “She is charming, adorable, very intelligent and very modest despite her beauty.”

And, as he later was to discover, also very elusive—perhaps because of her beauty.

At any rate, Aumont’s petition for Grace Kelly’s hand in marriage, while it made titillating reading, was no publicity

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BOY FRIEND in "The Rose Tattoo," Ben Cooper may have touched Marisa's heart, but it only prepared her for a more mature love.
ERNEST BORGnine

BONING UP on the day's lineup, Borgnine looks pleased. He's subway-bound to Yankee Stadium in the Bronx where New York will take on the Baltimore Orioles.

Ernest Borgnine keeps both eyes on the ball as he inspects the New York haunts of "Marty" and his pals

"THE UMPIE'S got rocks in his head." Borgnine's mobile face, a great asset in his acting career, registers dismay.

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in the Bronx
"STRIKE HIM out, Whitey," shouts Borgnine. A champ in his own right, his "Marty" won both the Critics' and Academy Awards for 1955.

From "batter up" to the last out, baseball fan Borgnine really gets in there and roots for the Yanks not far from the home base of "Marty".

"COME ON, Mickey boy!" If you think Borgnine's excited, you should see him when the Dodgers play.
“WE SHOULD of had them,” Borgnine insists to his pal during a subway post mortem of the game. He’s now in “The Catered Affair.”
Housekeeping in a huge home on a six-acre estate would throw many a young bride, but not Debbie, who takes it all in her stride.

When Debbie Reynolds breezed (she always travels that way) into the MGM commissary, she looked the very picture of a modern young matron. She was dressed sedately in a blue suit and even wore a hat. Not much of a hat, but a hat. What's more, she even brought along her in-laws, Mr. and Mrs. Max Stupp, Eddie Fisher's mom and her husband.

Debbie explained that the Stupps were visiting the Fishers, and she was going all out to entertain them. She craned her neck to point out various celebrities who were lunching there.

I told her I'd like to know about her house and home.

"What's the difference?" she asked, wide-eyed.

"Well," I stumbled, "the house is the physical structure and the home is what you make of it."

She thought about that for a while and then began to talk about the house. Shortly after they were married, she and Eddie delegated her mother to do some house shopping for them, since the newlyweds were stuck in the East. But Mrs. Reynolds fell ill, and Debbie had to fly out for a quick look-see at the real estate situation. For two whole days she tramped through one house after another. She had just about given up hope when the real estate agent suggested that she look at just one more house.

"Does it have a swimming pool?" Debbie asked. When told
it didn’t, she said, “Then it won’t do. Eddie’s only request was for a house with a pool.”

“Let’s look at it, anyway,” urged the agent.

Debbie was too tired to argue, so she went along. She fell in love with the place immediately.

“It wasn’t a pretentious house,” she explained, “but it was large enough for our needs.”

The only stumbling block was Eddie’s desire for a pool. The owners promptly solved that by promising to install one. There are six acres of ground around the house. “It’s all in natural growth,” Debbie pointed out, “so we don’t have to worry about that upkeep.”

She borrowed a pen and said, “Here—I’ll show you how the place looks.” And she sketched out a map on her place mat. I’m afraid she won’t go far as a cartographer, but I got the general idea.

“You turn off Sunset Boulevard and go through some stone gates,” she demonstrated. “Then you drive along rows of oak trees until you pass what we call the barn. It’s a large building that had once been used for church camp grounds. Now the owners store furniture in it.

“The road curves and you go past the guest house. That has a big room for parties, a kitchen and a couple of bedrooms. In front of it will be the pool, and we’ll be able to live in that

AT HOME with their pet dog. Debbie’s dream of a family—a big one—gets under way with the arrival of the stork next November.
area this summer. Eddie can do his rehearsing there; he now does it in the main house.

"You continue on the road and come to the main house. It is a long, rambling place with the master bedroom at one end, overlooking the pool. Then there are dressing rooms, a little den, a small room Eddie uses for his office and the bedroom the folks are staying in.

"The living room is immense. It has a bar next to it, so it seems even bigger than it is. We have the TV set in the living room and a 16mm projector, so we spend most of our time there. There's a huge couch, six feet long by six feet wide and filled with down. It'll hold four people or more and we lie on it Roman-style and watch TV or a movie in complete luxury. You can see why it's our favorite room.

Beyond the living room is a sunken dining room and the kitchen, which is monstrous. Then to one side of the house is the servants' quarters."

This sounded like an immense operation for a young newlywed to manage, but Debbie, who has always led a well-organized life, said she takes it all in stride. The chore would be difficult for any wife, but would appear more so for a gal who must spend from dawn until dark at the studio when she's working in a picture.

"I've managed to keep things on an even keel," she said. "I work out a schedule, plan the meals and do some of the cleaning in my spare moments."

Cleaning?

"Sure," she replied. "Before the folks came to visit us, I was up at seven in the morning and worked until midnight. I wanted to have the place shiny and clean when they got here."

Working out a schedule is a difficult chore, she admitted.

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DEBBIE REYNOLDS continued

"THE CATERED AFFAIR": In her latest film, Debbie's a girl eager for marriage but who must cope with family complications.

SCENE shows Bette Davis and Debbie in "The Catered Affair."

Combining wifely duties with a

Not only does she have to figure her own work dates and personal commitments, but Eddie's heavy schedule too. She also has to take into account the working arrangements of her friends, most of them in show business.

"FOR INSTANCE, we were going to have a dinner for Peggy King's third wedding anniversary," she said. "But Peg had to do a TV show on the night we planned. We picked another night, but Eddie had to do a kinescope and would be out until midnight. So we finally settled on Thursday.

As for meal planning, it's a chore "because neither Eddie nor I are very good eaters. We're the despair of the cook." Still, Debbie works out the menus and does the shopping half of the time at a nearby supermarket.

"We have to keep well-stocked because you can't tell how many people we might have for dinner. Eddie has a lot of business friends who visit us, and it's a lot easier to stay home than to go out for dinner. When the food supply gets low, the cook, housekeeper and I all pile into the car and load up at the store with all we can carry."

Does she ever do the cooking herself?

"Oh, sure," she replied, "although I haven't had too much time yet. I went right into 'The Catered Affair' when I came back from the East.

"I'm a pretty good cook. If you don't learn to cook after eight years in the Girl Scouts, you might as well quit and join the Boy Scouts. I learned everything, including how to cook over a hole in the ground. And my mother taught me a lot. Once she was sick for a month and I did all the cooking. Nobody died from it."

"My mother makes great Mexican food and I can do it."
career is a tough job, but no challenge is too great for Debbie

too. Eddie never had tasted any, and he loves it. Likewise, I had never had any Jewish food, and I like it, too. We’ve had fun learning about the food the other one has known.

“No, Eddie doesn’t cook. He’s too busy to learn, and that’s something you have to devote a lot of time to.”

Does she sew?

“Oh, I can sew on buttons and let down a hem,” she smiled.

“That’s about the limit of it. My mother does most of the sewing for me; I don’t have time to learn. I’ll pick it up when I have a family of my own to sew for.”

It sounded as if she had a huge domestic operation under amazing control. I asked her if some aspects of running such a household didn’t faze her.

“Yes,” she sighed, “keeping the servants happy.”

They have three—a housekeeper, a cook and Eddie’s valet, who takes care of all his clothes at home and at the TV studio and also handles traveling details. The three get along pretty well, but there are always little differences within a household.

THE FISHERS don’t live like most young married couples because of the extraordinary demands on their time, Eddie has at least two TV shows to do each week. Being one of those performers who is virtually an industry in himself, he must do a great deal of conferring and entertaining of business associates. Likewise, Debbie’s career keeps her hopping, and both of them have banquets, testimonial dinners and other nighttime events to attend.

“We haven’t spent more than four nights home alone,” Debbie confessed ruefully. “But that doesn’t bother either of us very much. There are plenty of years ahead when we’ll have time to be alone together.”

In December their lease will be up, and the owners will return from Europe to reclaim their house. I asked about the Fishers’ plans after that.

“I’m already looking for a lot,” she remarked. “I’ve got my eye on one, and I’m hoping it comes through. We’d like to build our own place if we can find the right location. The only trouble is that we want an acre of ground, and it’s hard to find anything that big that doesn’t cost a fortune.

“I’m glad we rented first. It has taught me a lot of things about the house I want in the future. I’m already working on a floor plan; it will contain much of the house we’re in now, but avoid some of its mistakes. This house rambles too much—it’s a long hike from the bedroom to the kitchen if you want a snack at night. Hardly worth all the trouble.

“What I would like is a one-and-a-half-story house with the master bedroom on the upper level and a small bedroom nearby for children. By living in the Pacific Palisades. I have discovered that’s too far out for us. I’d like to find some place in Beverly Hills or even San Fernando Valley, if it’s close enough in. I lived in the Valley for 15 years, and I love the heat. So does Eddie.”

Debbie doesn’t seem to be the least bit concerned about the monumental task of building a house. Plus which she would have to furnish it from scratch. The only furniture she and Eddie own are four pianos, one color and one black-and-white TV set and a hi-fi console.

But then no challenge seems to throw Debbie. She delights in pointing out that her folks’ Burbank house where she lived most of her life could fit into the living room of her current home. She appears to be the same Debbie in either place—a gal to whom life is a constant, ever-loving ball.
On The Town

Newlyweds Russ Tamblyn and Venetia Stevenson visit New York and find the metropolis an ideal spot for a honeymoon.

In typical wifely fashion, 18-year-old Venetia straightens her bridegroom's tie before they start out on a sightseeing tour of the exciting Big Town.

So absorbed in each other are they that the honeymooners miss many of the interesting places along the way as they stroll down Gotham's Fifth Avenue.
WANDERING through romantic Central Park, they feed a friendly pigeon who perches on Russ' arm to get a better look at Venetia.
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East Side, West Side, all around the town go the Tamblyns, awed by wonders of the Big City.

NEVER still a minute, Russ can always be depended upon to do the unexpected, like imitating a mask in the Museum of Modern Art.

OBJETS D'ART give the young couple ideas for their North Hollywood home. Later, they bought some things at the Sweden House shop.
Rockefeller Plaza. Russ, currently in MGM's "The Fastest Gun Alive," is 21 years old and has been in films six years.

AT THE skating rink in Rockefeller Plaza. Russ, currently in MGM's "The Fastest Gun Alive," is 21 years old and has been in films six years.

BLONDE, blue-eyed and statuesque, Venetia's film career gets under way in RKO's "Back From Eternity," in which she has a featured role.
“I’m a nomad,” says this beauteous Briton, who’s “gone places” from darkest Africa to the lights of Hollywood

A proper kind of

By ERNST JACOBI

THE BIG Chrysler convertible was streaking down Highway 66 towards Palm Springs. At the wheel, Dana Wynter felt exhilarated. As always, she enjoyed the sense of power and speed. Back in Africa, she’d actually liked the 1,900 mile drive to and from the university at vacation time, much of it over rutted roads, making it in just three days. And this was a night very much like the ones she’d known on her parents’ ranch in Southern Rhodesia—millions of stars above, a silvery moon, and the cool, dry desert air tugging at her hair, making the blood tingle in her cheeks.

Suddenly, there was the scream of the siren and the flash of the red spotlight in her rear view mirror. She pulled over to the side of the road and stopped.

“Do you know how fast you were going, Miss?” the state trooper asked.

“About a hundred. But I was driving safely. I didn’t know there was a speed limit on California highways.”

“You’ll know after the judge gets through with you,” the state trooper said, writing out a ticket.

Relating the incident, Dana says she honestly didn’t know about the speed limit. “But the worst of it,” she adds, “is that I can’t find the ticket. I don’t even know where or when to appear in court. Harry must have eaten it. He once ate a twenty-dollar bill.”

Harry’s full name is English Harry the Toff and he’s an aristocrat. But in the studio make-up department, where Dana usually parks him while she’s working, they call him “Slasher Green.” The “ferocious” beast weighs somewhat less than two pounds, has long silky hair, a pedigree a mile long, and is a Yorkshire terrier, a rare and expensive breed. “And he’s very smart,” says Dana. “For instance, I’ve tried to fool him with stage money, but he just turns his nose up at it.”

Both Harry and the ticket in his stomach are intimately connected with one Greg Bautzer, the prominent Palm Springs and Hollywood attorney. The noble pooch was one of Greg’s first gifts to Dana, and her speeding was the result of her eagerness to get to Palm Springs and a Sunday tennis date with Bautzer. Dana makes no secret of her affection for Greg. “He’s a wonderful, kind, warm-hearted person,” she says. But more revealing than her words is the glow on her face as she

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FAR FROM conventional, Dana's family set up ranch-keeping in Rhodesia, when her father transferred his medical practice from London.
returns to the luncheon table at the 20th Century-Fox commissary after answering a telephone call from Greg. "He's one of the most stimulating people I've ever known," she says. "He's great company, has a terrific sense of humor, and can make the hours fly."

Dana herself, for that matter, does pretty well in that department, too. She comes from a proper English family, went to proper schools and believes in proper manners, but with all that propriety she isn't the least bit stuffy and has none of the traditional British reticence. Gay, bright, witty, exceedingly well-informed on any number of subjects, with an enormous appetite for life and an interest in everything, she can hold up her end of a conversation in any gathering. She's got the mind of a university professor and the reflexes of a stunt driver, and could probably be a success at either, but she happens to like acting and, after less than a year in Hollywood, is well on her way toward stardom.

While Dana's background was conservative in some respects, it was anything but conventional in others. The only child of Dr. Peter and Fredrique Wynter, she was born in London and named Dagmar which she changed, for obvious reasons, before coming to this country. Her mother was a concert singer before her marriage and her father is a surgeon who obtained his first medical degree before he was 21, adding to it over the years a string of others from universities in Germany, Switzerland and France. Dana was exposed to the broadening influence of travel all through her childhood, living all over Europe and, for a while, even in Tangiers. As a result, she speaks French fluently and has more than a smattering of several other languages. During the war, the Wynters returned to London, where Dana had the interesting experience of arriving at school one morning only to find it had been bombed to bits during the night. When, shortly after the war,
When I hear married couples discuss marriage, many say, "Don't ever take each other for granted." Glenn and I haven't had that problem. Ours is trying to find time to be together. We've been so busy we hardly ever have a chance to see one another.

Glenn has been dashing about finishing "The Fastest Gun Alive" and preparing for "Teahouse Of The August Moon," and I've had my hands full with my TV show, "Faith Of Our Children."

As for any social life—well, we haven't gone out anywhere for dinner since last Thanksgiving when we went to a friend's home. Yet, we both seem to thrive on such activity. One thing is certain—we're never bored.

In spite of all the rush, though, I think that I have learned more about my husband in the last several months than I ever knew before. And I have come to the conclusion that he is a man of so many qualities that it is difficult to pinpoint him. I just know I'm glad I'm married to him—even though he does confuse me a lot of the time.

Glenn, for one thing, has always been a worrier. He worries about anything and everything. Since his recent success in "Trial," "Blackboard Jungle," "Jubal," and "Ransom!" all of which have proved what I always knew—that he is a great actor, he worries more than ever. This perhaps sounds unusual, but Glenn takes his work seriously. He knows that just because he's had such hits he can't relax and take it easy. He keeps wanting to top himself. And he loves challenges. That is one reason why he is so happy about playing in "Teahouse Of The August Moon." It's a complete change of pace for him and he is looking forward to working in a film with Marlon Brando.

However, I like him best in Westerns—probably because I love them and because I consider Glenn a superb horseman. He does the most amazing things with horses. He's not just a good rider, he is an accomplished horseman and he has seven trophies to prove it. These awards were not given to him by people whose only acquaintance with a horse is being able to identify a saddle. They are from rodeo men, real honest-to-goodness cowboys, all of whom have stated that Glenn is the best horseman in pictures.

His talent as a horseman may surprise some. Well, that's nothing compared to the surprises he gives me, and I have to admit it has taken me a long time to become adjusted to.

Continued on page 46
"IT'S a wonderful thing to see how much Glenn's home means to him."
GLENN FORD continued

“Just because he’s had such hits, Glenn can’t relax. He keeps wanting to top himself”

his perplexing habits. You never know what to expect of him. Often he has called from the set to say he wouldn’t be home for dinner because he was shooting late. So I’ve gone ahead and had dinner. Then a short time later, after the dishes are washed and put away, in he will come with the hearty comment, “Got through early. What’s for dinner?” After a few such experiences, I have learned to keep three or four steaks always in the freezer. I put on a steak and start dinner all over again. This happens only when he’s working. When he’s not on a picture he’s very punctual. It’s just that he’s been working all the time lately!

He has another unusual habit in this connection. Whenever we have to go to some big dinner affair—and we go to as few as possible—Glenn always eats beforehand. Don’t ask me why. I can’t figure it out myself.

Glenn seems to have a passion for dashing to one place or
GLENN co-stars with Russ Tamblyn (left) and Jeanne Crain in "Fastest Gun Alive." "I still like him best in Westerns," Eleanor admits.

another. Perhaps it's just to buy a magazine at a store. But more often it's to go back to get something he forgot. When he was packing for his trip to Japan for "Teahouse," he was continually forgetting something he needed—and off he'd go to town again. He is just about as forgetful when it comes to remembering what I have asked him to bring home. He can memorize volumes for a picture but he can't remember a couple of items from the store.

This spontaneous combustion that hits him and causes him to hop around like a flea on a hot griddle still applies to our movie-going. I have yet to see a picture of Glenn's all the way through. When we go to a preview he always leaves before it's over—partly because he doesn't like to get in a crowd and partly because he gets so nervous watching himself on the screen that he can't enjoy the film.

This habit is amazing enough, but equally astounding is his action when he goes with me to some occasion or other when I have to make a speech. He never intends to talk, always says he hasn't a thing to say, and when those in charge of the affair tell him he's to speak, too, he simply says, "Oh, no, I'll just introduce my wife." And then he gets up and makes the most wonderful speech you ever heard. Yet, he has been perfectly sincere in saying he would only present me. There's no "ham" in Glenn. He cares nothing for center stage.

None of his erratic habits, though, really bothers me. I have become used to them and they amuse me. Besides, I could overlook almost anything because he's probably the most pleasant man anywhere when he gets up in the morning.

Glenn is an early riser—even if he goes to bed very late. He's usually up around seven before anyone else is awake. On continued on page 68
REHEARSING a scene with Sidney Blackmer, Celeste Holm and Frank Sinatra, Grace shows she can handle comedy lines as well as any one.
A rollicking, song-filled musical romance about a society girl and the men in her life presents Grace in a background she knows so well.

While waiting for the shooting to start, Grace and John Lund perfect dance they are to do in ball scene.

GALLANT Frank diverts his attention elsewhere as Gracie hurries to the wardrobe mistress to get same minor repairs made on her dress.

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In what may well be her last film role, Grace proves her versatility as an actress, even does a bit of warbling.

**LADYLIKE** Grace loses her dignity in "High Society" by imbibing too much champagne and falling, fully clothed, into a garden pool.

**SET** goings-on amuse Celeste Holm and Frank Sinatra, who play a news photographer and reporter respectively.
CHATTING with members of the cast, Grace is warm and friendly. Gaiety was the keynote of the "High Society" set during entire shooting.

BRIEF but hilarious fling is indulged in by Grace and Frank, who loses out in favor of Bing Crosby, also starred in this merry comedy.
TWEAKING Daddy's nose is Bridget's idea of fun and it looks like Guy and Sheila are enjoying themselves, too. Bridget's now one.
What if Guy fed baby Bridget wheat flour instead of Pablum and Sheila called a vet instead of the doctor? It's all wonderful!

By DICK PINE

IT'S A good thing that these two, Guy and Sheila Madison, like surprises, since that is what they have had practically nothing else but since the day of their marriage nearly two years ago.

"We like it this way," Guy remarks, contentedly. "I hope we will never be 'used to each other' so that the sense of discovery will leave us. I hope we will never be 'used to life together' so that we lose the feeling of adventure when we get up in the morning. Sheila surprises me every day of my life and so does the baby and so does my work! And I love it."

Well, as I said, it's a good thing that they like it this way! Because the unexpected has a habit of intruding into their most routine affairs.

To choose an example at random, there was their experience when they moved into the new home they built on a hill just above Hollywood Boulevard. Older home builders might have warned them—but they didn't. And so it was that Guy and Sheila trustingly expected the house to be finished when the architect said it would ... and they expected to have ample time to select wallpaper, rugs and furnishings, so that when the Big Day arrived they would be able to move into the perfectly completed dream house they had been planning for so many months and just settle down in it with blissful sighs.

But you already know that that couldn't happen. Weeks after the completion date had passed workmen were still swarming all over the place with hammers and things full of plaster and paint. And then came the dire moment when the landlord of the furnished apartment they had been occupying told them, politely but also firmly, that the apartment had been rented and that they would simply have to be out of there by the first of the month, as they had promised him they would be long before.

There was only one thing to do. Fortunately the stove, refrigerator, washing machine and furnace had already been installed and the gas and electricity turned on. The Madisons moved the baby's gear (and what a lot of gear a baby requires!) and a large bed, left over from Guy's bachelor
Guy’s happy home life and booming career give him the look of a man who’s “got it made”

apartment, into the house. And gaily moved in with them.

“Anyhow,” said Sheila, cheerfully sitting on the floor, “we can sleep and eat and keep clean!”

But the weather was unusually chilly for California and after a bit the inside of the house began to feel like something Admiral Byrd had written about somewhere, in spite of the fact that the furnace was making merry, warming sounds. The Madisons were mildly bewildered.

Guy investigated. “There’s something they haven’t hooked up,” he reported. “Some sort of fan or forced air dingsus that makes the warm air circulate in the house. It isn’t working.”

Sheila pulled a blanket about her shivering shoulders. “Oh well,” she began, bravely, “tomorrow they’ll fix it and . . .

What’s that?”

An eerie sound had rent the air around their hilltop. Guy cocked an ear until the sound came again and then he grinned.

“It’s a coyote howling over the way,” he told her. “Nothing to worry about!”

“Here? Within six minutes of Hollywood Boulevard?”

Sheila quavered. looking at him appealingly. Then, with a little gulp, “Look, honey, for a screen star’s home, isn’t this a little—just a little—uh—primitive?”

Sheila understands now that coyotes and even deer just over the way are points of pride among the hillsiders who live within a stone’s throw of Grauman’s Chinese Theatre. Guy has already shot three coyotes, practically from his own


WHOOPSY! Daddy tosses Bridget up in the air—and she loves it!

front door. Such goings-on give an outdoor man a comforting sense of pioneer life while he is living within easy reach of all the refinements of an effete civilization.

But it was all pretty surprising to Sheila! The high fence which has been installed around their small estate and the two hunting dogs Guy keeps outside the house to give necessary alarms have reassured her. And besides, she is fairly handy with a gun and bow and arrow, herself, by this time.

Those talents, themselves, in his petite wife, surprised Guy a good deal. She had astonished him in the first place, while they were still courting, by proving to be an expert horsewoman. . . . astonished him because she looked so fragile and she had been a model before she had been an actress, and the word “model” had to him a static and helpless sound. But Sheila’s father had been a famous horse trainer in Ireland where they had lived until she was 16 and she had learned to ride as a tot.

Even so, she hadn’t expected her to become skilled and enthusiastic about his favorite sports of hunting and fishing so quickly. Especially fishing.
"Most women," he boasts, "think it is a messy sport and they squeal and act silly the first few times. Not Sheila. The first time I took her trout fishing she did just as the beginner always does in the comic strips. Caught more and bigger fish than anyone else!"

Sheila, in her turn, was surprised to discover that Guy was an excellent cook. Surprised and secretly a bit red in the face. Because actually she didn't know much about cooking when she was married, a lack which she tried hastily and earnestly to rectify as soon as possible, before Guy could discover the extent of her ignorance.

She got away with it pretty well, too, by dint of secretly studying cookbooks and cadging favorite recipes from friends and relatives. She made him very proud when they were on location in New Mexico for "Threshold Of Space" by laboriously concocting a huge pot of something which began with pinto beans and grew more and more complicated until she finally served it to selected guests. She had wrestled with that recipe for 24 hours and she had Guy and the others convinced that she was, indeed, a cook in a million.

Then, after they were home again, she came a cropper with a simple thing like a roast leg of lamb. The friend who advised her about it mentioned studding the roast with slivers of garlic cloves. But Sheila misunderstood and thought she meant cloves, as the cloves you stick into a ham. So real cloves were what she poked into her leg of lamb, with results which had a curious effect upon the taste buds.

But Guy (here is a man who is really in love) insists, loyally, to this day, "It was a very interesting flavor and if she hadn't told me she had made a mistake, I would have thought it was a fine new idea."

He tried a bit of sly deception of his own, though, in the cooking of game with which his freezer is, almost perforce, always stocked. He sensed early in their life together that Sheila was a trifle hesitant in her taste for the rewards of hunting and so he tried to disguise the venison and so on with seasonings and sauces to make it taste like something else. Veal, for instance. Then, when she had admitted liking some mysterious thing he had cooked, he would astound her triumphantly, by telling her what it actually was. It has
SHIRLEY MACLAINE:

The lady is a card

A Virginia belle with a real gone sense of humor, this shiny new star considers a laugh a minute slowpoke

SHOWER in backyard of Malibu Beach house is just the thing for sand-covered feet. Shirley's husband, Steve Parker, does the honors.

CLOWNING as usual, Shirley sits for her portrait. Her talented husband is an actor-director whom she met while on Broadway.

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“Be a clown” seems to be her motto,

FUNNY FACE is just part of the MacLaine gag routine. Her brand of drollery and good looks impressed everyone in “Artists And Models.”

THE BEACH is for gathering sea shells—or displaying the dancing form that made Shirley a standout in Broadway’s “The Pajama Game.”
but Shirley's got a serious side, too—especially about her man.

SUNDOWN on Malibu Beach finds Shirley in the arms of her husband, Steve Parker. Shirley, who's now expecting, says she wants three kids. END
Brooks Clift, his brother, says:

"Monty

Shy? Elusive? Maybe in public,

to be with than anyone I know. I don't have to tell you that he's never done anything that is really comedy, and he wants to do comedy very badly. He should do it very well, because he's able to see the humor which exists in the human relation. I don't mean the belly laugh, the obvious thing like a man slipping on a banana peel; that would only distress him. I do mean the basic humor and comedy of the things we run into every day. I remember once as a kid he wanted something; I've forgotten just what—but he couldn't have it, and became furious. After a few minutes this struck him as ridiculous, and he began to laugh at himself for being furious."

The adjective that has stuck to Montgomery Clift is, of course, shy. Brooks explains this. "Neither of us is an extrovert. Montgomery isn't what you'd call the gregarious type. He is elusive; that part of it's not an act, and it's not phony. But I have honestly never known him to be shy with his family. And as far as I'm concerned, it's certainly never evident when he's doing something or talking about something he's really interested in."

"You get the idea he's a hermit," Brooks adds, with a smile that intimates he's not telling all. "The thing about Montgomery is, he shrinks from things like driving around in a flashy car, so you see it coming and think, 'Here's a movie star!' He'd as soon be caught doing something like that as wearing a brass ring through his nose. But any guy who can play his game of tennis is no shy guy. I think he could have been a champion. As a matter of fact, he's good at all sports; he has a natural rhythm. He keeps in condition, what with swimming and going to gym regularly. This boy's in good shape!"

Part of the Clift "legend" may be due to something like this. You ask Brooks if Montgomery was neat, when they were all living at home, and he smiles, "After all, he only had one suit—he couldn't be very messy!" Then he takes his tongue out of his cheek to explain, "You see. Montgomery's very fond of gray flannels. That's about all he wore, most of the time. So people thought that was all he had."

The family still lives at the same 55th Street address in New York where the children grew up. Naturally, although Montgomery has his own apartment, he visits his parents often. There are also childhood friends that he sees at those times. Naturally, the scope of his friends has enlarged with the scope of his activities. Yet, the only people mentioned as being really close to Montgomery Clift are Augusta and Kevin McCarthy and director Fred Zinnemann, which is a long-time
But Monty did expand into a slightly more conventional pattern of living. He moved to a new apartment. Still in the East 60’s, but it’s quite modern and comfortable.

Monty Clift may be a moody one, but his moods are no enigma to himself. Brooks says, “During the war he collected lots of Marlene Dietrich records, and Edith Piaf’s, too. They were hard to get, before the new waxings—but Monty found them because he wanted them. That’s the sort of music he likes; not the classical stuff. Even Monty’s acting has nothing of the classical; it’s pure Clift.”

It points up brother Brooks’ tag: “He’s happy when he has an exciting part, like his current one in ‘Raintree County.’ He changes only when he hasn’t found a part he wants to play, or hasn’t been working for a long time. I don’t think he will ever change his way of living, and I don’t think he will ever be changed by success.”

That’s not an unusual character; it’s a rare strength and integrity.

DRAMATIC intensity has won Monty his fame, as in this scene with Donna Reed, but in private life “he’s a genuine comedian.”

But that part fifth fortune
moody
don’t
"natural"
genuine

association that began when they made “The Search” together.
Perhaps that’s also why his name has been associated with so few women; somehow, Monty has the knack of eluding publicity in his personal relationships. “Sure,” says Brother Brooks, “he’s certainly not a guy who plays around a lot. But he’s known lots of women. Why not?”

“Aha,” you pounce on that. ‘then has he ever come close to getting married?’

“Close enough!” says Brooks. “However, I am sure he’ll get married when he finds the right girl.”

VOU might say the prospect of Montgomery Clift getting married is good, if family history is any indication. His twin sister, Mrs. Hugh McGinnis of Dallas, Texas, has five children—and Monty’s travels take him there quite often. Brooks Clift has had two marriages and three children. Brooks recalls, “My ex-wife owns a house on Cape Cod. One of the nicest summers the children had was when Monty came to visit. He’s good at sailing a boat—and a good companion.”

“Tt’s a pretty safe bet that when Monty does find the right girl, she’ll be the right one. He seems to have a gift for not being snared in any nets. He has managed to keep himself free of any Hollywood commitments that keep him tied to any one studio. He manages to make the pictures he wants, and live in New York—because he prefers it. And he can say something very few other Hollywood actors can: that he doesn’t have to make any pictures he doesn’t like. The conviction begins to grow on you that if, in any odd way, Mr. Montgomery Clift is crazy, it’s smart crazy.

A movie star living in a fifth floor walk-up in the East 60’s—over a cigar store, and with no phone, yet—must be expected to be branded as slightly on the eccentric side. But instead of being a crazy mixed-up kid, in Monty’s case he was only living the way he wanted. At the time, reporters who arrived for interviews, completely winded and with aching knees, didn’t have to wonder what they’d write about. This was a scruffy, ready-made character, a “natural” to pour on the color.

Monty himself said, “I don’t intend spending a fortune to outdo the other fellow. My rental is about one per cent of what the bright boys deem necessary for show. I see only the people who actually want to see me enough to climb five flights. That way you avoid the dropper-inners who have to kill an hour between appointments or the boys who use you for the apertif hour instead of hunting up the nearest bar.”
FOR nearly seven years Gracie Allen has been captivating a huge, if somewhat baffled, television audience with such statements as: "The world lost a great man when my Uncle Harvey was born." Delivering this and other sentiments with absolute gravity and a touch of nostalgia it's no wonder that Gracie has become the symbol of illogical and totally irresistible womanhood to her large following.

When she teamed up with George Burns in 1922 he was the comic and she the foil. But the questions she used to throw at him got more laughs than his answers so George happily became straight man. Happily because, as he says, "I love her," and also because "before I met Gracie I used to change my name every week since I could never get a job under the same name twice. I sang, skated, did ballroom dancing and worked with a seal. I did each of these things only once. As soon as a theatre manager saw my act, I had to change it, or find myself out of a job."

Whenever he tells a story or talks about the past George usually exaggerates for dramatic effect. Though Gracie became known as the comic of the pair, many famous comedians are inclined to go along with Jack Benny's opinion that George is "the funniest man alive." Those who watch him deliver his monologues, while puffing an expensive cigar, on his CBS-TV show are beginning to appreciate this appraisal, but they'll never be able to appreciate the real George whose humor is perhaps a little too earthy for public consumption. Gracie's humor, on the other hand, is pretty well concealed in private life. She even insists she's not funny and generally tries to avoid crowds for fear of disappointing them with her serious, thoughtful and quiet manner.

"I'd rather talk about my children than show business," she says. "For years now, I've been going to quit show business but George keeps signing those contracts."

"If you quit you'd fall apart," murmurs George, shifting his cigar.

Which, considering that Gracie has been in show business for 47 of her 50 years, is probably true.

She was born in San Francisco in 1906. Her father was a song and dance man and Gracie could "shuffle off to Buffalo" when she was three. She quit school when she was 14 to hoof with her three older sisters. Then she went on her own with the Larry Reilly Company as an Irish colleen who did jigs and sang lilting tunes with a brogue. When the company was in Hoboken, New Jersey, Gracie left it after a disagreement over booking and decided to do something sensible—like go to secretarial school. At school, she met a girl who was always interested in a more glamorous life—like show business, and this girl dragged Gracie back to New Jersey one day just to see a comedian whose straight girl was leaving the act. The comedian, of course, was George. He hired her and shortly afterward, started courting her, but got nowhere.

George was born Nathan Birnbaum 60 years ago in New York's lower East Side. There were twelve kids in the family and hardly any money, but George never bemoans his early poverty.

He was always interested in show business and when he was no more than six used to sing for pennies in saloons. Before he was ten he organized the Feebee Quartet and found a hat they could pass around for profits. Gus Edwards took over the act, but he didn't get George who struck out alone.

When George and Gracie teamed up they were known as a "disappointment act." "We had our grips packed all the time," George explains, "in case some other act that was booked to play a theatre disappointed the manager. If an actor broke a leg, they phoned us."

For three years they toured the vaudeville circuit. On Christmas Day, 1925, George got tired of taking no for an answer and proposed to Gracie again giving her ten days to make up her mind. He wasn't exactly the husband she'd pictured, but she didn't know what she'd do without him so nine days later she said yes. They were married January 7, 1926. "I owed Gracie $20," George says, "so we decided to take a gamble."

Other show business couples who've been hailed as examples of the perfect marriage usually spoil the publicity by getting a divorce, but George and Gracie have found the formula for marital bliss.

"We're happy together," says Gracie, "because we have absolutely nothing in common."

To George, the basic formula is "absence." "Always be careful of those couples who are constantly together," he says. "The reason they are always together is because they don't trust each other out of sight."

"We gave up making movies," says Gracie, "because we hated to get up at 6 a.m., we hated make-up and we hated learning lines."

"So now," says George, "we get up at 5 a.m. and work seven days a week. We shoot our CBS-TV show and then we come home and learn the new script."

Tuesday nights are home rehearsal nights, except when their 19-year-old son, Ronnie (who now appears regularly on the show), is baby sitting with his baby niece, Laurie.

Ronnie and his sister, Sandra (a year older than he, and married to James Wil-
George has a better comedy sense than Gracie, but she's so sincere about every wacky line that the result is always hilarious.
A Proper Kind Of Gypsy
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Dr. Wynne: was called to Southern Rhodesia for a special operation, he fell in love with the country and decided to settle there. He bought a 4,000-acre estate near Marandellas, closed up his lucrative Harley Street practice by long distance telephone and had his wife and daughter ship out after him.

The lack of geographic stability and permanence doesn’t seem to have affected Dana in the least, though. Like most people who started off their traveling early, Dana gets restless when she stays too long in any one place. “I’m afraid I’m something of a nomad,” she says, “I simply love to travel.”

Her ever-shifting life also left her with no trauma affecting the relationship with her parents. “This may be old-fashioned, but I think they’re two of the nicest people I know,” she reports. “When I’ve been away from them for some time I always wonder whether they’re really as nice as I think they are, but they never disappoint me when I see them again. They’re still young and a lot of fun to be with.”

Dana started out to be a concert pianist, but traveling with a baby grand proved to be too cumbersome and she gave up early what might have been a promising career. She sings quite well, and hopes to have a chance to prove it.

Dana finished high school—in England the equivalent of junior college—at the age of 13½ and had to fib on her age in order to be allowed to enter college. It was just about this time, however, that the Wynters moved to Africa where Dana went to Rhodes, studying toward a medical degree for the next two years.

While at Rhodes, she joined a dramatic group which competed annually with other, similar groups in the Festival of Amateur Dramatic Societies of South Africa. Dana played the role of a blind girl in “Through The Glass Darkly” and says her performance was “terrible.” But her group won their section and the experience was enough to convince her that she preferred a career as an actress to one in medicine. After the end of her second year at Rhodes she returned to London where she applied for admission to the Old Vic academy. When that school unexpectedly closed, she continued her coaching privately.

Dana took her dramatic studies seriously. “I hated going to school when I was a kid,” she says, “but this was different. As was the university, for that matter. There was then a definite goal and purpose, and a certain amount of freedom—and I liked that. By contrast, when I returned for a visit to my old school, it all seemed futile. All those poor kids cramming for exams. I felt like telling them not to worry so much about it—not to take it so seriously. I could still remember my own anxieties. Really. I hadn’t the slightest nostalgia for it.”

Her hard work paid off when she was offered not one but two parts in a repertory production of Shakespeare’s “Pericles” with two well-known London stage personalities, Beatrice Lehman and Paul Schofield. After this, she recorded a radio series with Orson Welles, did television films with Boris Karloff and appeared in another series called “Fabian Of The Yard.” She also did a few plays.

It was probably inevitable that Dana would sooner or later wind up in Hollywood. Dana, in addition to having brains and talent, is an authentic beauty. Besides all the more obvious assets, Dana has that extra quality which, as in all really beautiful women, somehow eludes description. But the famous sculptor, Jakob Epstein, for instance, was aware of it, and he wasn’t the kind of artist who’d bother with a merely pretty girl. Seeing her at an art gallery one day, he introduced himself, asked Dana to sit for him and invited her to visit him at his studio for tea the next day.

“It was one of the weirdest afternoons I ever spent,” Dana relates. “All sorts of strange people were wandering in and out of the studio while Sir Jakob was trying to figure out a way to get a huge statue cut through the front door in one piece. It reminded me of a ‘New Yorker’ cartoon. I’m very sorry, though, that we didn’t get together for a sitting because of conflicting schedules and my leaving for the States shortly thereafter. I consider the fact that he wanted me to model for him one of the greatest compliments.”

Dana, incidentally, is very well informed on all phases of contemporary art and does a little sculpturing herself on the side.

When Dana arrived in the United States in November of 1953 she immediately applied for citizenship, wasting no time in trying to decide whether she’d like it here or not. “I knew I would,” she comments. “Almost all of my friends in London were Americans and I figured they were a fairly representative sample.” Since then, Dana’s had no reason to change her mind and has fallen completely in love with the United States.

In New York, Dana had little trouble finding employment in television and also appeared in one Broadway play, “Black-Eyed Susan,” opposite Vincent Price, which unfortunately laid an egg. But the flop didn’t by any means hurt her career. After testing for several major studios, she finally signed a long-term contract with 70th Century-Fox, beginning in May, 1955, and was immediately loaned out to Walter Wanger, for whom she starred opposite Kevin McCarthy in “The Invasion Of The Body Snatchers,” actually her first American movie. During the balar of 1955 she starred in “The View From Pompey’s Head” and “The Sixth June,” both for her home lot where is considered one of its major assets.

Dana’s only complaint so far is she hasn’t been given enough work. Specifically, she’d like to have singing and dancing lessons on the lot.

Despite her unusual energy, Dana likes getting up early in the morning a lives in a house only about two and a half minutes away from the studio. She loves good talk, reading, theatre, movies, dating—and dislikes going to bed early.

However, she’s equally at ease outdoor or in. She’s an expert horsewoman, swin well, plays a fast game of tennis, a used to fly a plane in Africa. And as her prowess behind the wheel of a car she’s capable of making strong impressions. On location in Georgia, for instance, she often filled her hub caps with nuts and bolts, or connected fire crackers to the starter. They were a jolly good crow. Dana smiles, “We had a lot of fun.”

A bunch of technicians don’t kid arou with anybody they don’t like. When they approve of a girl like Dana—that’s the test. And at the commissary she’s as poplar with the waitresses, for instance, as is with the steady stream of stars, prod enters and directors who stop and greet her affectionately. When the waitress brought her a bag of bones, Dana thanked her, crouched herself and left the table to bring them to Hungry Harry, waiting outside her car. “She’s as nice as they come,” the girl said, smiling after her fondly.

When last seen, Miss Wynter was crouching on the lawn before the commissary making cooking noises to a small run-away bundle of fur, trying to ent hem into her loving arms. She looked very lovely. Harry, however, turned the other way. Which just goes to show that some dogs aren’t nearly as smart as they’re sup posed to be.
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argue against the rebound theory by pointing out that they met more than two years ago when Marisa, in Paris with her sister, went backstage to congratulate Jean Pierre on his performance in the French play, "Pavée de Paris."

And if they wished to rationalize, it is equally true that both instantly and gaily recalled this meeting when they met again at a Hollywood party—even though this reunion occurred after Grace Kelly had abdicated her claim on Jean Pierre.

Moreover, love is a pretty fatalistic thing, and if Marisa is endowed with half the wisdom her friends attribute to her, she well may reason that a Jean Pierre Aumont not stung by a Grace Kelly would not have been ready for her. And Aumont, to follow this philosophical yardstick a step farther, surely would have the maturity to reason that a Marisa who was not the product of the disappointments which she suffered in love would not be quite the beguiling young woman to whom he has given his heart. Each is the sum of his or her own experiences. What those experiences have made them is very likely what attracted them to one another. If their respective rebounds contributed to such a fortuitous set of circumstances, they can do nothing but offer prayerful thanks for the anguish that prepared them, however inadvertently, for their present mutual devotion.

Beyond the realm of rationalization, the rebound thesis could be debated on sound psychological ground. The pattern of a man on the rebound is to seek out a woman in the image of the one he has wooed and lost. He subconsciously casts about for someone who reminds him of his parted love. In every sense, Marisa and Grace Kelly are opposites. They come from different backgrounds. One is polished sophisticate. The other is not removed from sheltered childhood. They have no similarities in appearance, being, personality or temperament.

Quite different from being a pale copy of Miss Kelly, Marisa brings to her relationship with Aumont something he has found a good deal more reassuring. Whether La Kelly flaunted it or not, she was basically aloof and independent. However strong the rapport Aumont may have achieved with her, it was clear that never was fully convinced that he or that he would completely possess her. Marisa, on the other hand, is dependent and submissive. Her adoration for Jean Pierre is undisguised. By disposition and her European background she thinks and acts as the proper submissive woman should in a dominant male.

The seriousness of their amours was apparent to friends months before Marisa proudly displayed her rose-shaped diamond engagement ring and announced their nuptials would be in the near future. Fate gave them a resounding assist when both were in pictures shooting at 20th Century-Fox; Aumont in "Hilda Cranston" and Marisa in "The Man In The Gray Flannel Suit."

Having suffered so withering a face of backfire so recently, it was perhaps natural that Aumont would be gun-shy publicity this time around. But as he and Marisa held hands in public, embraced the Golden Globe Awards dinner of the Hollywood Foreign Press Correspondents' Association, and showed up lovey-dovey...
HY, dependent and submissive, Marisa is just opposite of sophisticated Grace Kelly.

...one tinseltown party after another, their burgeoning romance needed no embellishments.

Even more exciting marital straws were the wind when Marisa, a recipient of a Golden Globe for her performance as Anna in "Rose Tattoo," had as guests at a table at the award dinner her adored in Pierre, her watchful mother, Mrs. Maria Pierangeli, and the French consul. The romance penetrated another significant family echelon auguring wedlock when Jean Pierre introduced Marisa to a daughter by the late Maria Montez, 23-year-old Maria Christina Aumont.

As Marisa's life with Aumont unfolds, the existence of her sister Pier, up to now a family's standard bearer in glamor, may seem provincial by contrast. Marisa and Jean Pierre intend to live half the year in Paris and the other half in the United States. Aumont owns considerable property and beautiful chateau at Malmaison, some miles outside of Paris, and that is where the newlyweds plan to live when they are not in Hollywood. Neither appears disturbed because the in, gay, laughing-eyed Aumont is 20 years the senior of 23-year-old Marisa. "We never think of age," Marisa tosses off. "He's so young in spirit.

Aumont's age was thrown up to him when he was courting Grace Kelly, and he doubt if pressed again on the same object, he'd dust off the answer he gave that time: "A man should be older than his wife."

Age differences and previous conditions romantic servitude may give pause to one on the sidelines, but as far as Marisa and Jean Pierre are concerned, there is only one question that counts: Are they right for each other?

That they have answered in a resounding affirmative!

EXCLUSIVE: "Bing Crosby's Marriage Plans!"

When Hollywood gossips tried to link Bing romantically with Grace Kelly, the Groaner said, "If I were 20 years younger I might be interested." But Bing's steady date today is Kathy Grant—who is five years younger than Grace Kelly!

Read "Bing Crosby's Marriage Plans" in the June issue of SILVER SCREEN Magazine.

For revealing stories about your favorite Hollywood stars, buy your copy of SILVER SCREEN Magazine at your newsstand today.
Sundays he'll give in a little, probably because it's Sunday, and sleep later—until about eight-thirty. But he has never slept past nine since I've been married to him. He eats very little at breakfast—no juice or anything like that. Just some coffee cake and coffee.

And this brings up another peculiar habit. Glenn works hard at the studio all day. You'd think he would want to relax at noon in his dressing room and have his lunch brought in to him. Oh, no! Instead, he comes all the way home for lunch. He drives through all that traffic has only about fifteen minutes in which to eat, and then drives back. I have several times asked him why he didn't use that hour to rest, to relax, and all he says is, "I just like to come home."

It's a wonderful thing to see how much his home means to him. More men should feel that way. So even though I can't understand his actions, I respect and admire his feelings.

**G****LENN** eats a small lunch, but he does enjoy dinner. Recently, he has been watching his diet. He said he wanted to reduce—why, I don't know. But here again is a contradiction. Every night, about two or three hours after dinner while he's watching TV or studying his lines you'll see him eating ice cream. Not just a dish, but more than you think anyone could hold. He loves it.

Glenn's just finished building a club house for Peter—with bunk beds and the works. It's strictly for the men. No women are allowed—and that means me. Glenn is really an accomplished carpenter. For that matter, he can fix or repair anything about the house. I just stand in awe at the things he does.

Glenn is inclined to be moody. With him, it's either a feast or a famine. He's way up or way down. It's just not his nature to be even-tempered. He's high voltage—like a thoroughbred horse at the starting gate raring to go. Because he is so wound up, I recognize his need at times to be alone, to be quiet, to unwind.

Glenn can't stand loud noise. Yet, I feed on people and conversation and general mayhem. I can be watching TV, listening to a record, and Peter and his friends can be shooting toy guns off in the house and I get along just dandy. That would drive Glenn out of his mind. Such noise and confusion really upset him. I think the reason we're so different in this respect is that I've been used to working in musical pictures where an orchestra would be blaring right along with frenzied directions by the director, the crew, and the choreographer. Glenn's work has been in dramatic pictures where sets are noticeably more quiet.

His moodiness, however, doesn't upset me. There are times when he'll talk and talk—and I'm thrilled when he does because he doesn't open up as a rule. When he wants to be alone, however, I let him alone. Because I have been in the business, I think I have more of an understanding of what is on his mind and why he needs to be by himself. He has to have time to get away from the whole thing. There are no lengthy explanations necessary from Glenn when he wants to be alone. And, fortunately, I am self-sufficient enough that when he is by himself I don't feel like twiddling my thumbs with resentment or frustration.

Glenn works with me on my show when he has a chance, but he has so little time that he can't do as much as he'd like. But the greatest contribution he has made to my work is letting me have the time to meet its demands. Often I have had to go out on an evening to make a speech of some kind in connection with the show and he hasn't felt like going. He has always said, "Go ahead. Honey. And good luck." The freedom he gives me is something I am grateful for.

He watches the show every Sunday night and he's my best critic—behind the scenes. I think he is tremendously proud of what I'm doing.

Glenn's enthusiasm is typical of his unselfish attitude towards others. He is always hoping someone else will get a big break. Maybe that's why he never wastes his time nourishing any big dislikes. He likes more than he dislikes.

Oh, he doesn't appreciate such things as a lot of make-up, particularly too much eye shadow, on a woman. And he doesn't like anything masculine in a woman. Femininity is all-important to him. He loathes slacks on the ladies. For instance, Nor does he like an over-abundant perfume. He can do without large pa and night clubs too. He prefers a dinner with a few people around whom he can relax. When he is with those he likes I have seen him open up conversation and say things I never knew he thought.

Simplicity is the keynote to his character. His way of dressing is an exact example of how little he cares for any fad. His tastes are simple. He doesn't like going shopping for clothes, and an extensive wardrobe isn't his primary concern.

However, he does one thing that aggravates me. He'll get all dressed to go on an important affair, then if there's time before he has to leave, he'll take a nap. When he gets up, he's all wrinkled.

Glenn is easy to get along with in most ways—and he is considerate of a husband. He even has his sentimental moments. Oh, he forges certain occasions, romantic days like St. Valentine's Day, but anyone who is as busy as he can't be expected to worry about Valentine's Day.

Along with his occasional sentimental nature, there is, of course as a contrast a little temper. A person is pretty without some fire. He gets mad quick and gets over it just as fast. And when he's over it he forgets it. He doesn't hold anything inside him. When Peter and I see he's getting mad, we all just cool out. Afterwards, he's terribly sorry. And it takes him so long to prove it, I'm pretty certain he is that you're almost glad it got mad.

I could go on for pages about Glenn but I'd probably never be able to tell there is about my complex and most interesting husband. So let it go that if you want a picture of a proud wife, just give a look at me.
just finished a picture for that company! Dan and Sue just welcomed an addition to their family; their dachshund, Fritz, and four pups, all boys!

DATA ON DATES—George Nader and Mont Crayne no longer are dating each other exclusively. Recently he's been squirting Mara Corday and Martha Hyer. Mar-ka has also been seeing John Bentley. . . Bob Wagner seems to have "gone under- ground." He's been dating girls who are not in films and taking them to out-of-the-way spots where they don't attract attention. . . Marilyn Monroe's so busy with her career that she still isn't dating. And we fail to find anything "new" about the ol, despite the publicity from the East. As usual, she was an hour-and-a-half late for her own press cocktail party. She looked the same and talked the same. Except for always being tardy, why should she change? . . . The Piper Laurie-Gene Nelson romance continues. No change there, either.

SHORT SHOTS—All's not serene with Aldo Ray and Jeff Donnell. . . Dan and Swen Dailey have bought a new 10-acre ranch in Northridge. . . Reconciliation didn't work out for Barbara Ruick and Bob Horton.

HOME FOLKS—No doubt about it, Virginia Mayo, Mike O'Shea and daughter Mary Catherine are an close-knit and happy a family as you'd find in any town. Virginia has now dispensed with a nurse for her daughter because she wants to take care of Mary herself, so the little girl will be closer to her. "I don't want her to grow up thinking I'm a stranger," says Virginia.

After two years of loan-outs, Virginia's glad to be working back at Warners with Alan Ladd in "Buffalo Grass." One good reason—the studio is close to home which gives her more time with Mike and Mary.

MORE FAMILY NOTES—When June Allyson takes off for Europe—she'll make "Unfinished Symphony" in Berlin this summer—she's taking her children along. It's doubtful that Dick Powell's production schedule will let him make the trip and June says she "just couldn't stand separation from the whole family that long." So Ricky and Pamela join Mom for her first trip across the Atlantic.

BABY TALK—Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger refuse to say whether they're hoping their July arrival will be a boy or a girl and also say they haven't decided on possible names for the baby. . . Shirley Maclaine and husband Steve Parker hope their little image might arrive on their second wedding anniversary in October. And the doctor told Shirley she may have twins! . . .

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Trial By Marriage

continued from page 55

worked and now she enjoys game as much as he does.

Guy insisted stridently (smart man!) at the problems of the interior decora-
tion of the new house were all to be solved
by Sheila, evading any masculine responsi-

bility with the gallant remark that he
anted it to be the way she wanted it. So
she went valiantly to work.

"Only," she says now, with as engaging
giggle as you'd want to hear anywhere,
after it was nearly finished a real in-
terior decorator told me I had done it all
backward. Or upside down. Or something.

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Sheilah Graham's Hollywood Lowdown continued from page 15

to him saying that it had been completely rewritten. Dan scanned through it, returned it to the agent with this crisp notation: "Rewriting this is like putting a Band-aid on a leper."

Although at first glance the casting of Marilyn Monroe and Sir Laurence Olivier in "The Sleeping Prince" seemed an incongruous mating of opposites, I've dug deep down and come up with what I think is the correct answer. Both Marilyn and Olivier realize the value of getting her off calendars and into culture, and getting Sir Laurence out of Shakespeare and back into sex appeal. The publicity value alone should be worth the price of the picture, and can't you just imagine the furore Marilyn will cause when she wiggles her way across those sedate British drawing rooms? And I'd love to be a fly on the wall when Olivier introduces Mmmmm to her royal majesty, Queen Elizabeth, who has her own patented blend of femininity and glamour. I'm frankly skeptical of Kim Novak's statement that she and Mac Krim have "no immediate marriage plans." She's with him all the time now and if she doesn't marry him it will only be from career considerations. Meanwhile, she gets the plum role of the girl opposite Frank Sinatra in "Pal Joey," and that should be very interesting, too. Kim and Frankie became great friends when they made "The Man With The Golden Arm," and it's a friendship that could blossom into more if given proper care.

Someone called with the news that Rock Hudson and his Phyllis are having first year "adjustment" troubles. It's really true that the first year of marriage is always the roughest, and I'm sure that these two very nice people will be able to solve the problems that are bound to arise in every marriage, and make a success of it...

Susan Hayward is a very changed girl these days, even changed the color of her make-up from that ghostly pale pink she wore for so long to a more vivid shade that is much more flattering... And speaking of changes, a great one has also come over Jennifer Jones since the resurgence of her career. She's quite pleasant to talk with now, and that cold reserve that used to freeze off conversations is gone and has been replaced by a warm and friendly attitude.

And Susan Strasberg, the 17-year-old who scored a hit as Kim Novak's kid sister in "Picnic," is wise beyond her year if this statement attributed to her is true. When asked if she'd changed since becoming a success, Susan replied, "It's funny, when you're successful, it's the people you knew before who really change. They change in their attitude toward you and they almost force you to be different with them." That's something many older actresses I know couldn't diagnose as well.

Audie Murphy doesn't forget those who were kind to him when he was on his way up. The other day he called a press agent friend of mine who had sort of looked after Audie in the lean days and said: "Now that I'm making all this money, I want to make an arrangement with you to handle my publicity so that you can have some of it too." Audie's business manager argued he could have hired five press agents for the amount he was paying this one. But Audie insisted, "He's a friend of mine. He did me a lot of favors Now it's my turn to do one for him. Nice fellow, that Audie.

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dent, because of a resemblance to his dead son. Peck has a hard time trying to hold on to his convictions and not becoming another yes man to the boss. While struggling with his business problems, Peck learns that he has a ten-year-old son in Italy, the product of a wartime romance with poor, lonely Marisa Pavan. Not wanting to shirk his responsibility toward the boy, Peck confuses his indiscretion to Jennifer, hoping for understanding from the woman who's always preaching about being honest in all things. Instead, Jennifer, outraged, runs out of the house, takes the car and goes on a wild drive. While Peck is sweating out the night alone, his boss phones and asks Greg to accompany him to California to launch his pet project. This is Peck's big opportunity, but he turns it down convinced that it is better to be a nine to five man and be close to his family than to become a big shot and lose his family as March has. A powerful drama in De Luxe Color, every member of the cast gives a superb performance. You won't want to miss this one. (20th Century-Fox.)

**Stranger At My Door**

GUIDED by his belief that one redeemed sinner is worth a handful of good folk, country preacher Macdonald Carey spares no effort in the reformation of bank robber Skip Homier. For quite a spell, Carey fights a losing battle. While using the preacher's home as a hideout, Homier spends a great part of his time with hand hovering over gun and eyes taking roller-coaster rides over Patricia Medina, Carey's wife. Despite Homier's stubborn penchant for sin, Carey gradually breaks him down, and a fabulous renegade horse plus a freckle-faced boy finish off the job. Fine, unsophisticated drama that shows some amazing horse sense and temperament. (Republic.)

**The Harder They Fall**

JUST when you think you're intuned to seeing human faces smashed to pulp by boxing gloves, along comes a shocker like this. Based on a Budd Schulberg novel and starring Humphrey Bogart with Rod Steiger and Jan Sterling in opposite corners, this is one of the strongest damnations of the prizefighting racket yet shown. An out of work columnist, Bogart is dragged into Steiger's corrupt world of fixed fights and broken men when he agrees to take over the publicity campaign on Steiger's latest find. Fresh from a tiny South American village, Mike Lane has Goliath's body, Simple Simon's brain, and punches like a wary homing pigeon. After Mike is indirectly responsible for killing a man in the ring, and almost being slaughtered himself, Bogart decides to take wife Jan's advice and shine up his tarnished self-respect. He accomplishes this by getting himself and Mike out of the game while both are still humans. None of the gruesome details are spared and few will be able to take the final ring sequence which mercifully is in black-and-white. (Columbia.)

**Good-bye, My Lady**

TAKE a boy, Brandon de Wilde, a dog, grizzled philosophizing Walter Brennan, and place them in the heart of Mississippi swampland—the result is a sensitive, warm portrait of a boy about to enter manhood. His parents gone, Brandon was brought up by the illiterate Brennan. Life in the swampland was bleak and barren until Brandon found a strange and unusual dog—an African Basenji. To Brandon, this barkless, tear-shedding hound meant love and companionship he had never known. But as so often happens, youth's first love carries the greatest heartbreak. The dog's true owner finally turns up. Brandon is forced to weigh his right to keep the dog. The decision should come as no big surprise unless you came in after the picture started and missed the title. (Warner Bros.)

**A Day Of Fury**

THERE'S nothing like a gunslinger to stir things up a bit in a peaceful community. Take the citizens of West End, the most exciting event they were looking forward to the day Dale Robertson rode into town, was spiking the punch at Marshall Jock Mahoney's wedding to Mara Corday. Then, in a matter of minutes, the wedding's cancelled, the townspeople slowly shed their halos of respectability, and by nightfall, everything is so loose at the seams, Marshall Mahoney is dang-near lynched. It isn't until the town's preacher is shot dead, the old maid school-teacher commits suicide, a juvenile delinquent is reckoned with, and Robertson slumps to the floor of a saloon, that everyone sober up. Anarty-type Western that leaps with reckless Technicolor abandon into all sorts of warped emotions and reappears on the surface slightly worse for the dunking. (Universal-International.)

**The Man Who Knew Too Much**

FOLLOWING a Paris medical convention, Doctor James Stewart packs himself and family, Doris Day and their son, off to French Morocco for a well-deserved vacation. What happens to them in mysterious Technicolor North Africa isn't covered by any of the tourist guide books but it sure is standard formula for Alfred Hitchcock. Right off the bat, a heavily-accented stranger attaches himself to Stewart. An English couple make ordinary middle-class sounds but strike impressive Doris as cloak-and-daggers material. Then, when a dying man gasps a cryptic message to Stewart, he and Doris find themselves in the middle of a nightmare. To keep Stewart from turning the information over to the authorities, his son is kidnapped. Afraid to enlist the aid of the police, it remains for Stewart alone to find the boy and clear up a stick international situation. Every element: approach to suspense and all the stock gimmicks are used, which might be a clue as to why the stars often seem just little too precious. ( Paramount.)

**Gaby**

HER parents killed during the Nazi invasion of France, ballet dancer Leslie Caron knows the pain of losing someone loved. Certainly, wartime Britain is scarcely the time or place to recover balance. On this thin emotional ice G.I. John Kerr charges with each 1-hour measure of his boyish charm unfurled. 48-hour leave spent with him change Leslie into an ecstatic young creature who shows one flash of sensibility. She packs an all too eager Kerr off to his barrack the night before he's due to ship out. When word comes that Kerr is killed, Leslie is guilt-stricken. To "atone" for the fancied wrong he suffered by her refusal Leslie puts an end to merely serving doughnuts and coffee at the canteen. There are other Gallic goodies service men would prefer. Of course, a naive Kerr reappears with an offer of marriage. Leslie honorably refuses, but a buzz bowl has the courtesy to blast them back into one another's arms. An Eastman Color remake of Robert Sherwood's "Waterloo Bridge" that says too much at the point of stress to carry much of the original weighty drama. (MGM.)
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DEBBIE REYNOLDS
THE GREATEST LOVE STORY TO COME
OUT OF THE WAR...
TWO OF TODAY'S MOST BRILLIANT STARS IN A DRAMA THAT PROBES DEEP IN THE HEART OF A WOMAN IN LOVE!

Paramount presents
WILLIAM HOLDEN as Colin Black...whose heart was the color of his name
DEBORAH KERR as Lee Ashley...destroyer of one man, almost destroyed by another

in A PERLBERG-SEATON PRODUCTION
The Proud and Profane
co-starring THELMA RITTER - DEWEY MARTIN with WILLIAM REDFIELD
Produced by William Perlberg - Written for the Screen and Directed by George Seaton
Based on a Novel by Lucy Herndon Crockett

VISTAVISION
Ann sighed as she looked enviously through the window at a happy group of boys and girls heading for the Bowling Alley. How she wished she were one of them.

"I'd give anything to belong," she said for the hundredth time.

Why did they snub her so consistently, she wondered. Why did they leave her out of things? She was quite sure she was just as pretty—prettier, even, than some of the girls. . . .

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste does. Listerine instantly kills germs, by millions—stops bad breath* (halitosis) instantly, and usually for houts on end.

Far and away the most common cause of bad breath is germs. You see, germs cause fermentation of proteins, which are always present in the mouth. And research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, the more you reduce germs in the mouth.

Tooth paste with the aid of a tooth brush is an effective method of oral hygiene. But no tooth paste gives you the proven Listerine Antiseptic method—banishing bad breath with super-efficient germ-killing action.

Listerine Antiseptic clinically proved four times better than tooth paste

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against? With proof like this, it's easy to see why Listerine belongs in your home. Every morning . . . every night . . . before every date, make it a habit to use Listerine, the most widely used antiseptic in the world.
Get SOLO Rubber-Tipped BOB PINS

"Extra Smooth—Extra Strong"

SOLO RUBBER-TIPPED BOB PINS

10¢ AND 25¢ PER CARD

Get SOLO’S petal-smooth pins... and you’ll never get stuck again. Rubber-Tipped—no sharp ends to cut, catch or scratch. So smooth and easy to open, SOLO completely protects teeth and nails. Get a card today... pin-curl your hair tonight. You'll find it doesn't hurt to be beautiful.

SMOOTHER TIPS STRONGER GRIP

At Notion Counters Everywhere

Screenland

Volume Fifty-Nine, Number Eight

September, 1956

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NED L. PINES

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m-g-m presents a most important motion picture

up

somebody there likes me

From the best-seller and life-inspired story in Look Magazine that thrilled millions

STARRING

Paul Newman

with Everett Sloane

Screen Play by Ernest Lehman

Directed by Robert Wise

Pier Angeli

Eileen Heckart • Sal Mineo

Based on the Autobiography of Rocky Graziano

Written with Rowland Barber

Produced by Charles Schnee

An M-G-M Picture
HELLO again, and here I am once more to report on the topsy-turvy town of Hollywood, where a plunging neckline can do more for a girl than a four-year dramatic course, and talent is often assayed by a tape measure.

Janet Leigh has finally bowed to the judgment of her better half, better known as Tony Curtis, and she will give up her screen career in favor of bigger and better babies. These two attractive people have never been happier than they are now. Janet has never been in better health. Tony's career is zooming right to the top, and she's content now to rest on his laurels. . . .

Donald O'Connor and Gloria Noble keep pushing their wedding date back farther and farther. Many people thought they'd make it a double wedding when Donald's friend, Sid Miller, said his "I do's" in Las Vegas not long ago. But though Don denies the romance is less torrid than it was, as of this writing he still refuses to name the date. . . . MGM will do a complete switch on their campaign to sell Grace Kelly in "High Society." There'll be no mention of the fact she's a "princess" and instead they'll try to show a new and sexy Grace in torchy embraces with Frank Sinatra. Some tepid response to the princess bit in "The Swan" ads is the reason why.

It cost Piper Laurie $25,000 a picture to get out of her exclusive contract at U-I. She agreed to make one a year for three years for them, at half what they were paying her, if she could have her freedom. And in passing, Piper's romance with Gene Nelson is all over. . . . Tab Hunter is tired of his Westwood residence "because there's no stable for my horse," and he's now scouting a home in Northridge where he'll be able to keep his four-footed friend with him. Tab has really come into the big time. He didn't like the original script of his new picture, "The Girl He Left Behind," and so the studio re-wrote it for him. They only do that for those they consider big stars. Margaret O'Brien lost her steady beau.

continued on page 8
This is the motion picture so crowded with exciting achievements that it is impossible to list them all! Gregory Peck's mighty portrayal is certainly one of them.

Co-starred with him are

**RICHARD BASEHART**

as the young, romantic rover and

**LEO GENN**

as the vengeful Starbuck

In a year of so many wonderful screen advances the mightiest leap forward of all is WARNER BROS.' presentation of the

**JOHN HUSTON**

production of Herman Melville's

**MOBY DICK**

color by **TECHNICOLOR**

*MOULIN PICTURE - DIRECTED BY JOHN HUSTON - PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS.*
HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

continued

Don Robinson, to the Air Force. . .
Bob Hope said it: "When a girl says she
won’t marry ’til the right man comes
along, you can bet if some guy asks her
he automatically becomes the right man."
. . . Storm signals are up again in the
Jack Webb household. . . . Gloria De
Haven called off her engagement to Miami
auto dealer, Dick Flincher, because she
wanted to continue to ride on her career
and he wanted her to park at home. . .
Leslie Caron, never very happy in Hol-
lywood, may not return here after she
completes her current European stage
stint in “Gigi.”

Robert Wagner agreed to do “The Day
The Century Ended” with Terry Moore
only if his studio—20th Century-Fox—
would give him the starring role in the
re-make of “Jesse James.” They agreed.
Bob paid out $750 of his own money to
record the title tune of his picture, “A
Kiss Before Dying,” then didn’t like his
voice and refused to have it released. . .
Speaking of money, which is a nice round
subject, Jerry Lewis paid $700,000 to
Uncle Sam in income tax for last year,
and expects to pay a million this year,
but told me, “I’m glad I’m able to do it.”
. . . Overheard one night at the Mo-
cambo. “I can forgive all of his faults
except one—he breathes.”

Bing Crosby sighed a big sigh of re-
 lief when his oldest son, Gary, was in-
ducted into the Army. It’s been no secret
he was worried about the boy, and he told
an intimate: “The Army will teach him
the discipline I never could. He just
doesn’t listen to me.” Bing continues to
scoff at retirement rumors that plague
him. “Retire? That’s for old folks. And
I don’t think anyone under 80 is old. Just
so long as people are willing to watch me
on the screen—or listen to my records—
I’ll keep right on acting and singing.” . . .
Robert Taylor and Ursula Thiess abso-
lutely won’t allow their baby to be pho-
 tographed for publicity. And Ursula is
such a devoted wife and mother that she
turned down three film offers—one from
Clark Gable—because she refused to work
during the summer when her children are
home on vacation.

Bobby Curtis, Tony’s 14-year-old
brother, is changing his last name to Reed
for the movies. He doesn’t want it to be
said he is riding to fame on his big broth-
er’s tail. . . . Jane Powell told a noted
hypnotist that she wanted to lose some
weight, but couldn’t resist eating ice cream
and candy. He put her to sleep and while
she was under the hypnotic spell he told
her that when she awoke she wouldn’t be
able to eat either of these things. He
brought her out of the spell and since
then Janie hasn’t had a bite of candy or
ice cream. James—my hypnotist! . . .
Groucho Marx asked a friend who was
going to Russia: “You going as a spy?”

Eddie and Debbie Fisher are in the
housing soup. They’ve been notified to
vacate the house they have been renting
by December. The baby is due in Octo-
her. And they’d like to be settled in an
other home by that time. Picture com-
mittments don’t leave them much time to
looking. As soon as they’re sure that
Eddie’s TV show can be done from Hol-
lywood, they’ll settle the whole thing by
buying a house. . . . Elaine Stewart is
fretting to get free from MGM. She’s
still boiling mad about the treatment she
received from the studio. They sent her
to South America on a two-weeks per-
sonal appearance tour, then kept her there
for six months. She says—and haven’t
given her a picture to do since she re-
turned. . . . And Vera Miles gets fighting
mad if you describe her as a second Grace
Kelly. . . . June Haver and Fred Mac-
murray plan to adopt some family addi-
tions—a girl for her, a boy for him. . . .
As soon as the divorce mess is over,
Jeanne Crain will get away from it all by
making some pictures in Europe. I sug-
gested Jeanne to producer Jimmy Wolf
for “The Whole Truth” with Stewart
Granger and he thought it a good idea
and signed her.

Nothing but luck for Fess Parker late
continued on page 66
The BIGGEST DEAL Since EVE Sold ADAM!

It will be your maddest whirl with a bachelor girl . . .
in those roaring days when the gals wore stays . . . (to keep their morals up!)

Ginger ROGERS
Barry NELSON
Carol CHANNING

"The First TRAVELING SALESLADY"

David BRIAN James ARNESS

Written by DEVERY FREEMAN and STEPHEN LONGSTREET
Produced and Directed by ARTHUR LUBIN

The most talked-about movies are coming from the NEW RKO
Coming Attractions

BY RAHNA MAUGHAN

High Society

THERE'S an almost irresistible fascination about Grace Kelly and a wedding. This one treats the lovely Grace in the style to which she's accustomed. The lavish trimmings are a Newport mansion, the comforting display of wealth, a roué of an uncle, Louis Calhern, and, as an added fillip, an ex-husband, Bing Crosby. On the eve of Grace's marriage to John Lund, sensation magazine reporter Frank Sinatra and photographer Celeste Holm discover that Newport and its social register citizens are not nearly as formidable as the new rich element represented by Lund. This revelation comes at the pre-nuptial festivities for Grace and Lund. Grace becomes genteelly crocked. The frigid reserve and fetish for perfection which broke up her marriage to Crosby get unglued during a midnight caper with Sinatra in the family pool. By the time Sinatra gets around to explaining the facts behind her champagne orgie and his wristwatch in her bedroom, he has rescued Grace from a mate worse than death. Hilarious, sophisticated comedy that shows up Grace's talents under a Technicolor magnifying glass. (MGM.)

Trapeze

AERIALIST Burt Lancaster, whose career ended when he missed his catcher's hands by a fraction of an inch, is trying to brush glory once again through protege Tony Curtis. Seeing the boys are on the verge of fame, Gina Lollobrigida, with an hour-glass figure that always ran fast, wants to get into the act. She sidles up to Lancaster and breathes something about you-can-teach-me-so-much. Lancaster toys with the idea a while, then sends her packing her DeLuxe colored spangled flimsies. His act is a double. Who is Gina to bust up his friendship with Curtis by turning the act into a triple? Furious, Gina tries another angle. She takes a deep breath and points her artillery in the direction of Curtis. A direct hit is scored, and a new member is added to Lancaster's trapeze act. Grasping at straws, and a few other things, Lancaster figures the only way to show Gina up as a fickle opportunist is to woo her himself. Naturally, he's only human and pretense turns into the real thing. He falls for Gina—and without a net to catch him. When Curtis finds out, this just about wrecks any future plans for all
three. Luckily, circus performers are an agile crew so the rough spots aren’t too difficult to pass. Much circus atmosphere and bulging anatomy. (United Artists.)

That Certain Feeling

EVER since he had been launched on the business world, cartoonist Bob Hope would get butterflies in his stomach at the first harsh word from his boss and in would go his resignation. Since employers have a habit of speaking their minds, Hope is in a semi-permanent state of unemployment, a condition not exactly compatible with matrimonial harmony. So, when wife Eva Marie Saint leaves Hope, he starts painting baby turtles to pay for a psychiatrist. Nothing the good doctor tells Hope can stop the whooping. Then, a miracle! Hope is taunted into going to work for Eva’s romantic boss, George Sanders, one of the country’s top cartoonists. The torch that Hope still carries for Eva starts a cheerful little blaze capable of toasting do-gooder Georgie and all his sticky pretensions. Involved in this hilarious triangle is a provocative assortment of tidbits: a small orphan boy; Pearl Bailey; a night spent stranded in a 44th floor penthouse; and a take-off on “Person-to-Person.” Clever Technicolor whimsey based on the long-run Broadway hit, “King Of Hearts.” (Paramount.)

The Proud And Profane

EQUIPPED with such fancy accessories as a swagger stick and moustache, Marine Corps officer William Holden takes over Red Cross worker Deborah Kerr in a breeze. Come to pretty things up for the boys in the South Pacific during World War II, widow Deborah is overly concerned with details of her husband’s death in battle. Flicking his swagger stick across his lean flanks, Holden

continued on page 72

Treat your eyes to

new...

eye shadow stick

by

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in 5 lovely, iridescent, jewel-tone shades $1

Sapphire Blue + Amber Brown + Emerald Green + Blue Pearl Grey + Turquoise

Beautiful Gold-Tone Suitcase Case

Fashion dictates that your eyes should be your most important feature—and you can bring out the color and clear look of your eyes by giving them a flattering background of eye shadow. It’s so easy with the new Maybelline Eye Shadow Stick. The shadow can be the merest whisper, if you so desire—but if you wish a more dramatic effect, especially for evening wear, simply intensify the color.

Maybelline Automatic Eyebrow Pencil

Never needs sharpening—the only spring-locked crayon that can’t fall out—gives soft feather-touch. Natural-tone shades:

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30c for two long-lasting refills

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The finest and smoothest mascara for long, velvety-dark lashes in seconds. Solid Form in gorgeous gold-tone

vanity case . . . or Cream Form in smart carry-kit.

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Special soft-cushion method works gentler, quicker, easier. Gold-tone. It’s the finest precision-curler made. Cushion Refill, only 10c.

Maybelline Precision Eyebrow Tweezers 29c

Tweeze with ease—these silvery tweezers are designed with the “grip that can’t slip.” Straight or slant-edge.

Choice of smart women the world over
REAL ROMANCE—It was a quiet civil ceremony, without the usual Glamour Town treatment, when Don Murray and Hope Lange said their "I Do's." But their love story is the type so dear to Hollywood's heart. Don has been courting Hope for five years, since she was 16 and he only a few years older. He has been on the New York stage, she in TV there. Then Josh Logan, who's directing "Bus Stop," personally selected Don for the male lead opposite Marilyn Monroe, and Don was also signed to a long-term contract at 20th Century-Fox. Next, Hope was signed by the same studio and her first role is in—you guessed it—"Bus Stop." And so they were married! When the picture is finished, they'll go back to New York for a religious ceremony. These are two nice kids, and both so talented! You can depend on it that Don will rate as a big heart-throb after this, his first film, is released.

SERIOUS?—Another cute young couple, who seem to have found romance through working together—as often happens here—are Anthony Perkins and Elaine Aiken, both teamed with Jack Palance in "The Lonely Man." They, too, are film newcomers but Paramount, where they're under contract, plans big futures for them. When they went on location up in the high Sierras, all the cast and crew took cameras to catch the beauty of that rugged locale. Elaine's was just a box Brownie, and when she saw the expensive jobs the other people had, she hid hers! But Tony noticed, remembered, and as soon as they returned to "civilization" he bought her a super-super Rolleflex. She says she's afraid to use it because it's so complicated, so Tony's teaching her shutter technique. In return, she's teaching him to drive. He didn't want to learn, he has no car, but she's insisting! She's even teaching him in her car, so it must be love!

SENTIMENTAL GENT—Chuck Heston, one of those three "Violent People," has been married to his adored Lydia 12 years, but he hasn't forgotten that the little sentimental things keep the lovelight glowing in a gal's eyes! Lydia and son Fray visited Chuck while he was on location 40 miles out of Phoenix, and Lydia's birthday occurred during that visit. So Chuck had a big surprise luncheon for her out on the location, complete with a huge cake sent from the city. It was a big smash! And that night he took Lydia on a romantic, candle-lit dinner date, complete with dancing, at one of the big Phoenix hotels!

REAL RANCHERS—Stewart Granger and Joanne Simmons aren't the ones to do things half-way. So just after they filed for citizenship papers, they decided they'd be real "yippee-ay-aye Yankees" and went out and bought themselves the biggest god-durned ranch! It covers 103 square miles—that's 65,920 acres, pardner!—near Silver City, New Mexico. What's more, they're going to live there. They're building a house, and will commute to Hollywood for pictures. They're selling their home here and will "home-stead" in hotels when they do come here for picture work. They plan to raise cats.
5 YEARS ON BROADWAY — and now the fabulous stage success becomes even more wonderful in the amazing eye-and-ear magic of CinemaScope 55!

"THE KING AND I" in CINEMA-SCOPE 55 brings you • New life-like realism • Greater depth and scope • Over-all clarity of focus • Increased sense of audience participation • No matter where you sit in the theatre you are assured of the ultimate in viewing pleasure.

Darryl F. Zanuck PRESENTS

RODGERS & HAMMERSTEIN'S

The King and I

IN THE COMPLETE GRANDEUR OF

CINEMASCOPE 55

MORE THAN YOUR EYES HAVE EVER SEEN!

COLOR by DE LUXE

STARRING:

DEBORAH KERR + YUL BRYNNER with RITA MORENO • Martin Benson • Rex Thompson • Terry Saunders

Produced by Directed by Screenplay by Music by Book and Lyrics by Choreography by
CHARLES BRACKETT • WALTER LANG • ERNEST LEHMAN • RICHARD RODGERS and OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II • JEROME ROBBINS

from their musical play based on "Anna And The King Of Siam" by Margaret Landon
July, 1956

Dear Readers:

With this very special, gold-covered issue, SCREEHLAND reaches an impressive milestone in its career: as of now, SCREEHLAND is 35 years old.

It was born in the era of Valentino, Swanson and Fairbanks; it grew up in the era of Harlow, Gable and Lombard; it's come of age in the time of Marlon Brando, Marilyn Monroe and Rock Hudson.

Meaning that, for 35 years, Screenland has brought you all that's been most exciting and glamorous about Hollywood.

Hope you'll stick with us for another 35.

Sincerely,  
Ira Peck  
Editor

---

Dear Mr. Pines --

May I extend to you my sincere good wishes for the 35th birthday of Screenland Magazine.

You are to be commended for the fine job you and your magazine have done in the past and I am sure it will continue in the future.

Good luck.

Sincerely,  
Mynorak

Mr. Ned Pines, Publisher, Screenland Magazine  
10 East 40th Street,  
New York 16, N.Y.

---

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM  
10 EAST 40 ST NYK  
MY WARMEST CONGRATULATIONS TO SCREENLAND ON ITS 35TH ANNIVERSARY  
BING CROSBY

---

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM  
10 EAST 40 ST NYK  
MY CONGRATULATIONS TO YOU AND ALL MY THANKS FOR EVERYTHING SCREENLAND HAS DONE. REGARDS  
MARILYN MONROE  
404A APR 20
ON OUR 35TH ANNIVERSARY

CONGRATULATIONS

NED PINES
PINES PUBLICATIONS
10 EAST 40TH STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y.

TO MR. NED PINES
Thank you for your long association with Screenland and its various publications. We are grateful for your support and will continue to strive for excellence in our future endeavors.

Sincerely,

Screenland Magazine

Screenland Magazine
10 East 40th Street
New York, N.Y.

DEAR MR. NED PINES:

CONGRATULATIONS ON SCREENLAND'S THIRTY FIFTH ANNIVERSARY.

Sincerely,

Rock Hudson

DEAR MR. NED PINES:

CONGRATULATIONS ON SCREENLAND'S THIRTY FIFTH ANNIVERSARY.

Sincerely,

SUE AND I JOIN IN EXTENDING OUR CONGRATULATIONS AND WARMEST GOOD WISHES ON THIS, HOLLYWOOD'S IMPORTANT 35TH MILESTONE. SINCERELY

ALAN LADD

DEAR SCREENLAND:

SO YOU ARE 35 YEARS OLD! WELL, YOU DON'T LOOK IT; I MUST SAY YOU HOLD YOUR AGE WELL.

SERIOUSLY, I HAVE ALWAYS ENJOYED SCREENLAND, BOTH BEING IN IT AND READING IT. I HOPE TO BE DOING BOTH FOR A LONG TIME TO COME.

Sincerely,

* * *

115H KFV PD
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

MAY 1

MR. NED PINES:

PINES PUBLICATIONS, 10 EAST 40TH STREET, NEW YORK.

DEAR MR. NED PINES:

BEST WISHES TO ALL OF YOU ON SCREENLAND'S 35TH ANNIVERSARY. WISH I COULD BE THERE TO HELP YOU CELEBRATE. SINCERELY,

LENNY HUNTER

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SCREENLAND MAGAZINE
10 EAST 40TH STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y.

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SUE AND I JOIN IN EXTENDING OUR CONGRATULATIONS AND WARMEST GOOD WISHES ON THIS, HOLLYWOOD'S IMPORTANT 35TH MILESTONE. SINCERELY

ALAN LADD

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"LOVE," ANYONE? John Gilbert and Greta Garbo, the greatest screen lovers of the 1920's, sizzled in this version of "Anna Karenina."
35 Years of Hollywood Glamour

On “Screenland’s” 35th anniversary, we offer you a fascinating glimpse backward into the fabulous Hollywood of yesteryear

HOLLYWOOD is a magic name. It means the movies—and glamour—to the world. The first motion picture ever made in Hollywood was called with fine simplicity “The Heart Of A Race Track Tout.” Filmed one afternoon in 1908 at the old Santa Anita track, it offered mute testimony to the fact that horse racing got to California before the movies.

It didn’t take long, however, before the giants of the silent screen era began to appear: Francis X. Bushman, Theda Bara, Rudolph Valentino, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Gloria Swanson, Garbo and Gilbert, to mention only a few.

Then came the big switch—from silents to talkies—which brought about the Golden Era of the movies, even switching the familiar proverb to Talk Is Golden.

There were new styles, new stars, new techniques in the movies. They resulted in the great period of great movies. It was then it could be truthfully said—Movies Are Better Than Ever. There was the best gangster picture: “Public Enemy” with James Cagney, in which Cagney changed the style of movie heroes by pushing a grapefruit

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GLORIOUS Gloria Swanson wore this rig in “Her Gilded Cage,” a 1922 opus.

“Talkies” brought with them new stars who electrified the screen with their magnetism

into the face of Mae Clarke. There was the best musical picture: “Forty-Second Street” with Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, Ginger Rogers and Warner Baxter. There was the best war picture: “All Quiet On The Western Front” with Lew Ayres, Louis Wolheim and Ben Alexander among others. There was the best screen biography, with social meaning: “Zola,” with that fine actor, Paul Muni. There was the best epic-romance: “Gone With The Wind” with Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable leading an all-star cast.

You will admit that the talkies ushered in a great line-up of motion pictures. Many things happened, some of which were just and some of which were unfair, while all this was taking place. The great team, probably the most famous team in movie history, Garbo and Gilbert, faded. The audience giggled when they heard their great and favorite lover John Gilbert speak. The comment was that his voice was too thin and high-pitched, Gilbert was tossed out of stardom.

As a matter of fact, John Gilbert’s actual voice was not what they commented upon. Gilbert had been on the stage, in stock companies, before he became a movie star. If the sound technicians knew as much then as they knew today, and if they didn’t make John Gilbert talk in the language of subtitles, audiences never would have giggled!

Also, MGM—Gilbert’s studio—had two new young promising actors, Robert Montgomery and Clark Gable, who were beginning to win favor with the public. The studio believed it better to promote them than to try to rescue Gilbert.

Montgomery, in the beginning, was more popular than Gable, and the studio refused to loan him to Columbia for a picture titled “It Happened One Night.” Instead, MGM substituted Clark Gable, who went on with his co-star Claire Colleen, to win an Oscar for his performance. The picture also won an Oscar and elevated Columbia Pictures to major status.

Clark Gable is one of the all-time greats of the movies. He is remarkable, for one, because David Selznick allowed his great production of “Gone With The Wind” to become an MGM movie in return for Gable’s services as Rhett Butler. Gable is remarkable again because he is the only actor who, some twenty years later, played the same leading role in a remake of a successful movie. Clark Gable was the hero in “Red Dust,” and his heroines were Jean Harlow and Mary Astor. Only a few years ago this great movie was remade and retitled “Mogambo.” Gable was the hero in it, and this time his heroines were Ava Gardner and Grace Kelly.

A few words about Jean Harlow, the platinum blonde, who was the forerunner of the sexy blonde on the screen which runs all the way to today’s Marilyn Monroe. Jean Harlow had been playing bits in pictures and got her start when Howard Hughes decided to make movies and, of course, started

“PUBLIC ENEMY”: The first great gangster movie made a star of Jimmy Cagney, right, featured Jean Harlow, future blonde bombshell.
with an epic—"Hell's Angels." This started as a silent picture, but about halfway through the filming it became evident that talkies were here to stay. Hughes, always the man he is, decided to scrap his epic and start it over again as a talkie. One line of dialogue Jean Harlow spoke in this movie has become a screen classic.

Jean is wearing a tight fitting gown, as revealing in front as permitted, when she ushers a young aviator (Ben Lyon) into her apartment and says, pointing to the couch: "Would you sit here a minute until I slip into something more comfortable." With that line Harlow stole the picture from a fleet of airplanes.

THIS scrapping of a silent movie to make it a talkie causes me to recall that the only silent movie stars who made the transition to talkies and are still stars today are Gary Cooper, Joan Crawford and Loretta Young. (If I'm wrong, I'm certain you'll let me know.)

It is interesting that one of these should be Gary Cooper, who was known and billed as the strong, silent type, in the silents. Cooper is supposed to utter no more than "Yup" in conversations off the screen as well as on. However, this is not so and Gary can turn quite conversational when he wants to; but he must like the people and the subject matter enough. Joan Crawford's own story is a scenario in itself. She came to Hollywood a brash, eager chorus girl and educated and bettered herself to the position of Movie Queen. Some years back she was considered through in pictures and let go by MGM. After that, Joan seldom left her Brentwood house—until she found a script she liked. It took about a year, and then she went to Warners where she played the title role in "Mildred Pierce." Joan went from winning a Charleston cup to winning an Oscar, which she received for her portrayal in her comeback picture.

Loretta Young is always mentioned when people talk about the big surprises. the great upsets in the Oscar Derby. Loretta amazed everyone, even herself, by winning the Academy Award for her performance in "The Farmer's Daughter." It was merely another example of how much the people in the industry like Loretta.

And Loretta Young who was popular in silent pictures, became popular in the talkies, and today is also popular in the latest medium, television, where she has her own show.

Greta Garbo, who retired from the movies but who is implored to return almost weekly, proved her popularity on TV when MGM produced two of their half-hour weekly programs strictly with clips from old Garbo films. Theatre exhibitors throughout the country said that on those two Wednesday nights their business dropped more than half of previous Wednesdays; and the MGM-TV show received the highest ratings—and praise.

How often can you find a Garbo in any branch of enter-

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The Golden Era of movies had everything: beauty by Lamarr, the suave charm of Powell, the romantic appeal of Gable

tainment. She is unique, and a character. One in a million.

Another great actor, whether it be screen or stage, and also a character was John Barrymore, "The Great Profile." In his later years, devoid of eagerness and ambition, Barrymore was better than most newcomers with these qualities and producers battled for his services. Barrymore, when he acted in some movies, didn't even bother to learn his lines. They would be written on a blackboard, out of camera range, for Barrymore to read while he was emoting with an actress or actor. Yet Barrymore wanted to do "Hamlet" at the Hollywood Bowl and knew every line of his part. When asked: "How come you remember every line of 'Hamlet' and can't remember a few lines from a movie script," Barrymore replied, "Those lines aren't worth remembering."

James Cagney, Spencer Tracy and Barbara Stanwyck, three of the many stage performers who attended the screening of the first all-talking picture at the Strand Theatre, continue to be three of the best troupers in pictures today. As the movie tough grew older and his scenarios began to vary, Cagney kept on playing with the same artfulness and sincerity that he did in "Public Enemy." A new group of moviegoers admired and applauded Cagney in "Love Me Or Leave Me." They almost felt as if they were discovering something and someone new. In the old days, Jimmy says, young guys out with their gals would spot him and say: "So you're Jimmy Cagney. So you're supposed to be tough. Well, I'll see how tough you are!" They would try to pick a fight with him to prove to their girls they could lick Cagney: "I don't get much of that any more," says Jimmy, relieved.

Spencer Tracy goes on giving fine performance after fine performance, as if it's a matter of course with him. These days Tracy is regarded as an actor's actor. Robert Wagner, who worked with him in "The Mountain," will tell you that he learned more about acting from Tracy than he did from any group of directors or from studying any method of acting. Tracy is pleased and amused that he is considered an actor's actor. He will tell you that he just plays a role honestly; and that he learned what he knows about acting not from the many stock companies he worked in but from being directed in a play ("Yellow") by the great George M. Cohan. It appears that acting, like history, has a way of re-
peating itself. You can learn a lot working with a master. Barbara Stanwyck, a former Broadway chorus girl named Ruby Stevens, learned her trade from such masters as Willard Mack and Arthur Hopkins. Miss Stanwyck continues to give fine performances, and you'll find it difficult to recall a bad performance by her—even a so-so performance.

ABOUT the most beautiful of the many beautiful heroines of the talkies is Hedy Lamarr. I recall sitting next to Hedy Lamarr in a projection room looking at the film “National Velvet” prior to its release. During the showing of the picture, Hedy turned to me and, commenting on the child actress, Elizabeth Taylor, said, “I wish I were as pretty as she is. She’s really beautiful.”

The movies and Hollywood have changed and continue to change. People talk of the “good old days” of Hollywood, but all must be in its time and place. Let me tell you about a party Marion Davies gave for Johnnie Ray and Marilyn Morrison (since divorced) back in October, 1952. It’ll demonstrate what I mean.

The party was a throwback to the grandeur and glamour that was Hollywood. As I wandered about the enormous house (600 guests and the place wasn’t crowded), it seemed to me that Lana Turner, Ava Gardner, Esther Williams and the dozens of other current movie stars acted like tourists. They wanted to get a glimpse of Marion Davies and of how Hollywood behaved back in those days when they dreamed of becoming movie stars.

Yes, the movie stars gaped as if they were movie fans. It was young Hollywood taking a look at old Hollywood. No movie star today could live in this style and manner. Income taxes, salaries, television, and the changing world have made yesteryear’s Hollywood truly a relic of the past.

In motion picture parlance, the Marion Davies party was like filming a flashback. The house was the set and the guests were the extras. It was strictly a one night shooting.

If nothing else, the party proved that Hollywood can’t be glamorous in the same way that it used to be. And those people who shout that Hollywood should try to recapture its old time glamour should know better now.

For Hollywood has no magic which can keep it from changing in a changing world.

END
SURPRISED Marilyn gasps on set of "Bus Stop." Despite denials, friendship with playwright Arthur Miller seems to be getting warm.
Marilyn Monroe:

The wedding of sex and culture

By BILL TUSHER

Marilyn's passion for longhair pursuits appears boundless these days. Will she also acquire a longhair husband?

When Marilyn Monroe was a fledgling voluptuary at 20th Century-Fox, the subject of nomenclature came up for the usual exaggerated consideration such trivia gets at the launching of a movie career.

Since Norma Jean Dougherty somehow reminded a studio talent scout of the late Marilyn Miller, Norma Jean came perilously close to inheriting that name. But for sentimental reasons the shy neophyte begged for the use of her mother's maiden name. The studio compromised by permitting her to borrow her mother's surname on condition that she accept Marilyn Miller's first name. Thus the alliterative Marilyn Monroe—and a bug-eyed American legend—was born.

Sooner or later, however, fate gets its way, and it well may be that Norma Jean Dougherty was destined to become Marilyn Miller after all. Certainly if the flurry of indications pointing to her marrying up with Pulitzer Prize playwright Arthur Miller are borne out, she will become—at least in private life—Marilyn Miller.

Despite denials by friends and the principals to the intriguing friendship, as this story was passed out to the linotype operators, most trained observers of Hollywood amours were operating on the ancient, if sometimes deceptive, theory that where there's smoke there's fire—or at least a Boy Scout rubbing two twigs together.

With all the wide-eyed innocence she could muster on her baby doll face, Marilyn has been meeting all questions concerning the seriousness of her relationship with Miller with the stock demurrer. "We're just good friends."

Those are famous—or infamous—last words. Marilyn, like history, repeats herself. Three years ago when her romance with Joe DiMaggio waxed hot, I had asked precisely what people now are asking her and Arthur Miller, to wit: were wedding bells about to peal? And just how did Marilyn shrug off her romance with the Yankee Clipper? "We're just good friends," she said.

A week later she upped and married the guy.

When Marilyn dusted off her old denial at a homecoming cocktail party she tossed for a lucky handful of the Holly-

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Marina would like her mind to be just as

wood press in her rented Cape Cod hideaway in Beverly Hills. I was reluctant to allow her to wiggle off the hook so easily—as diverting a spectacle as this manifestly is.

"When you say friends," I asked cruelly, "you're not suggesting a romantic alliance, are you?"

Marilyn threw out her chest, walked right up to me, looked me squarely in the eye, and retorted firmly but laughingly, "You heard me. I said friends. Friends."

Of course, Marilyn is a past master of the ambiguous word. As experience tells us, Marilyn's experience included, women are more apt to marry friends than enemies. By the time you read these words, Marilyn may have done just that.

And she provided herself with a neat escape hatch for just such a contingency, too.

"I think," she told me roguishly, "that I'd make somebody a wonderful wife."

It would be difficult to dismiss as mere coincidence the fact that the celebrated Mr. Miller holed up in Las Vegas for his divorce at the same time Marilyn was at work in nearby Hollywood on her comeback picture, "Bus Stop."

This proximity reeked even more suspiciously of the altar when it followed on the heels of vehemently denied reports, when Marilyn first hit town, that Miller would be coming out to visit her. If a quick unhitching were his only purpose, he could have accomplished that in Mexico, and even with more dispatch than he could in the accommodating state of Nevada.

Further, coincidentally or not, Marilyn kept the field clear—at least theoretically—for Miller by refusing to assuage her loneliness by dating other men during Miller's absence. To be sure, Marilyn was concentrating on her role as the voluptuous floozy in "Bus Stop"—but her failure to clutter up her evenings with beau did nothing to interfere with any concentration she might care to fix on her friendship with Miller.

It also would be difficult to dismiss as mere coincidence Marilyn's sudden interest in reading all Mr. Miller's plays, and certainly it would tax the credulity to believe that Miller's reported nightly telephone calls to Marilyn at her Beverly Hills home were to ask if she had read any good books—or plays—lately.

Marilyn has come to toss around verbiage as astutely as an astute politician, and anything she says must be evaluated in terms of what she does not say as well.

For instance, when I cornered Marilyn, she gave me the familiar pitch about her new friendship. "How can it be romance? He is married."

It is significant that Marilyn didn't say it can't be a romance. She's too honest for that. Nor would it be unreasonable to suppose that her question was purely rhetorical. In fact, Miller was seeing to it in impressive haste, as he liqui-
dated his marriage of 15 years to the former Mary Slattery, that the question of previous wedlock was rendered totally irrelevant as a barrier to a future union.

Needless to point out in this world of uncertainty, today's plans frequently become tomorrow's discarded blueprints. But whether the friendship of the sexpot and the playwright ends up at the altar or not, it struck many flabbergasted observers as the most unlikely combination since Marilyn Monroe and Sir Laurence Olivier.

Marilyn, however, has been showing herself to be a young woman of surprising resolve and no less surprising capacity. Everyone laughed when she walked out on her contract with 20th Century-Fox. Yet Marilyn pulled it off in as pretty a Putsch as has been executed in many a Hollywood eon. They all laughed once more when word got out that Marilyn had notions of making "The Sleeping Prince" with Sir Laurence, but his sirship almost tripped over his knighthood in his eagerness to enter into this undertaking with Marilyn.

And again they all laughed—and possibly still are chuckling—at the reports of a possible romance between the sleepy-eyed Dumb Dora of "The Seven Year Itch" and the intellectual from whose pen has come the novel, "Focus," and such deep plays as "All My Sons" and "Death Of A Salesman."

Again the tendency was to shrug it off as absurdly improbable. But a marriage between the girl with the built-in double entendre and the studious, dark-haired author with the horn-rimmed spectacles could make enormously more sense than at first might seem apparent.

To begin with, it easily could represent that soundest of psychological laws—an attraction of opposites. It could be a four-alarm wedding of the intellectual and the biological—with Marilyn supplying the intellectual drive, and Miller providing the biological response!

As everyone knows—on the altogether reasonable assumption that her curves already are more than adequately developed—Marilyn has been developing her mind on a culture dunking binge as remarkable as it is commendable in this era of complacency. If she builds up her thinking apparatus sufficiently to tune in on Arthur Miller's level, this well could be the last lap on her tortuous march to self-confidence.

In her year’s sabbatical from Hollywood, Marilyn not only has become a disciple of Actors' Studio—where she met Miller—but also an habitué of such cheesecake centers as the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Modern Museum in New York. She has become steeped in the world of Goya and Rembrandt, has become a serious student of the theatre—and one of its leading contemporary figures, Arthur Miller—and she curls up in bed with such escapist reading as James Joyce's "Ulysses," Dostoevsky's "The Idiot," George Bernard Shaw's "Letters To Ellen Terry," Shaw's "Letters To Mrs. Patrick Campbell," ad very heavy infinitum.

And in New York she did not confine her interest in things highbrow to bed. Actors' Studio became the hub of her new cultural whirl, and she became the darling of many of the Studio's elite faculty and patrons. The only eligible, or potentially eligible, bachelor in the whole impressive lot was Miller.

As Marilyn remarked of Miller in one of her endearing non sequiturs, "He's a friend, and a friend of friends."

This friend and friend of friends also has vigorously, if not altogether convincingly, denied romantic preoccupation with Marilyn. But he did let out that he has been impressed.

"She has a terrific instinct for the basic reality of a character or a situation" is what playwright Arthur Miller says of MMmmmm.

"SHE has a terrific instinct for the basic reality of a character or a situation" is what playwright Arthur Miller says of MMmmmm.

TEAMING up with Laurence Olivier to make "The Sleeping Prince" is part of Marilyn's new culture binge. It should be jolly good fun.

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When the recently married Jean Pierre Aumonts paid a call on New York, they headed for the big park where love and nature harmonize.

FIFTH Avenue skyline and Central Park pond make a fine backdrop for romance.

HANSOM cab ride around the park delights newlyweds Marisa Pavan and Jean Pierre Aumont. Their marriage took place on March 27.
LOVE and nature are in full bloom as Marisa and Jean nestle on park bench. Wedding consummated whirlwind romance of three months.

continued on page 28
MARISA AND JEAN PIERRE continued

Horsing around in Central Park or

PEEKABOO! says Marisa to her coy swain nuzzling a tree. Below, Jean Pierre has eyes only for his young bride who makes with the charm.
admiring modern art, life is "tres gay" for these honeymooners
Meet Murphy,

NOW 31, Audie's new self is quite evident as he joins son Terry in a rousing version of "Davy Crockett," while Mom listens appreciatively.
the Solid Citizen

By facing realities squarely, Audie has emerged from the fears that plagued him and become a well-adjusted man

By TEX MADDOX

The TENSIONS that once tied up Audie Murphy are fading fast. No longer is he lonely, naive or uncertain. Those periods when he had to cling to a blind faith in a vague future are gone forever. Today, Audie's moves are mature from practically every standpoint.

Audie used to shun analyzing himself because it dredged up too many hurts. Everything good seemed appallingly temporary to him until wife Pam's devotion and the adoration and needs of his sons gave him deep reasons for striving. "I couldn't figure out so many things about life, or myself," he admits. "But I wanted to know how and why you find and lose happiness."

Gradually this past year he's realized he's no longer a poor country kid who couldn't do anything for those dearest to him. He isn't the puzzled movie hero who served his studio apprenticeship throughout his twenties, either. Audie's baby face has his character etched in it now. He has the same irrepressible humor and humble viewpoint, assets that distinguish him. Add the approval his efforts have won lately to the affectionate understanding he's received at home and you are clear on why he isn't plagued by the doubts that formerly haunted him. He has grown up as a human being by facing realities squarely and developing his potentialities determinedly. Now he feels he isn't subject to the whims of the indifferent, so he's both more ambitious and more relaxed than he ever supposed he would be.

Now 31, Audie's new self is so evident that it's strange to hear he had to be persuaded to rise to his greatest challenge at his studio, U-I. Yet he did have to be persuaded to relive his painful teen-age years in "To Hell And Back." Only his sincerity and the encouragement of his wonderful wife and those he trusted enabled him to look back so searchingly.

Audie had never before been involved in the staging of every scene in a film and he was fascinated by the details he was plunged into. Then, when that picture was finished, he was told it was also his responsibility to help present it properly. Cooperating with the Army for military premieres, he saw much of the country directly and was guest of honor at so many patriotic functions he emerged from his shyness a glib, impromptu speaker.

To Audie's amazement, his film tribute to the Infantry has proved the most popular hit ever made by his studio in its history. In the long run, his royalty on the picture may amount to $1,000,000—far more than he had previously earned in a decade of stardom. Of course, taxes will take away most of it. But because of this brand new record as a box-office "wow," new opportunities have been dangled in front of him. The big shots query him politely: what would he prefer?

Such deference astounds Audie, but it hasn't given him any delusions of grandeur. He is as unaffected as ever. But he's infinitely wiser.

When it was pointed out to him that he could set up an independent company to produce some pictures, so he might share in the profits from here on, he recognized the security this might bring his family. Audie never dreamt of making much money when he was desperately poor; in Hollywood he re-

Continued on page 32

Inspecting the gun-like contraption he uses for spear fishing. Skin-diving has become one of Audie's new hobbies.
An ardent pal to his sons, Audie

Audie remained relatively uninterested. Then a business manager got him so badly in debt he had to look out for himself. Broaching the subject of independent production to U-I, he wasn't rebuffed. They were willing to reward him by rewriting his contract so he can make one outside film a year. Acutely conscious of being a comparative amateur at all the problems this entails, Audie shrewdly formed a partnership with veteran producer Harry Joe Brown, the man who's helped Randolph Scott make a fortune by taking the same step.

As soon as this career framework for the future was definite, a torrent of scripts from which he could choose poured in. Meanwhile, there was time to delight his family with a more comfortable house.

"We were mighty pinched for space," he explains. "We had to crowd Terry, Skipper, and the girl Pam hired to help into our other bedroom. Then the traffic out in the Valley kept getting worse." Beside the strain of commuting, there was danger from speeding drivers who discovered the Murphys' side street was a shortcut.

The Murphys aren't anxious to blossom into social leaders, so they didn't pick a Beverly Hills mansion. Instead, after careful looking, they found exactly what they wanted, a convenient five-minute drive from U-I. Moving day, Audie was
believes it's what a father gives of himself that matters the most

on location; Pam took charge efficiently. Their beautiful, rambling, two-story Early American residence in the Toluca Lake district cost $75,000. When you knock on their door, there's a welcoming smile from whoever opens it, and the warm family feeling is immediately evident. They don't give or go to party parties, so they skipped an official housewarming.

"A couple of close friends over for dinner and a quiet evening of honest talk suits us," Audie says with a twinkle in his blue eyes.

As a husband, Audie was sometimes thoughtless. He doesn't keep Pam waiting now, but considerately phones if he's going to be late. He had to make instant decisions, so it never dawned on him she planned cautiously. He's not impulsive in his suggestions since he's become aware that she needs time to shift her duties to join him in his enthusiasm. Socially, he was a sorry mixer, scorning small talk. He still avoids artificialities and large gatherings, but his exposure to Pam's wholehearted zest for life and her boundless sympathy has melted him into conceding others may be as shy as he was. Audie's impatience, expressed frankly or in sudden temper that subsides quickly, hasn't vanished by any means, but companionship with Pam has made him more philosophical.

Now he doesn't have to tear away for long drives alone if seized with his black Irish blues—he can confess he's depressed and grin and bear it. Altogether, his old restlessness returns infrequently because he's not frustrated. He's intelligently altered habitual reactions he's outgrown.

"I used to put off anything that bored me. But that Pam!" he adds appreciatively. "She'll investigate anything, so she's never bored. She's on the go from the minute we're up. She can do five things well at once, and her judgment is almost invariably right."

Two babies in a row and a practical side that makes her a marvelous homemaker narrowed her path. Audie is aware that as an airline hostess she used to merrily meet the world daily, and he's glad she can now get out more. He's learned not to cart home clothes for her; she had to take back his selections that weren't her type at all. "When I see something I like now I report the news and tell her to buy it if she likes it!"

As a father, Audie's more far-seeing. He used to take Terry to a store for a $2 toy camera and get a $30 truck for him. He had fun as a boy during his own struggle for existence, so that was natural. But now he's concerned about the trust fund he's establishing so his boys will never be in dire straits. He's never wanted to be a Mr. Fix-It around the house, so he has no workshop. "But Terry is so mechanical I may have to take up power tools when he's ready for them!" Audie's abandoned hunting for a spell. He says it's because

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Socially, Audie was once a sorry miser, but Pam’s wholehearted zest for life and her boundless sympathy helped him overcome his shyness.
Good things seemed temporary to Audie until his wife's devotion and the adoration of his sons gave him reasons for striving

his hip, shattered in the war, bothers him, but I’ve noticed the change occurred shortly after Terry saw a hunting sequence on television and thought on man was mean. It’s what a father gives of himself that matters most, Audie’s sure. That’s why he’s a fabulous pal to his sons. He’s taught Terry to ride Flying John, Audie’s screen horse, a huge project for a four-year-old. Swimming lessons have started for Terry, too. As for Skipper, he’s been recovering from an eight-foot fall over the banister; a two-year-old’s difficulty in getting about with a cast on a broken leg made Audie suffer as much as the child.

WITH Terry gleeful over his projects and play at nursery school, Audie is entering another phase in self-education. He couldn’t finish high school himself, but his keen observation and fantastic memory partly made up for that. “I always liked to read,” he says. “When I was little I had a coal-oil lamp and stuffed paper under the door so the light wouldn’t betray me when I was sent to bed. I don’t want the boys to be bookworms. Getting along with people means more. But college seems a must. One of my best friends works at an aircraft plant and he’s sharp in electronics. But he can’t get a promotion because he hasn’t a degree.” The young Murphys are eligible for West Point automatically because of Audie’s bravery, but he won’t steer them there or into any other specific career. “I hope they’ll never have any fear of me, that they’ll always feel they can come straight to me for help. I want to try to teach them that they’ll be better off if they dare to be individuals, if they don’t just copy or depend on someone else. If they’ll value how they stack up truly more than what they have, they aren’t liable to go very wrong.”

This house will be buzzing with their kid parties before long, and Audie will be listening intently to Pam’s accounts of P.T.A. meetings. He’ll be getting acquainted with teachers and all their educational theories. He can’t visualize his part plainly in this chapter yet, but he doesn’t want to miss a thing. And you can bet he’s become a bear for adult education, to stay ahead of the boys.

Audie’s sold the 91-acre ranch he bought north of Dallas because he found it would be a drain unless he pitched in on the farming. Anyway, he’s eager to put down his roots in California now that he doesn’t have to seek safety elsewhere.

Since his good friend Tommy Hart gave him pep talks on the thrills of skin-diving, Audie has taken it up and gone on to a new passion for the sea. He’s bought a 60-foot motor sailboat he keeps moored in Balboa Bay, and he’s heading for a two-week cruise in Mexican waters before summer is over. Pam has to lick her tendency towards seasickness; the boys are too small yet to be trusted on a deck that may dip under rough waves. But Audie suspects his family are going to be as intrigued as he is.

Before this ocean jaunt southward he will wrap up “Guns Of Fort Petticoat,” his first movie made independently. He has chosen the strongest Western he could find, and has accepted Columbia’s bid to release it. Right now, if you’ll pardon him, he’s up to his neck in the intricate facets he’s facing behind the camera. Acting in front of it isn’t enough for the man Audie’s become. No wonder Pam is proud of him! END

Sudden success hasn’t given Audie any delusions of grandeur. He’s bought a bigger home and a boat but has remained as unaffected as ever.
INFANTILE habits are still indulged by Baby Doll, a girl of 19 who is married—in name only—to a much older man (Karl Malden).
An exciting new screen personality, Carroll Baker portrays a
cildlike Southern bride in her first starring role.

**Baby doll**

**CARROLL** is the newest "find" of the Actors' Studio
which also produced Brando and Eva Marie Saint.

**MARRIED** in real life to a N.Y. stage director, Jack
Garfein, Carroll lives there, is dedicated to her career.
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Independent by temperament, Carroll has been called "a female Jimmy Dean." She was born in Johnstown, Pa., studied dancing from the age of 11. New York, TV and the Broadway stage were stepping stones to Hollywood.
Carroll makes her movie debut in "Giant," becomes a big new star in "Baby Doll."
洛克·哈德森说：

每个人都应该结婚

一旦决定放弃自由，洛克，现在一个守护人，

承认单身汉的美为鸟类

By JIM COOPER

“采访”是一个坏词，在文章中使用采访。它会麻痹读者的感官，引起打哈欠。它暗示的是预制的材料，设置问题和答案的公式。霍好德反思了自己的生活，这已经是一个已经建立的结构。

尤其是对于这个年轻英俊的男人，被称为霍好德，首先，因为他不专业地健谈，其次，因为他对一切的看法和经验，使他成为了一种可以被重复的例子。

这些观点是对的。但它们可以被扭转，以“采访”而不是交谈。霍好德在纸上和纸上阅读变得顽固。但它可能现在知道，他并不免疫

他们的满足感反映在霍好德和他妻子菲利丝的微笑上。我们只是正常的已婚夫妇。”

从这种急性孤独，几乎是一种绝望的感觉，影响着单身汉；他与菲利丝·盖茨的婚姻已经完成了一项使命，当环球-国际让他和评委一起工作，而不是在长凳上，他处于危险之中。霍好德知道，有一天他可能会收养一个韩国孤儿；他认为“霍好德”——霍好德的名字是罗伊·菲茨杰拉德——是一个不可能的，而且可能是危险的，因为工业的需要，这个行业在这个案子里比电影。

所以，让我们打电话，打一个友好的电话，因为这是一个很好的方式，那就是说，没有华丽的——不可挽回的；或者被夹在脖子上，在脸上，踢着，尖叫着。

“必须有另一件事要谈。我有一份乏味的报告，”他说。“但是它是我婚姻的饭。没有人有这东西。而且，它比——正常。有什么要问吗？当我在洛杉矶工作时，你想知道吗？现在这个霍好德的在场。他呢？”

“比我当一个单身汉，怎么样？”

霍好德微笑着第一次。“我会买那个，”他说。“噢，对，我会买那个。我不光是在大楼上，是吗？你知道它是不是你是一个单身汉，有人回家的时候，每个人都在。或者党的队伍已经回家。你和我就是这样。如果战斗的下场被你的烟灰缸和烟灰缸。烟雾的空气，戒指的玻璃。有这种感觉，就成了某种事情的全部，忍受，笑，没有声音，是你的。没有的。

“这比什么都糟。当家里没有东西的时候，一切都回家。有时候，他们被噎住了，从这个压力和这个压力，带来了霍好德，我不会回家。不是从工作。去一个地方，也许，在一个地方，或者随便去哪里。它给你一种感觉——不，没有的。我一晚上的寒冷。我经过一些房子，那些房子很温暖，圣诞卡，人们在笑，或者笑，或者笑，或者笑，或者笑，或者笑，或者笑。

“或者，麦克，我的爱尔兰猎犬。他正在等。霍好德慢慢长大了，而且看起来，所以很多人都想了一些事情。一个贷款还是采访，或者继续到下一页。”
"GIANT" director George Stevens rehearses his star. "No one, man or woman, can live alone," says Rock. "There's got to be another."
ROCK HUDSON continued

Being a popular star in pictures didn’t

picture sitting, my name—Rock’s name—on this or Rock’s okay on that. But nobody around who ever knew Roy Fitzgerald. But Tucker—he never wanted a thing. Just me. He didn’t give a hoot who Rock Hudson was and couldn’t have cared less. He wanted to eat, yes, which is reasonable, and he wanted the kind of love dogs need, and he wanted a walk around the block. Nothing else. And if I got bounced the next day, it’d still be that way with Tucker. But a dog, the best dog in the world, can only go so far.

“I can’t say it well. But I know it’s so. It’s this: No one, man or woman, can live alone. This no-man-is-an-island stuff. There’s got to be another, at least another. You die in a void. And if you’re lucky enough to find the exact right person, the right other, then you’ve had your share of luck.

“Well—I was that lucky.”

YET, it is not true that bachelor Hudson met and courted Phyllis Gates at a desolate period in his life. If he had, he might well have done nothing about it. His career was on the upswing then; in fact, at a kind of zenith. The circumstance made him assured and cheerful, outgoing. It made him the kind of man Phyllis Gates liked. In the year 1950, she might have been able to take him or leave him alone. He was restless, static, moody. He was on the U-I lot but scarcely of it. He was being paid, but he wasn’t working. He spent many restive, fidgety hours hemooing what wasn’t happening to him, thinking of ships, of other places, other horizons and what lay beyond them.

“I was ready to check out,” he said. “I never could stay in one place long anyway. And this was from nothing. Who cared about getting paid if you weren’t going anywhere.

“I wasn’t kidding either. Out of pictures, I don’t know what I could do or what I would do. Certainly not sit in an office, I could never do that. Never in my life. If they threw me out, I’d become a bum, is what I figured. Or rejoin the Navy.” He served from 1944 through 1946. “It wouldn’t matter about being through as an actor. I want to direct anyway. I study that all the time. But if I was clean out of the business, a bum is what I’d be.”

At the time of this conversation, Hudson was working on the film, “Battle Hymn.” It has a Korean setting and features the services of a number of Korean war orphans, lovely little boys and girls, hit-and-run victims, the flotsam of pointless horror. Now it was their last day, they had to go home again, and one of their number, whom everyone called Sammy, was especially heartbroken.

“Incidentally,” Hudson said, “Sammy asked me today to adopt him.” His voice was even. He and Sammy had become pals during location shooting in Nogales, Arizona. Their mutual attachment was much more than press agent expediency.

“You going to?”

“Can’t,” he said. “Not till he gets back to Korea anyway. That was all part of the agreement when they brought ‘em over here for the picture.”

“How about then?”

He shrugged, leaving the question open.

It had been in Nogales, too, that Hudson, speaking more or less for Roy Fitzgerald, his truckdriver alter ego, had been moved to discuss the problem presented by the creation of Rock Hudson. For the record, he said suddenly:

“I’m not always sure this thing is all to the good. I think the kids, younger girls particularly, might get to confuse the

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insure Rock against loneliness

ROLE in "Giant" is happy one for Rock, who likes outdoor life.
PIER AND VIC:

Bread, Love and

The Damones' heir is a big, bouncing bambino with plenty of sale e pepe and a dandy moniker: Perry Rocco Luigi!

MAMA MIA! Looks like Perry's getting plenty to eat, which may account for his sunny disposition. Perry's now just one year old.

THE BOYS all want to kiss mama, including husband Vic Damone and son Perry. Who can blame them when Mam is Pier Angeli?

HER SON makes funny faces at Pier, so she makes one right back at him. Pier's latest for MGM: "Somebody Up There Likes Me."
PROUD MOTHER poses with her baby who was named after Perry Como, a good friend. Pier and Vic will be wed two years November 24. END
A rebel with a cause, this precocious young starlet has her own ideas about how to achieve success in Hollywood

By JOHN MAYNARD

"I'M MARRIED," said Natalie Wood suddenly. It was a day in early summer, and she was lunching at Warner Bros.' Green Room, a place possessing strange acoustics.

She knelt, facing forward, in her rather hard wooden chair, instead of sitting in it. The position should be fantastically uncomfortable but she said it wasn't. She wore slacks of a sort and her black hair was close-cropped.

The man with her had the impression this might turn into something fruitful in the way of journalistic enterprise. The beginning had been promising.

But she hadn't told him she was married. She had said it to Tab Hunter, who was sitting alone at the next table, looking vaguely chagrined about something.

Hunter raised his head. "Who to?" he said dolefully.

"You," said Miss Wood.

"When?"

"The paper didn't say when," said Miss Wood. "It just sort of said I was. Hinted. Would you care to comment?"

"I'd care to eat lunch," said Hunter. His air certainly was a wounded one.

There is in fact no documentary evidence whatever that Natalie Wood and Tab Hunter are married, and very little likelihood of it. Indeed, the chances of its ever coming to pass seem remote. Miss Wood is believed to think of Tab in a sisterly kind of way as "Buster," and has been quoted as saying she would be guilty of robbing a cradle should she become Mrs. H. Nor is it especially relevant that Natalie, crowding 18, is some years younger than Tab. In an era when mental precocity is discouraged in Hollywood, she is mentally precocious. Tab is the norm. Natalie reads the late Thomas Wolfe, both aloud and to herself, Tab can take Mr. Wolfe's prose or leave it alone, especially if it interferes with horseback riding. But the story that they are romantically inclined does no one or nothing any harm. The box-office, for example.

Having disposed of this much conversation, Natalie returned to her Coke—that was lunch—and assailed the problem of juvenile delinquency. She did so somewhat tiredly, as though it were a subject she had already chewed over and dismissed in her own mind. Her picture, "Rebel Without A Cause," to the contrary, she did not even seem especially opposed to a...
PIXIE-ISH and gay one minute, blaze the next, Natalie yearns to be a femme fatale.
"Glamour I don't care about. It goes away pretty soon. Talent's the only thing that matters"

spot of delinquency, within the obvious limits of good taste. "A little of it's probably healthy," she said. "I do think, though, that kids might be a little easier on their parents. We shouldn't be tyrants anyway." It was momentarily hard to know whether or not she was kidding. She's something of a dead-pan comic. "Parents have some rights. They're entitled to know where you've been until three in the morning."

Three in the morning, yet!

"Oh, not me. I'm mostly a working girl. Besides, I'm not really an authority on this subject. I went mostly to studio school, you know. Child actress. I only went to the regular ones between pictures. I graduated from Van Nuys, though." She makes rather a point of the things in her life directly related to normality. "But I read about it a lot. What gets a lot of kids down is when parents get arbitrary. You can't do this, you can't do that. Period. But without explaining why. The parents owe you a reason. Arbitrariness is no good. But I can't explain any of this vandalism bit; wreaking school rooms and all that. That wouldn't be for me or anyone I know. No, there ought to be a Be-Kind-To-Parents week. I really think so." She sipped her Coke. "But they shouldn't tie you down," she said. "Not hand and foot. How else would a kid find out the score if he couldn't get in the game himself? Parents should be treated with love and kindness and tolerance, but that doesn't mean you should let them get the upper hand."

HER listener cleared his throat to interject something suggested by the word "love," but Natalie wasn't quite through yet.

"One more thing," she said. "May I say one more thing? It just now popped into my mind."

*Mais oui, mademoiselle, certainement.*
“Be neurotic,” she said. “I’d like to say that to everyone I know. You can’t be a success unless you’re neurotic. Oh, I like normal people. But what does normal mean but mediocre? And a mediocre character’s from Nothingville. I never met a real talent who wasn’t neurotic to some degree or other. I mean, so maybe Jimmy Dean couldn’t add a column of figures. I don’t know whether he could or couldn’t, but say he couldn’t. If he could, then probably he wouldn’t have been a great actor. For talent, give me the off-beat types with the off-beat values. Every time.”

And Miss Wood is a deep and utterly sincere respecter of talent. That, if classification there need be, is what she goes for.

“You can have,” she remarked recently, “the pretty boys and the wholesome characters who go thataway. In the end, talent’s the only thing that counts.”

Did she apply the same criteria to herself?

“Yes, definitely. I want a solid career based on my ability as an actress, which is a trade I must learn and keep learning. Not as a personality or a beauty. All that you can lose. But talent—once you have it, it’s yours. I’d like to learn the slow, hard way, on the Broadway stage and in pictures. If I had a professional dream, it would be for nothing but good material and good directors such as Elia Kazan. Glamour I don’t care about. It goes away pretty soon anyway.”

At this juncture, it seemed reasonable to switch over to Natalie-the-person, and make inquiry as to whether anything in the way of an Ideal Husband had yet jelled in her mind. A rip-snorter with green hair, for instance, who wrote like Thomas Wolfe and liked to steal park benches and wear muffins in his ears.

Natalie said that as of even date, she had no thoughts on the subject but was reasonably sure he wouldn’t conform to a standard pattern. She knew herself that well, she said. Tab had finished his chow by then and gone elsewhere.

Actually, Natalie Wood can be excused any precocity of the mind she displays, both because she wears it very attractively and without brashness and because hers has been a precocious childhood and youth by the yardstick of Elgin, Illinois.

She was born in San Francisco on July 20, 1938, and moved—or was moved—to Santa Rosa, Calif., four years later.

WELL, certain things seem to happen all the time, and one of them happened to Natalie: Director Irving Pichel was in Santa Rosa on location, making a picture called “Happyland,” and pressed Natalie and her mother into service.

Even then, Natalie took to direction like a porpoise to a handout, and Pichel was impressed. He must have been; it was all of two years later that he had to fill a child role in an item named “Tomorrow Is Forever,” starring Claudette Colbert and Orson Welles, and he thought immediately of Natalie.

In this, the little girl not only was good—she was striking. As Welles’s orphaned ward, she won critical acclaim and official box-office kudos.

From there, it got a little like a parade—or in any event,

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ROSSANO BRAZZI:

Mr. Dreamboat
at home
fireside and slippers hold more appeal than romancin' for the great lover of "Barefoot Contessa" and "Summertime"

THREE dogs and a rabbit share a pleasant life with the Brazzis. Handsome Rossano is now making "Interlude" with June Allyson.

WED 15 years, Rossano and Lydia are still very much in love, still hold hands and cuddle like young lovers, even at parties.

MAKING love to beautiful actresses is all in a day's work to Rossano Brazzi who prefers wife Lydia and the comforts of home.

AMUSED by the number of proposals her screen lover husband gets, Lydia helps Rossano answer his fan mail.

END
A QUESTION:

Why is Joan Collins like a roller coaster?

England's distaff maverick has as exciting curves, but conversationally she's as straight as a board

By MARK DAYTON

JOAN COLLINS, who is just about the most incendiary thing to come out of London since the blitz, has a unique habit of saying exactly what she means. She has every important feminine attribute but artifice, and on her the deficiency looks good.

Anatomically, Miss Collins has more curves than a roller coaster on a corkscrew highway, but conversationally she's as straight as an ironing board.

I quickly found this out when I had words with the guileless Miss Collins in a third floor hideaway at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, where she had just finished playing the Joan Crawford role in "The Opposite Sex," MGM's gilt-edged rejuvenation of a not too dusty cinema hit, "The Women." Joan advanced a philosophy of the spoken word, which, if adopted in international circles, would set diplomacy forward at least a thousand years.

"If I think there is something to be said which I don't want quoted," she explained simply, as she sat in a big gray club chair, toying with her gold and pearl earrings, "I won't say it. If I do have opinions about things, I'll say them right out."

This was a very promising platform; and in no time at all the fetching

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BIZARRE headdress she wears while waiting to go on in MGM's "The Opposite Sex" is a match for Joan's unorthodox personality.
RESTLESS by nature, Joan admits, "I hate to be stuck in one place." On a recent New York jaunt, she charms small Central Park strollers.

Refusing to conform to a stereotype, refreshingly candid Joan

Miss Collins was blithely living up to her advance publicity.

In an unusual exhibition of restraint, Hollywood has hailed Joan as the sexiest export from Europe since Lady Godiva, who, as it happens, wasn't even exported. Since she has the measurements and allure to go with the advertising, I considered that she could address herself to the subject of feminine provocation with undisputed authority. She accommodated by accompanying the authority with uncommon candor.

She did not regard Hollywood's preoccupation with the opposite sex as either unusual or in questionable taste, but she did venture that too much stress is placed, in the land of magic lanterns, on certain abutments in the female chassis.

"I think," Joan said, turning her wide green saucer eyes on me, "that sex appeal is kind of very overrated here. It's getting so that if a girl has a 78-inch bust, she's an instant star."

I couldn't resist pointing out that if such an extravagantly equipped young lady didn't become an instant star, she'd have no trouble making the grade as an instant attraction in a sideshow, but Miss Collins graciously ignored the interruption.

"I don't think sex is based on measurements," she declared with a fine sense of justice. It was quite nice of her to concede this, because if sex were based on measurements, this dark-haired, cameo-skinned young lady would have no difficulty qualifying.

"Take Audrey Hepburn," she suggested generously as she leaned forward to flick her cigarette ashes. "She's very slender, and I think she's got enormous sex appeal. No, I don't think it's measurements at all."

It was pointed out, purely in the spirit of contention, that an attractive figure is not necessarily a detriment to an actress, and the name of Marlene Dietrich was offered in evidence of the claim.

"But Dietrich," Joan rebutted sweetly, "never relied on her figure alone to generate sex appeal. She just had a tremendous aura of mystery about her. She was an exciting woman, and she had mystery."

Joan explained what she meant by feminine mystery by citing an example of what it isn't.
"ROUTINE bores me." Joan just takes off when tedium threatens.

**intends to live as she pleases**

"A girl in one of those men's magazines," she elucidated, "with half her clothes on, peeping around a cushion, has no mystery. If I were a man, I think I would prefer to figure it out for myself."

Miss Collins had to concede that the studios did not have their brain trusters staying up nights figuring out ways of keeping her own considerable attributes top secret. But she insisted that while she is agreeable to a moderate amount of cheesecake, there is such a thing as keeping it within the realm of good taste.

"I don't mind a little cheesecake once in a while," she said charitably. "I realize this kind of publicity is necessary. However, I hate those pin-ups where the girl is in an apron, half clad, carving a turkey for Thanksgiving. It's sordid! Just to base appeal on being a raving sexpot is sordid!"

Since she is a young woman who has taken a good deal of pains to master her craft, said pains including matriculation in London's respected Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts, Miss Collins made it clear that she would not find it flattering to

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MARTIN AND LEWIS:

Slowest guns in

The "Old West" will never be the same now that Dean and Jerry have joined the boots 'n' saddle boys for their first horse opera.
the West

HIS ANTICS during the shooting of a dance hall scene get Jerry in a tight spot but cool heads prevail and it isn't long before he's back on his own two feet.

KILLER JONES, the daring sheriff of the Arizona Plains, is out to capture the tough Masked Riders.

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As offbeat a sagebrush saga as you'll ever see, Dean and Jerry stumble through a series of hilarious misadventures as they bring law and order to a terrorized Arizona town.
Not adept at brawling, Jerry is desperate when badman Jeff Morrow decides to rough him up for being too attentive to his girl friend.
In 1942 you could find Dinah Shore at the Steel Pier in Atlantic City. Nine times a day she came on stage in a show emceed by Milton Berle. Between shows there was nothing much for her to do except rest in a movie theatre. A movie called “The Cowboy And The Blonde” was running at the theatre, and after seeing it fifty or sixty times Dinah was convinced of one thing; she was in love with the star. His name? George Montgomery.

“I’m going to marry that man,” she told her roommate.

When she got to Hollywood and started touring the army camps with Bing Crosby she let him in on the secret. Bing thought it was a grand idea and had only one suggestion; he thought that Dinah ought to at least meet George.

Dinah took that suggestion to heart. She started singing at the Hollywood Canteen and every night when they handed her the mike she said, “Is George Montgomery here?” One night he was, and shortly thereafter she more or less informed him of her intentions.

George liked pretty girls but he wasn’t sure that meant he had to marry them. It was in this frame of mind that he left for army duty in Alaska. Dinah bridged the gap between them with long, emotional letters. George’s replies were strangely lacking in passion until Dinah changed her tactics. She shot him brisk, friendly missiles dotted with comments about the latest glamour boy she just happened to be dating. Usually, she just happened to get his name out of a fan magazine, but George didn’t know. George started getting nervous and within three months his proposal was down in writing.

They were married in Las Vegas in December 5, 1943, and from that day till this George has never removed his wedding ring. If he’s making a movie he covers it with flesh-colored tape. Dinah will remove hers only when she’s sure that George will be at the set in time to slip it back on.

George is usually around, and not only because of the pact they made—which was never to be away from the family for more than four days at a time. If the time ever comes when this is not possible because of her career, Dinah says, “I won’t hesitate for a moment to take the side of my home.”

This is surprising talk from the girl whom Bob Hope once called, “a juke box on legs,” a girl who, in 1931, was voted the nation’s “Favorite Female Vocalist” on the Gallup poll, a girl who is celebrated for her drive and her capacity for hard work.

“I don’t have half the initiative I’m usually credited with,” Dinah says. “The only bold move I ever made was coming from the South to New York 19 years ago to try my luck as a singer. But since that time it’s been the help of others that has brought me what I have. People just do things for me.”

Although it’s true that only a fool would not leap at the chance to do something for Dinah, her generous and sincere explanation is not the whole story.

In 1940, for instance, when Dinah got her big break—featured billing on Eddie Cantor’s radio show—Cantor was overwhelmed by Dinah’s efforts.

“You wouldn’t believe it,” he said in awe. “You wouldn’t believe it. I never knew anybody who worked so hard. Every week she shows up with 20 new songs. She’s rehearsed ’em and she’s learned ’em and she wants to sing all 20 of ’em so I can pick out one for the show.”

During World War II she was unquestionably the favorite entertainer of ten million fighting men—due in part to her numerous overseas tours and the 300 broadcasts she made for the Armed Forces Radio Service. And when, five seasons ago, she started her twice-weekly, 15-minute NBC-TV shows, she consistently challenged Perry Como for the highest rating among multiple weekly shows. For all of which, Dinah owes credit to herself as well as others.

Last year she turned down a ransom to appear in Las Vegas for a three-week stand at New York’s Waldorf-Astoria. She turned it down because of her shrewd business sense. The popular conception of her personality, she decided might be damaged if she appeared in the gambling haunts. That she decided to add a personal appearance of any kind to her busy schedule was because “Working before live audiences was a tonic.”

Dinah, who has become increasingly beautiful and popular through the years, is possibly the only person in that position who would prescribe a tonic. It is characteristic of the modesty which has attended her whole career.

She was called Fanny Rose in Winchester, Tennessee, where she was born in 1917. Her father was a self-educated man who had a successful department store business. Her mother was an athletic vivacious woman whose artistic talent her husband considered mere frueries.

When she was 18 months old, Dinah was stricken with polio. No one realized it was polio until she was three; and by that time her mother couldn’t bring her self to even mention the fact that her youngest daughter had something wrong with her right foot. Nevertheless, until the time she was six, Dinah took daily exercises with a trained masseuse and finally the condition was corrected. But Dinah grew up ashamed of the illness she had conquered.

“Maybe that’s why I’ve always worked so hard,” she says. “I never got over the
honorable

film cowboy. She did!

BY FLORENCE EPSSTEIN

The idea that the neighbors were watching and wondering, I had to dance longer and swim harder and do more things than anything the other girls just to prove there was nothing wrong with me.

Her mother had died just before she graduated from high school, and Dinah's father did not look with favor on a career in show business. To him, formal education was of prime importance. But, in 1937, Dinah persuaded him to let her take a two-week vacation in New York. She spent the entire time looking for a job and finally got one on station WNEW. It didn't pay much. It didn't last long, because her father sent her an urgent letter saying she'd better come home and finish college. So she went home, won a B.A. degree in Sociology and took off for New York again. WNEW welcomed her back and teamed her with another unknown singer named Frank Sinatra.

In her spare time she made the rounds. The Dorsey Brothers and Benny Goodman heard but didn't hire her. Still, her persistence paid off. She got a two-week engagement at the Strand Theatre and her talent was brought to the attention of Xavier Cugat. He made some records with her for RCA Victor, which led to a contract. NBC hired her and she worked her way up to stardom.

Most singing artists have their day and fade. This seemed to be happening to Dinah in 1951, when Patti Page replaced her as the top seller of phonograph records. TV producers were beginning to think of her mainly as a guest artist and she hadn't had a movie contract in years. The Gallup poll, however, proved that Dinah's name still led all the rest in the hearts of singing fans. This opened the way to her own TV show.

More than her southern charm and easy manner, which has been compared to Crosby's, Dinah has another rare asset. She is amazingly versatile and has always been able to sing anything from low down blues to cute novelties to tender love songs. Needless to say, she has always had, in addition, the backing of people who liked her.

In her living room today she proudly displays two cigarette boxes, gifts from her co-workers. One of them is inscribed, "To Dinah—the sweetheart of NBC-TV." The other says, "From Your Ever-Lovin' Studio 'D' Crew."

Despite her good intentions, the demands of her career made inroads on Dinah's personal life. A few years ago this was graphically brought home to her when she took her daughter Missy shopping at Farmer's Market.

On the way home, Dinah turned on the car radio and started to hum along with the music.

"Don't sing, Mummy," Missy said.

Dinah was taken aback but she figured that Missy was simply tired. That night, after tucking her into bed, Dinah tried to soothe Missy with a lullaby. Missy burst into tears. She showed this same peculiar reaction every time Dinah sang.

It was Dinah's older sister, Bessie, who hit on the reason, "You've been away from home more than you used to be," she said. "I think Missy associates your singing with your absence."

From then on, Dinah revised her way of life. Nothing became more important to her than having all her meals with Missy and George and spending the whole of every week-end with them.

George and Dinah always wanted a large family. Missy was born nearly nine years ago, but no children came after. They decided to adopt a child and made the rounds of agencies. They were always turned down because they already had one child, but they didn't stop looking. Finally, Jody David, now almost two, was brought to their home ten days after he was born.

George, who generally limits himself to Westerns, is about as real a cowboy as you'll ever meet off screen. He was born and reared on a Montana ranch and speaks with a cowboy's drawl.

"The guy has no idea how good-looking he is," Dinah says. "And he couldn't care less. He has a terrific physique but he has never been within yards of a barbell."

He and Dinah share many interests in common—they've won many tennis tournaments together, for one thing. For another, Dinah doesn't make a move or even buy a new dress without consulting him. Though she is a clever and self-sustaining person with a shrewd mind for business, she never has made the mistake of losing her femininity.

Dinah's private life can best be described as healthy, vigorous and simple. There is very little party-going in the schedule. Usually, the house is asleep by ten-thirty every night, and up early for a large breakfast.

To others who wish to follow suit, Dinah has the recipe—Try to be honest, Try to be understanding. Refuse to worry about little things. The advice she gives to aspiring singers throws even more light on her approach to life—personally as well as professionally.

"Sing wherever you can and sing for nothing if you have the chance," she says. "You'll develop and improve your style whether you're paid or not. Feel every song you sing; listen to your own recordings and keep the pleasing gymnastics of your vocal chords; throw out the rest. After you've found a style that suits you, keep working at it the remainder of your public life."
COPENHAGEN fish market gives Frank a charge. He's in Europe for "The Pride And The Passion," co-starring Cary Grant, Sophia Loren.
FRANK SINATRA:

Man of the world

From Hoboken to Copenhagen, that's the story of the kid from New Jersey who grew up to be a globe-trotting movie star.

ROOF of Copenhagen's Hotel Europa affords Frank fine view. Frank stopped off on his way to London and Spain.

A FAN buys grateful Frank a flower for his lapel. He's recognized everywhere he goes.

continued on page 64
There's nothing rotten in Denmark as Frankie enjoys himself hugely, makes a lot of friends.
“I would prefer to forget it,” she said. Fortunately she is a reasonable young lady, so she does not expect that preference to be taken too seriously. As she herself commented on her first stage role as Van in Ibsen’s “Ghosts.” “I had an awfully hard time convincing the audience that I was a boy.”

Looking at her, as duly dictated, this was easy to understand. Joan was a vision of loveliness—and impeccable taste. In keeping with her screen image, there was nothing about her appearance that made an issue of her anatomical blessings.

Despite the fact that she is a child of cultured British reserve, Joan found it impossible to go along with critics who think that Hollywood, with its sometimes seemingly obsessive glorification of the female, is trapped in a Freudian web.

“I haven’t noticed it any more in Hollywood,” she shrugged, “than anywhere else in the world. I suppose Hollywood movies emphasize sex appeal more than English films, but I wouldn’t say it was anyone’s fault. I guess people always have been preoccupied with the female figure in one form or another. In the 1920’s, it was the legs. Now it’s the bosoms. It’s been true ever since Eve. Women always have been fascinating to men.”

For some time now, Joan Collins has been the most fascinating woman in the life of a fascinating young man around Hollywood named Arthur Loew, Jr. She wouldn’t discuss the chances, if any, of matrimony with the very eligible Mr. Loew for the simple reason that her divorce was not yet final.

She did, however, allow herself the luxury of some charmingly incriminating remarks about Arthur.

“I like him better than anyone else,” she admitted with more of her disarming directness. “I can’t be bothered dating anyone else.”

She reflected a moment.

“I could have gone dating a lot of boys before,” she mused. “I first thought I liked to date, but I didn’t.”

This does not mean, of course, that so alluring a creature isn’t beloved by hopeful males. It merely means that lucky Loew is in no danger of any other Hollywood bachelors beating his time.

As far as the discerning Miss Collins has been able to detect, there is no vast difference in the hormones of Americans and Englishmen, nor any marked abyss between their social habits and their climate. Her reaction to American men is pretty much summed up by her comment when, newly arrived on Calabasas, she got a whiff of the fog and smog indigenous to this glamour capital.

“Just like home,” she remarked wryly.

“But there are,” she observed, “many more American men than Englishmen.”

Nor could she work up a very sanctimonious temperature over the off-screen antics of some of Hollywood’s less inhibited male stars—and their female counterparts. The idea of public reprisal for unconventional private behavior did not seem to impress her.

“I think,” Joan dismissed the matter, “that the public expects stars to behave as they do on the screen. I think the public expects Frank Sinatra and Ava Gardner to be creating havoc and leading tempestuous lives. But if sweet girls like Debbie Reynolds and Ann Blyth did it, the public wouldn’t like it. Of course, being the same off screen as on doesn’t mean that because you’re always playing loose women, you are a loose woman.”

By and large, Joan is convinced that in their private lives most movie stars are pretty much the victims of type casting. Yet, although she feels she herself has been pretty much typed as a bad girl in pictures, she doesn’t consider that any particular mode of personal behavior is binding on her.

“I’ll just live the way I want to,” she informed me matter-of-factly.

She hastened to depose that she is a restless creature, not likely to be hemmed in by blueprints.

“I hate to be stuck in one place,” she confessed. “I like to travel. I hate to feel that I’m tied down to one home, either in San Fernando Valley or the Champs Elysees. I spent one whole year living out of a suitcase.”

While Joan avowed her determination not to be tied down to one place or to one home, she did not go one step further and declare her purpose not to be tied down to one man. I called attention to this intriguing omission.

“I guess I eventually want to settle down,” she allowed languously. “It sort of appeals to me. If I found the sort of man who didn’t want to be tied down to one place, it would be fine.”

Her entire personality, it appears, is shot through with restlessness.

“I hate to get in a routine,” she reiterated. “When I go to a party, sometimes I’d rather dance all night. Sometimes I’d like to talk all night. Sometimes I talk when I dance.”

She pulled at her earrings, somehow seeming to favor the left ear.

“I LOVE to stay up late,” she continued. “I go through phases when I don’t go to bed until 4 or 5 a.m. Then I’ll go to bed at nine. In London, I got terribly bored doing nothing in particular, so I decided to go to Paris. I just got on a plane and went. Oh, I had a wonderful time. It was divine. I knew some people there, and I looked them up. I stayed ten days.”

She shifted in her chair, and recrossed her legs.

“When I first came here,” she revealed, “I was here three weeks and didn’t know anybody, so I got an advance on my salary and went back to Paris. I stayed there three weeks.”

Joan made no effort to conceal the fact that her heart belongs to Paris.

“Paris,” she sighed dreamily, “is different from any other city in the world. It’s terribly exciting. There’s something about life in Paris that appeals to me. There’s nothing in Hollywood that reminds me of Paris.”

She acknowledged that Hollywood has its quaint distinguishing points, too, but indicated she wasn’t too clear on what they were.

“I think Hollywood,” Joan agreed magnanimously, “is a place that is completely different from any other place. It’s not a city, yet it is a city. There’s no activity, but there’s a lot of activity. It’s lazy, but everybody works terribly hard out here.”

Nor is this by any means intended as a critical observation. Laziness is one of Joan Collins’ blandly confessed weaknesses. However, whatever indolence she may be guilty of, she evidently indulges on her own time.

Impressed MGM functionaries raved over Joan’s yeoman application to her work on “The Opposite Sex.” As one of them rapturously put it, “She really works. She concentrates. She has some tough things to do. She’s never unprepared, never uneasy, and she never quibbles. She was in the water three days for a bubble bath scene, and she got a terrible rash on her back from the detergents, but she never complained.”

Only make-up was a trifle put out with Joan for invariably arriving late for the customary Hollywood accentuation of nature’s handiwork. But Joan was not about...
ly. He invested some of his "Davy Crockett" earnings in 400 acres of land near Fort Worth, and his father, who's overseeing the property, just notified him they've completed sinking their ninth oil well on the tract.

In his search to keep himself busy since the death of his wife two years ago, Fred Astaire is writing his autobiography. . . . It wasn't Mario Lanza's famous temperament that caused the cancellation of his second picture for Warner Bros., but the fact that his first one, "Serenade," was no sensation at the box-office. And Mario, I'm reluctant to report, is on another eating binge. . . . Alfred Hitchcock wants to re-team Jimmy Stewart and Grace Kelly in his next chiller, "From Among The Dead," and seems to think he can persuade Grace to do it. Well, he was the man most responsible for her success (with the exception of Prince Rainier, of course) and if anyone can get Grace back here, he's the one.

Anthony Perkins is Paramount's new white hope—they feel he will be as big as Brando or Jimmy Dean, and they've handed him the starring role in "Look Homeward, Angel," a kind of "East Of Eden" story, which they've had on the shelf for ten years. . . . If Anita Ekberg makes all the pictures she's been announced for, she'll have to be subdivided—not that there still wouldn't be enough for everybody. . . . William Holden, who at one time was tired of making Westerns, now wants to get back in the saddle again. . . . Dana Wynter has no regrets about giving up her short-lived career to be plain Mrs. Greg Bautzer because, as she says: "I've been watching marriages in Hollywood for quite a while and wondering what made some of them fail. The town is full of good but unhappy actresses. I'd rather be a happy wife. I think the man is the master of the house." . . . To borrow the title from one of her pictures, Judy Holliday and her husband, David Oppenheimer, have "Phffit."

Mac Krim, Kim Novak's heart-crush, says the wedding bells will ring as soon as she says yes. He was a bit disturbed at the rumors that Prince Aly Khan was giving Kim the rush, but managed to smile when asked about them and say: "I can't blame him. She's beautiful."

Johnnie Ray is planning to star in his life story for 20th Century-Fox. . . . According to Henry Fonda, beautiful Cheryl Clarke is just a friend. . . . Ann Blyth would just as soon have another baby as have another picture. . . . Those who know him best at U-I claim that George Nader will never marry. . . . MGM could not get an okay on some of the love scenes between Joan Collins and Leslie Nielsen in "The Opposite Sex" and had to scissor them from the final film—much too torrid for the public. . . . The chief reason Columbia okayed Jack Lemmon for a loan-out to do "Fire Down Below," was to get him away from the girl who broke up the Lemmon marriage. The picture is being shot in Trinidad and England.

Contrary to all reports, Russ Tamblyn is as enthusiastic about wife Venetia's booming career as she is, and is doing everything he can to help her, even to the point of cooking the evening meal when she has to work late at the studio. . . . Sal Mineo, a racing bug, has to agree he will not do any hot-rodding while he's making a picture—studios insist on putting this clause in all young male star contracts. . . . Gina Lollobrigida will do the "Joseph And His Brethren" role that Rita Hayworth walked out on. . . . Terry Moore, whose husband, Eugene McGrath, has offices in Panama, Venezuela, and New York, solved the packing problem this way. They now have apartments in each of these cities and keep an entire change of wardrobe at each stop.

Jean Simmons cancelled her plans to accompany husband Stewart Granger to Europe when he goes there for a picture: Jean originally expected their baby in September, but it might arrive in August, so they both felt she'd better take the doctor's advice and not travel. . . . George Sanders hasn't lost any of his cynicism when it comes to women and marriage. Says George: "People should get married when they're young—between the ages of 10 and 15—and get it over with so they can devote the rest of their lives to more intellectual pursuits."

Deborah Kerr and her husband, Tony Bartley, are planning a big game safari in Africa next month. . . . Marge and Gower Champion will open the doors of their first dancing school in September.

Everybody Should Get Married

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real man with the much idealized image."

Later his words were incorporated in a magazine piece, but the editors were upset by them. The writer was informed he had "de-glamorized" Hudson—in the act of making him a responsible and adult citizen. Hudson was told of the incident.

"There you are," he said, "It seems sometimes Rock Hudson can't go straight even if he wants to.

This virtually would be a must point of view for the Winnetka, Ill., boy who made good. He hasn't had it not only easy, although, it's been easily notable for the past few years. As a matter of copious record, he came to Hollywood from his Navy hitch, worked in a Los Angeles electrical shop, failed to get into the University of Southern California under the G.I. Bill of Rights, and took to jockeying a truck for eating money. He's stacked for that: six-four, and probably a little over the 200 pounds his biographers generally concede him.

He might still be behind that dashboard if he hadn't scraped together enough money to have some professional still photographs made. These he showed to Henry Willson, an agent of considerable acumen, who showed them to director Raoul Walsh, who was quite impressed.

That wasn't exactly what, but it was enough to get a ball rolling. That it was a snowball could not have been foreseen.

Then again, the story has another corner. Some time later, Willson's executive secretary got a letter from a Viennese, Miss Schlesinger, who was the original of the photographs, and who had noted the various scenes in the movies. Willson was told.

There is no great mystery involved in how the Hudsons live, but nothing to stop the press either. They like very big jigsaw puzzles, for one thing; staying at home; occasional television, if U-I will permit the utterance; the outdoor life; food. You can bend it as you will, you still don't have anything except a happy domestic scene. Well—that's nothing?

Rock Hudson thinks it's something. The memories of four walls and absent laughter, lonely streets, houses bright and warm as Christmas cards—but seen from the same perspective—have not left him. Neither has the wary recollection of success unshared, kudos meaningless because they were solitary, life without love. Bachelordom's all right so long as you don't happen to have a wife. Otherwise it's for birds. You may quote him.
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**RED CARPET FOR MAMIE EISENHOWER**

by Alden Hatch

They said that Mamie Eisenhower was crazy to marry a "nobody" like Ike. Read how a romantic teen-ager followed her heart — and married the man who became President of the United States!

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FOR some wonderful non-political maneuvers, we dig the Columbia album "Ambassador Satch" the most. Taped from Louis Armstrong's all-conquering European concerts, it has Louis' horn speaking an international language... One of Mercury's premier thrushes, Helen Merrill, goes all out on Cole Porter's "Anything Goes." And her "End Of A Love Affair" on the reverse side is the very end... Will the "old-timers" among us please rise and bow three times in the direction of the Capitol tower for having Stan Kenton rewash all of his standards that were big band jazz landmarks of the '40's—from "Painted Rhythm" to "The Peanut Vendor." It's labeled "Kenton in Hi-Fi"... Don't look now but I think Dot Records' Pat Boone has another smash on his hands. The case in point is the blue, blue blues "I Almost Lost My Mind" and, on a more optimistic note, "I'm In Love With You." If you like your sounds served up slow and easy with a slight touch of the screwball tossed in, we recommend Pearl Bailey's new Coral album. A pearl, indeed... A voice to conjure with, that's Morgana King. Check what we mean on her Wing etching of the standards "Delovely" and "In The Wee Small Hours Of The Morning." Long Live the King of Wing! Decca's sound track from "The Eddy Duchin Story" has a passel of fine Duchin piano favorites keyboarded by Carmen Cavallaro.

Nostalgia rears its dusty head in a couple of oldies haired by the Johnston Brothers for London Records—"Roses Of Picardy" and "Just A Worryin' For You." When we said oldies, we meant oldies... When Frances Wayne sings "Songs For My Man" (Epic), she's arrowing them straight at leader man Neal Hefti who just happens to be her husband. The "Songs" are standards, and the standards are high... The Four Freshmen earn Phi Beta Kappa keys (minor) for their Capitol recording of "Graduation Day." The flip, "Lonely Night In Paris," is a mood piece that would even please fifty million Frenchmen... MGM's "Hi-Fi Salute To The Great Ones" is a musical accolade to the top bands of the Swing era. A swinging orchestra in its own right, boned by LeRoy Holmes, fires twenty-one guns with numbers like "Tuxedo Junction" and "Music Makers."
trapped—feeling no pain!

Newly-wed Rock Hudson proves that you can turn the most stubborn bachelor into a contented husband—and make him like it!

For the most interesting stories about the Hollywood stars you love, read SILVER SCREEN Magazine!

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to let this demerit on her otherwise spotless escutchion go unchallenged.

"I’ve never been late on the set," she maintained, with a slight show of irritation. "I’m always 15 minutes late for make-up. I told them it always takes me an hour and a quarter, and they insist on giving me an hour and a half."

She is outspoken without being contentious, however, and for the most part, her mother studio, 20th Century-Fox, finds Joan a malleable employee. But when her home lot wanted her to follow "The Opposite Sex" with the lead in a glossy horse opera, "The Last Wagon," Joan went on suspension.

"There was nothing wrong with the picture," she pointed out. "It’s just that I didn’t think I was right for the part."

One of the many commendable things about her is that she is no more coy about her failings than about her assets.

"I have millions of weaknesses," she laughed when I asked if she was aware of any chinks in her handsome armor. "I have a tremendous laziness. My procras-
tination is just awful. If somebody calls me, I won’t call back. I tell them I love the number. I hate getting dressed up during the day, and I guess I have a bad temper in driving."

Refreshingly enough, Joan thinks bit of weakness is good for the soul.

"Everything, when you think of it," she maintains, "is a weakness. That’s what makes a person’s character."

If there is anything this ailing universe needs—it’s a woman with weaknesses, especially when they are as easy to condemn as hers, and when the culprit is as easy on the eyes and on jaded ears as Britain distaff maestro, Joan Collins.

Why Is Joan Like A Roller Coaster?

continued from page 65

Hollywood Love Life

continued from page 12

The Danton heir is due at the end of October, and Julie and Ray will stay in their present apartment until the lease expires in February. Fortunately, there plenty of nursery space.

HAPPY HUDSONS — It’s lucky the Rock Hudson and his Phyllis aren’t easily upset about having to change plans. Although they were all set to go to Europe on vacation this summer, they had to forego the trip when Rock’s work sched-
ule changed. So, philosophically, the decided on a shorter trip to the Minnesota lake country—for fishing. Rock loves the sport; fortunately, Phyll does too having grown up with it. They also will visit Phyll’s parents in Montevideo, Minn. And Rock’s mother and step-father, who going every year up near there, may join them too. Real family reunion! Or spite anything you may have read, Rock and Phyll are very happy.

MORE SENTIMENT — Although Australian beauty Victoria Shaw and Roger Smith had tentatively set their wedding for November, they’ve decided now on October 14 as the day. Sentimental reason is that they first met last year on that date! What’s more, they’ll move to their very own honeymoon house. They’ve bought a lot, their home is being built and will be ready for them. "We’re very sentimental and want our first home to be one in which no one else ever lived," Victoria told us. Roger had a red hot disappointment this summer. He had forego his first big role because of major surgery. But he’s been promised others And watch for Victoria to become a Bi
George NOT so Lonesome—another popular and seemingly confirmed bachelor, named George Nader, has a few light-o’love. Although he still has occasional dates with ex-steasy Dani rayne, his new heart interest is Gia Cala, who has her first big film role in "Four Bright Girls," which just happens to star George. He and Gia both love music, which is a real bond. And he’s been taking her to interesting local restaurants, teaching her about American food. This beauty, born in England but reared in Rome, found that good old fashioned dish, steamed clams, “awful and ugly!” And this from a gal who enjoys malls, mussels and baby octopuses—because he was using to eating them in Europe.

BOUD’ N’ PRACTICAL—Those very young newlyweds, Russ Tamblyn and Victoria Stevenson, are being very quiet in their thinking about furnishing their new apartment. They want good things, beautiful things, but they’ve found they are expensive. So they’re buying things very slowly, rather than buying many cheaper things. Everything they’ve purchased so far is beautiful—and good!

IG??—Reports from Spain say Ava Gardner is romantically interested in ever so many eligible males. But Ava says nothing. She did declare that she'll probably come back here in September, go to Nevada to pick up her divorce from Frank Sinatra; she established residence here long ago and the decree is just waiting for her. The date will depend on when "The Little Hut" is completed in Europe. She’ll star in that with David Given and Stewart Granger. How’s that for a desert-isle trio?

OHN’ S OTHER WIFE?—Since John Derek’s divorce is not final, it’s anybody’s guess whether eventually he will marry Miss-dell Ursula Andress, but she continues to be his favorite date. And a doll he is. Among other assets, she has a charming way of mixing up the English language. For example, the other day she told us, “If I do this swimming scene in such cold water, I shall receive a cool.”

TAB AND NAT—Although Tab Hunter and Natalie Wood are co-starring in a second film—"The Girl He Left Behind"—they no longer find each other The Most as dates. Tab introduced Nat to Scott Marlowe and now they are two-ing. Natalie also is preparing a night club act and has been taking singing lessons from Eddie Samuels, Peggy King’s arranger. Eddie has written a song for Nat named "El Latan." Get it? It’s Natalie spelled backwards! And Tab’s newest date interests are dancer Jan Chaney and starlet Jill Gentile. Incidentally, Tab had proof sheets of some still photographs, which he had to return to Warners, on the seat of his car while it was parked in front of his apartment near UCLA. When he came out to drive to the studio, he found that some admiring fans, presumably UCLA co-eds, had snipped out several pictures of him and made off with the cut-outs of their Lover Boy! He still doesn’t understand why they didn’t take the whole pictures.

STILL STORMY—Sorry to report it, but there seem to be reconciliations in sight, at this point, at least, for Jack and Cynthia Lemmon, or Aldo Ray and Jeff Donnell. But things can happen and friends of the couples concerned are still hoping.

DATA ON DATES—Diana Lynn and Mortimer Hall have been dating frequently since he and Ruth Roman were divorced. . . Liliane Montevecchi and Dr. Rex Ross have been two-ing.

RIGHT START—Seems like Peggy Lee and new groom Dewey Martin are starting their marriage off right! When invited to a party recently, she proudly pointed to Dewey and said, “Take it up with the Boss.”

PRIDE AND JOY—Pier Angeli and Vic Damone are so very proud of son Perry, whose first birthday in August calls Pier back from Europe so the party can be here! Pier denied reports she’s expecting another baby. “Not yet,” she laughed. But the Damones want more!

MORE RANCHERS—Now that the Dan Daileys seem thoroughly settled in domestic calm, they’ve turned ranchers in earnest. Dan sold his little ranch house in Northridge and moved his family into a beautiful and bigger ranch house in the fashionable Northridge Estates, even farther out from town. The house, set on ten acres of rolling hills, is built around a swimming pool, Dan’s first, and boasts a 38-foot den that is the Daileys’ pride. Dan is converting the large barn into stables for his five horses and building jump courses for training purposes, and Gwen has decided to raise cattle on extra acreage. She’s started with five Herefords, expects to build up quite a herd and make the ranch pay for itself!

END

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takes one look at Deborah squirming with all her problems on a seashore rock, and decides to ease her mind. Pretending to have served with her husband, Holden gets his foot in the door. Next, when hirsute Deborah begins to bridle at his cynical forcefulness, Holden gives her the key to his fascinating, sinister I'll off self. Who can resist the picture of a half-starved, poorly clad half-breed boy being snubbed by all the pink-and-white well nourished little girls! Just how touched Deborah was by this story is evidenced sometime later when she informs Holden she's pregnant. Around the crucial time, word leaks out that Holden is married. It's a relief to know Thelma Ritter, Dewey Martin and coincidence are working overtime to see Deborah through her difficulties. (Paramount.)

Invitation To The Dance

WITH Gene Kelly leading an impressive cast of dancers through three complete "ballets," this Technicolor special is gaily spattered in spots with some delightful bits of fun. None of the three separate stories told in dance can really be called ballets but the results are interesting. The first, "Circus," skips from dull to sexy to bizarre. Igor Yousekevitch steals all the honors here with his spectacular leaps. In "Ring-Around-The-ROSY," there's Kelly, Yousekevitch, Tamara Toumanova and Tommy Rall. In this one Kelly takes a stab at comedy and manages to skewer some choice morals of humor. The last, "Sinbad The Sailor," has Rimsky-Korsakov's music. Carol Haney, a younger named David Kasday, and Kelly wearing a sailor suit and kicking up like a colt in pasture, Slick combination of live and animated characters. Not everyone will go for this type of picture, but give Kelly credit for trying something new. (MGM.)

The Leather Saint

PRIZEFIGHT manager Paul Douglas spots John Derek working out in a gym. A natural fighter. Derek nevertheless turns down Douglas' offer to arrange a few bouts. It's a mystery to Douglas but pretty obvious after Derek changes from boxing trunks to a clerical habit. A priest, Derek uses boxing to keep in condition. When a little girl dies in the parish hospital for want of an iron lung, Derek decides to raise money quickly. He calls Douglas. His identity still secret, Derek begins attracting attention in the ring. Shady fight promoter Cesar Romero and his unhappy jock, Jody Lawrence. By this time, Derek's clerical colleague, Ernest Truesd, has bought so many medical supplies on the installment plan, Derek can't get out of what might develop into an unpleasant mess. Matters do right themselves, but not before taking some interesting twists and turns. (Paramount.)

Seven Men From Now

BRINGS Gail Russell back to the screen after many years' absence in a WarnerColor Western drama of revenge. When his wife is killed in a hold-up of a Wells Fargo office, Randolph Scott hits the trail in search of the seven outlaws who pulled the job. Along the way having disposed of two of the seven

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The features I like best in this issue of Screenland are:

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that oddly limited parade that usually finds a mopett over the hill and living on her memories at the age of 12. There are more pictures and more awards (Parents Magazine, for one, all unmindful of Natalie's bombast to come, selected hers the hottest juvenile talent lead of 1949), and a performance as the child in "Miracle On 34th Street"—a rarely touching business.

How, thereafter, Natalie out-flanked the growing-up process is not altogether clear, but she did, reappearing conspicuously to the public view last year in Warners Bros.' "The Silver Chalice." She was Virginia Mayo as a young girl. "Rebel" followed that, then "The Searchers" with John Wayne, "A Cry In The Night" with Raymond Burr (she has a fervid respect for the gifts of Mr. Burr), and "The Burning Hills" with Tab Hunter.

Better To Be Neurotic

continued from page 49

Whether or not this has been a consequence of talent and hard work or of an active neurosis or of all three is anyone's guess. But, toied up, it is quite a consequence from any cause.

These days Natalie Wood, a pint-sized party, ponders career more than she does marriage ("I'll postpone that till I'm about 24"), and spends a great deal of her spare time furthering this. She loves her work, and even on days off—"I sleep until two in the afternoon when I can"—she and her coterie gather in someone's backyard and do what she calls "improvisations," which are readings from Wolfe or from scripts or from remembered fragments of current pictures. Nights, they go to the pictures themselves and later somewhere where they can sit around and tear the film to pieces. All, of course, know just where it could have been improved.

That if that's not going on, there is Natalie's considerable menagerie—two dogs, one cockateel, five parakeets, two finches; her regard for music (she plays the piano pretty well and collects records), her swimming pool, or her Thunderbird. The last two she bought herself in dutiful congratulation over having graduated from high school.

And now the child is gone. Only adult roles are ahead, and whatever they are. "I can," she has said with dignity "play femme fatale." And will, no doubt. And parents who disapprove can jolly well keep their distance.

More than that, they'd better.

For Femme Fatale is only about half of what Natalie has in mind.

What she'd really like to do is get her teeth into a psychopathic murderer who goes about skewering the landscape with ill-defended non-neurotics.

"I'll leave comedy to Debbie Reynold's," she has concluded with a ghastly shrug: the very thought of it.

It should be fairly plain by now that Natalie Wood is a far cry from a bore.

And this she attributes, as the last of the Coke goes down the hatch, to the circumstance that she is in turn rarely bored.

The chronically bored set her teeth on edge—but not quite so much so as the all too easily bored.

"I hate to give advice," she once told friends. "I'm too young to. But when I see a girl my age walk into a party tapping back yawns and giving it the blase bit, really want to tell her something. And it's so simple. I shouldn't have to say it. She's not bored, you know. She's shy or down right scared, so she has to have an attitude to hide behind. And that bored trick is a dead giveaway.

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ON THE COVER: ELIZABETH TAYLOR, STARRING IN WARNER BROS. "GIANTS" AND MGM'S "RAINTREE COUNTY"

NED L. PINES
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• SEE IT FROM THE BEGINNING FOR GREATER ENJOYMENT •
Hello again, and I'm back with more news from Hollywood, London, and points North, East, West, and South. Anita Ekberg had the British press pouting because of her "no talking" sign during her stay with husband Anthony Steel in London. Ditto Charlie Chaplin. Everyone loved the new, very chatty Rita Hayworth, who looks gorgeous with her hair back to its famous red shade. I've never seen Ava Gardner so furious as after those "Rubioosa marriage" reports. She wanted to swat the columnist who started them.

The Robert Stacks' baby is due on Bob's birthday—Jan. 13. Wife Rosemarie smiles: "We didn't exactly plan it that way, but it is nice." She adds that she has no intention of keeping up with her once-budding career. John Wayne has arranged for his son Pat's salary of $5000 per picture to be paid to Pat at the rate of $100 per week, and he sees to it that Pat banks $75 of it every seven days. When Anna Magnani was asked recently as to what she thought of Gina Lollobrigida, Sophia Loren and other busty beauties, she replied caustically, "They're all right if you like milk."

By the way, Sophia will beat Gina the United States after all. She's slated to make her first Hollywood film with Alan Ladd late this year. It's titled "Deep Six," and Sophia'll play a secretarial role. You can be sure, though, she won't wear white-collared dresses. Meanwhile, Anthony Quinn, who appeared with Gil in the Paris-made version of "Hunchback Of Paris," is trying to persuade him to make her Broadway debut with him in the musical version of "Pepe Le Moko," the character Charles Boyer portrayed in "Algiers." Susan Haywar, who's been turning down more pictures than she's been doing lately, answers those who want to know why with: "It only money!"

Clark Gable turned down a $75,000 offer for magazine rights to his life story. His reason: "I believe that to take this kind of money you have to tell everthing—you have to let out all the sto- and empty all the closets—and I'll never do that. There are things I don't want to say."

On the stork's list for January are Janice Rule and Lex Barker, dining at Mocambo...
This very sensational picture asks the very sensational question:  
“how does a girl get this bad?”
to reveal or even mention—not even if I needed the money." And let me add, the King is in a solid financial position.

... Lori Nelson emphatically denies that she'll ever marry Tab Hunter—"we're only friends"—but Piper Laurie has resumed her romantic with Gene Nelson, much to the dismay of her mother, who doesn't approve at all, at all.

If and when Marlon Brando marries, I'm betting on Rita Moreno. . . When Prince Rainier and his Grace fly, they must take separate planes, according to the royal rules—that's in case anything happens, Monaco will have a ruler. And it now seems certain when they re-visit Hollywood they'll boat it, just so they can be together all the way. It's definite that the former Miss Kelly has abandoned her career. She told her agents to inform MGM she won't be available for pictures. . . Jane Russell gets $200,000 a picture, which, as she says, "is why I don't make any for my own company. It can't afford me." Recently, when she was asked her measurements, Jane replied: "If you want measurements, go ask Jayne Mansfield. She doesn't mind giving hers. I do." . . . Prediction: Tony Perkins will be the hottest personality in pictures by next year. Paramount, where he's under contract, is hailing him as a combination "Marlon Brando and Jimmy Dean." Maybe that's too much, but I agree he's awfully good—and off-beat enough to make for plenty of copy.

Jean Simmons wants to do "South Pacific" when it's made into a movie—but so do several others, including Doris Day and Judy Garland. Incidentally, Rossano Brazzi is definite for the male lead in the role Ezio Pinza created on Broadway. . . Joan Crawford and husband Al Steele will spend Christmas in South America instead of in Switzerland. "I like the Alps," says Joan, "but Al likes the Latin countries, so that's where we'll go. I'm a very dutiful wife." Joan is determined that this marriage will work out.

I understand Stewart Granger's ranch in New Mexico is costing him and wife Jean Simmons a fortune to keep going, and a friend who should know told me they will go broke if they don't sell soon. As he put it: "What does Granger know about ranching for a profit? He's an Englishman!" . . . Julie London is the hottest contender for the title role in "The Helen Morgan Story." . . . Greta Peck is selling the huge home and four acres she received as part of the divorce settlement from Greg. . . The producers of the New York hit, "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" wanted $125,000 to let Jayne Mansfield depart from her starring role in it so she could start her movie career—but 20th Century-Fox, who has her under contract, decided they could wait a little while longer.

Barbara Rush is more interested in playwright Clifford Odets . . . but her ex, Jeff Hunter, is strictly free-lancing . . . Debra Paget's latest gimmick for evening wear: white nylons—with jew- yet. . . Shelley Winters has offers. Broadway plays a year away. She'll be back on the board this winter in "I Girls Of Summer," and next year v do "The Last Resorts." About marriage plans with handsome Anthony Francio she says: "I'm going to be real care this time and not leap into something fast. I married once in a hurry and didn't work out so well." Which is pitting mildly, if you recall the international fireworks when she divorced Victor Gassman. . . Ropy Calhoun a Lita Baron have applied to adopt a ba. Ropy has bought himself a 45-ft schooner, and he and Lita hope to take a cruise to Acapulco on it around Chri- mastime. . . Frank Sinatra and G Cooper are collaborating on an independ- ent film for next year. . . Sterli Hayden gets $40,000 a picture and never stops working. . . Leslie Nielsen MGM's new heart-throb, is top choi for the villain role in "Ben Hur." . . Dick Haymes and the former Mrs. G Mitchell, Jackie Loughery, date excl- sively when he's in town.

Diana Dors, our super-abundant bu- dle from Britain, had a ready rep when I queried as to whether or not s thought she was worth the $75,000 RK paid her to star opposite George Got in "I Married A Woman." "What I ha to offer is blonde hair, pink lips, a go- figure, talent and sex. They're satisfi- with the offer," I must remember not put my questions so bluntly. . . A Gardner will be back in Hollywood f the first time in almost five years in D eember. Her plans include finishing "T Little Hut," a motor tour through Eu- rope, a visit with her family in Nor- Carolina, then our town. I think they also include a final divorce from Frank. Boy. MGM is re-designing "Designi..."
...to a man she was all challenge and desire... there she was like a woman—waiting to be conquered.

...to a woman it was the obstacle to all love... the rival whose attractions and excitements she could never match!

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SPENCER TRACY
ROBERT WAGNER
in
THE MOUNTAIN

Co-starring
CLAIRE TREVOR
HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN
continued

Woman,” the picture Grace Kelly was to have made, to fit Ava's measurements. . . Phil Slivers is rumored to have dropped $75,000 at the Las Vegas dice tables, and Vic Damone also parted with a heft bundle there—and Pier Angeli doesn’t like it. . . Ursula Thiess told me the reason Bob Taylor insists on buying all of her clothes is “because he says I won’t spend enough money when I buy them.” She also added that “we want another baby so our little Terry (now one year old) won’t grow up alone.”

Don’t ever refer to Marilyn Monroe as a “dumb blonde.” Here’s the fantastic deal she managed for herself on “The Sleeping Prince.” She’ll get 75 per cent of the profits and after 10 years will own the negative outright, which means she can then sell it to television for another hefty hunk of dough. She also married a man who can write hit plays for her to star in, something she wants to do very much, AND she owns 51 per cent of MM, Inc. . . It cost Alan Ladd $235,000 to buy his way out of his one-picture Paramount commitment. It breaks down this way: He was to receive $150,000 for doing “Sons Of Katie Elder.” Instead, he paid the studio $135,000 not to do it. But, like Marilyn, Alan’s no dope. “I can make twice that much by working for my own company,” he explained. . . Real reason Anna Maria Alberghetti changed her mind about replacing Susan Strasberg in “Diary Of Anne Frank” on Broadway was plain old-fashioned stage fright. . . Jeanne Crain will play the very sexy Poppea in the picture of the same name. Jeanne is still determined to sidestep all sweet-girl roles.

The inside story of why Columbia settled Rita Hayworth’s contract so amicably is this: The studio executives feel they have a potentially bigger—and younger—femme star in Kim Novak, and since they don’t produce a lot of big pictures every year, they don’t need both

gals. So Rita leaves after “Pal Joey”—which she’ll do, ironically enough, with Kim. . . Victor Mature’s divorce is final October 7, and he emphatically denies any plans to plunge into matrimony again. But he is going to plunge into independent production. (Which staff isn’t?) His first one, “Cain And Abel,” starts in February. . . Pretty Peggy Connolly, who visited Frank Sinatra frequently when he was making “Pride And Passion” in Spain, claims she has no nuptial plans “because he’s still very much married.” Which is something we are already inclined to forget.

Ingrid Bergman told me in London she will return to New York for the premier of “Anastasia,” but not Hollywood Twentieth Century-Fox has optioned in grid for two more films. Incidentally, her services still come high, $200,000 for the picture, $10,000 more than that for the following one.

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis continue to leave everyone dangling on the will-they-or-won’t-they-bust-up question, with such remarks as “It’s good publicity and “This happens every year”—but friend of theirs leveled with me and said

continued on page 11
Which one of these quotes from “Women in the News” WINS YOUR VOTE?

1. MRS. DALE CARNegie, author of “Don’t Grow Old—Grow Up!”, “Every woman who is figure-conscious will love the way the new Playtex Girdle flatters her figure—as do I. A Playtex girdle has the same amazing ‘hold-in’ power six months later as on the day you bought it.”

2. HANNAH TROY, leading American fashion designer: “Playtex is the only girdle I know that’s completely invisible under the most revealing clothes—holds in superbly without that ‘corseted’ look—another big reason why more women wear Playtex than any other girdle in the world!”

3. CAROLYN HUGHES, beautiful fashion model and cover girl: “To me, the most exciting exclusive of the Playtex Living Bra is the elastic criss-cross front. I love the way it dips down deep, gives such stunning separation and uplift. No other bra gives such lovely natural lines.”

4. KATHRYN MURRAY, star of TV’s Arthur Murray Party: “Dancers need figure control, too, but must have complete freedom of motion. That’s why Playtex Girdles are perfect—wonderful ‘hold-in’ power without a seam or bone, so flexible even a grandmother like me can bend in comfort.”

5. FRANK WARREN, popular RKO-unique recording star: “The Playtex Living Bra is the only bra with an all-elastic frame that never shifts, rides, or slides no matter how active you are. The low-anchored elastic back always stays put—won’t annoy you by creeping up ever!”

6. MOLLIE PARNIS, brilliant fashion designer: “The Living Bra is the prettiest you can buy—and gives the prettiest curves. Both the nylon-and-marquisette cups lined in cotton, and the all-elastic cups lift and lure, round and raise into that high but natural look women love!”

7. JUNE EARING, Champion Swimmer and Aquashow star: “No other girdle with such wonderful ‘hold-in’ power is as flexible, supple, and comfortable as Playtex—because only Playtex is made of Fabricon. It’s the only girdle you can ski in, swim in—and look glamorous in when dancing.”

8. BETTY KEAN, of the (fictitious) Keen Sisters comedy team: “Playtex Lightweight has more ‘hold-in’ power with less weight than any other girdle I’ve ever worn—and it costs only $4.95. Actually gives more support and more comfort than girdles that cost me three times as much.”

9. JUSTINE PARKER, lovely star of many TV dermatological spots: “Playtex Living Bra in Long Line is for me—all the wonderful all-elastic exclusive features plus an elastic ‘magic-midriff’ that smooths inches away sleekly and surely for the long, lean look of today’s fashions.”

10. GRACE DOWNS, Dean of Women’s Dance and Air Career School: “No other bra in the world has bias-cut elastic side panels that self-adjust to your every motion, hold you firmly without cutting. You get heavenly comfort day into night with the Playtex Living Bra. Once you wear it—no other bra will do.”

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2. Entries must be postmarked no later than Oct. 27, 1956, and must be received by Nov. 1, 1956.

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The Solid Gold Cadillac

IN THIS hilarious lampoon of big business, Judy Holliday scores another comedy triumph as the small stockholder who tosses a powerful business corporation right smack on its fiduciary. Owning ten shares of stock in Paul Douglas’ firm, Judy takes her duties as a stockholder very seriously. At the annual meeting, she manages to completely confound and confuse the Board of Directors, as charming a crew of cutthroats as ever grudgingly voted a dividend. With Douglas leaving the company to become a dollar-a-year-man in Washington, D. C., Judy, who has been given a job with the company to shut her up, begins to realize that without Douglas the small stockholders haven’t a chance. In true female fashion, she decides to entice Douglas back into the company, but by then, she has dividends other than stock in mind. It’s this added little fillip that almost loses Douglas his chances at gaining controlling interest in the company again. Then, because of a landslide of proxy votes sent to Judy, the company flourishes once more. Based on the Broadway play, this adds some cinema variations that add a few more jabs to the funnybone in what is the year’s best comedy. (Columbia.)

The Burning Hills

HIS brother killed trying to protect their small ranch, Tab Hunter flares into a one-man vengeance committee. In the process of plugging the leading land grabber, Skip Homeier’s pa, Hunter himself is on the receiving end of a nasty bullet wound. Clutching what’s left of his side, he makes for the nearest military post in search of help. On route, he collapses practically on Senorita Natalie Wood’s doorstep. When Natalie, done up darkly in Warmercolor, black hair and a Spanish accent thick as corn meal mush, discovers Hunter has escaped from Homeier and Co., she hides him in an old abandoned mine. Eventually Homeier, with blue-eyed Indian scout Eduard Franz to point the way, sniffs out the dallying Hunter. The chase is on! Making a fantastically quick recovery, Hunter springs all sorts of tricks, including an Indian ambush, on the “posse.” A fair-to-middlin’ saga of the Southwest in which the young people spend most of their time looking petulant and troubled. (Warner Bros.)

The Brave One

IT’S a known fact that children and animals naturally gravitate toward one another but few have the deep devotion shared by Michel Ray and an orphaned bull calf, Gitano. Unfortunately, their’s shows signs of being a complicated relationship from the very beginning when the ownership of the bull is disputed. Michel manages to win that round. The next jolt comes a few years later. Now a massive animal with unmistakable signs of exceptional courage, Gitano is taken from Michel again. This time to be sold to a bullfight impresario. The day Gitano enters the arena, Michel manages to get a letter from El Presidente de Mexico ordering the bull be returned to the boy. Unfortunately, the order comes too late. Bull and matador Fermin Rivera face each other in the blood-stained ring until presumably one or the other is dead. Both fight gallantly, indeed. However, Americans haven’t that streak of barbarism, thank heaven, that’s necessary to enjoy watching a brutally tortured animal goaded into killing a human being. In Technicolor and CinemaScope, the bullfight scenes are an exceptional job of photography and should offer excellent materia both for anti- and pro-bullfight aficionados. (RKO.)

Tea And Sympathy

IF a girl shows any talent for fixing the kitchen plumbing, chopping wood or breaking ground for a pool, she’s considered a lucky catch for some man. However, should a boy, such as prep schooler John Kerr, be able to sew a button on his shirt, sing ballads and steer clear of roughhouse, he’s apt to be tabbed “real offbeat.” Sympathizing deeply with John’s situation, house mother Deborah Kerr tries to fling a buffer of almost maternal protectiveness around the boy. Much as Deborah wants to spare John, her husband, teacher Leif Ericson, quietly goes about helping to destroy the boy’s reputation. Known as a “man’s man,” Ericson

continued on page 78.
...OOH THAT EKBERG!

OF MEN AND WOMEN... lost together, locked together in the Amazon Jungle—land of the Jivaro headhunters. Love changes to fear, selfishness to tenderness, passion to pity. A strange and unusual motion picture!

RKO Radio Pictures presents

ROBERT RYAN • ANITA EKBERG • ROD STEIGER

BACK FROM ETERNITY

Co-starring

PHYLLIS KIRK • KEITH ANDES • GENE BARRY with FRED CLARK • BEULAH BONDI • JESSE WHITE

Produced and Directed by JOHN FARROW • Screen Play by JONATHAN LATIMER • Music by FRANZ WAXMAN
"I learned this is no secret—but a fact of life!"

says Mrs. Catherine Russo who now uses ZONITE to douche!

SAFE! Married women, brides, and bride-to-be so often wonder about douching for feminine hygiene. Eventually, they discover—as did Mrs. Russo—that it's an important fact of life to follow the proper method of douching with a fountain syringe, using an effective yet safe solution—like ZONITE.

EFFECTIVE! No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is so powerfully effective yet so safe to body tissues as ZONITE.

HEALTHFUL! ZONITE completely deodorizes, promptly washes away germs and odor-causing waste substances. A nurse once advised Mrs. Russo that if any abnormal condition exists, she should see her doctor. She said he would probably recommend that she continue to use ZONITE.

DAINTY! You, too, can be one of the modern women who welcome the "peace of mind" and daintiness that ZONITE gives them after monthly periods and other times. You can use ZONITE as directed, as often as needed, without the slightest risk of injury. Costs only pennies per douche.

USE ZONITE so safe yet so effective!

Filmland's secret of Beauty

Hollywood Extra THEATRICAL COLD CREAM

Discovered and developed by motion-picture make-up experts! featured at all variety stores

only 35c FULL 1/2 LB

NEWS OF NATALIE—No doubt about it, the most popular young femme star in town these days is Natalie Wood; but recently Nat has narrowed her date list down almost exclusively to Scott Marlowe. However, don't hold your breath waiting for Miss Wood to marry or even to limit her dates to just one admirer. She admitted she'd be glad when Nick Adams came back from New York because he's "good for so many laughs." Nick returns for his first starring role, with John Derek, in "Showdown Creek." Incidentally, when Natalie celebrated her 18th birthday recently, she announced firmly that, contrary to reports, she was not leaving her parents' home to take an apartment of her own. She's planning on redecorating her very frilly Early American bedroom which had been done in pink, pink, pink—even to the phone—to "weird moderne," with black and red predominating. Real crazy. It's part of her glamour kick.

ANOTHER TONY—Among the male newcomers, Tony Perkins is cutting quite a swath, both professionally and socially. Any of you remember his dad, the late Osgood Perkins, that fine stage and screen actor? Tony is great as Gary Cooper's son in "The Friendly Persuasion" and now has the lead role in "The Jim Fiersall Story." Lean, lanky and 24 years old, Tony has definitely joined the ranks of the sought-after young bachelors. His favorite date used to be Elaine Aikey, but now he's switched to Norma Moon the 21-year-old "unknown" from New York TV signed to play opposite him in "T.J.P.S." They met for the first time on the sound stage but are parlaying their real romance into the real thing. They live within a block of each other, go to and from Paramount studio together—and have dates. Meantime, Elaine has switched her affections to Mark Damon.

TONY, THE FIRST—That other Tony so dear to the hearts of you fans—Curtis by name—gifted wife Janet Leigh will a diamond wrist watch for her birthday. On the back was engraved "From Kelly And Me." Kelly, of course, is the name of their baby daughter. But "Kelly And Me" is the name of a film just made by Tony's studio, U-I, in which Tony did not appear. It stars Van Johnson! Janet reports that you fans have been swamping her with gifts for Kelly. Just to keep things in the family, it seems now that Tony and Janet will co-star again in "Jada," to go before cameras around the end of this year.

WEDDING BELLS—Pretty Gloria Noble will undoubtedly be Mrs. Donald O'Connor by the time you read this. She continued on page 16

BREAK-UP of Elizabeth Taylor's marriage to Mike Wilding came as no great big surprise.

SMILING happily at hubby Al Steele, Joan Crawford shows skeptics how wrong they were.
FREE ART TALENT TEST

Find out—free—whether you have the natural talent for a money-making career in advertising art, illustrating or cartooning. Take this simple Talent Test at home, in your spare time. Test was developed by professional artists, to uncover new talent. Offered without cost or obligation. Mail the coupon today for your Test!

Above two pages show you two of the separate tests—you do any five of eight simple tests. Test No. 4 is on Fashion Art. You just draw a dress or costume on the model sketched for you. Test No. 5 is on Cartooning. Simply draw your own cartoon over the stick figures. Three well-known cartoonists used these same stick figures in the finished cartoons shown.

Art a good field to get into. Openings have increased about 50% in the last five years, says the head of a large employment agency. If you like to draw or sketch in your spare time, find out now—free—if you have talent worth training. Mail coupon for Talent Test today!

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County _______________________________ Occupation ____________________
HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

continued

and Don planned to wed months ago but then “The Buster Keaton Story” started sooner than expected and Don had time for nothing but work, work, work—picturing the dead-pant Keaton. It’s been the toughest picture Don ever made. Anyway, he’s bought a new home in the Hollywood Hills and confides it was “very possible” he and Gloria would say their vows as soon as the picture finished, and take a long honeymoon in Mexico.

MILES AHEAD—Vera Miles is a gal whose box-office stock is doing nothing but soaring; she’s signed for one picture after another and now is busy starring opposite Bob Hope in “Beau James.” Vera, you know, is married to Gordon “Tarzan” Scott and she’s getting a little weary of being called “Tarzan’s New Mate.” So when a crew member asked her the other day whether she carried or wore some good luck charm given her by Gordon, she answered blandly, “Yeah—an old leopard-skin loin cloth.” Sounds like the influence of Rapid Robert Hope, doesn’t it? Vera has to dance in this new picture and admits she’s “terrified at the prospect,” so she’s been studying and rehearsing like mad.

TWINS’ TRIBULATIONS—Pier Angeli and twin Marisa Pavan missed celebrating their recent mutual birthday together, only the second time this has happened in their 24 years. Marisa was honeymooning in Europe with groom Jean Pierre Aumont and Pier was busy here doing some TV appearances with husband Vic Damone. Now Pier goes to France to star in “The Vintage” and Vic must stay here for TV. And Marisa is in Hollywood making “The Eyes Of Father Tomasino” with Tony Curtis, while her Jean Pierre must stay in England for a film he’s doing there. These four just can’t seem to get together, at least not for long! Vic gave Pier the tiniest watch you ever saw as a birthday gift. It was on a bracelet but it’s so delicate Pier is afraid it would not take jarring so she’s having it mounted on a pin.

BIG HELLO—Rock and Phyllis Hudson thought they could sneak into Rome without any fanfare but they were fooled. Word had gone around Rome that Frank Sinatra was expected on a certain plane and the airport was jammed with crowds of press and fans waiting for Frankie. He wasn’t aboard but Rock and Phyllis were, so Fourth Estaters and fans gave all their attention and cheers to Rock—who also happens to be popular there. Rock writes that their trip to Italy and Africa is “just the greatest.”

’ROUND THE WORLD—Shirley MacLaine is hoping her baby will arrive soon enough so it will be possible for her to accept an invitation to attend the world premiere of “Around The World In 80 Days” in Moscow! Just about half-way round the world from home. Meantime her husband, Steve Parker, will be busy working on a picture in Japan. Will the family be scattered?

HYERS ON DISPLAY—With some time off between pictures and her beau half-way round the world (that would be George Nader, doing “Joe Butterfly” in Japan) Martha Hyer has hired herself to New York to brush up on her brush work. Yes, she’s sitting in on art classes back there. What’s more, two of her oils went on display in a New York art gallery. No one is likely to confuse Martha with Grandma Moses, either.

LAUREN BACALL
...as Lucy, who married too soon, loved too much...and gave up too easily!

NEW twosome (and what a handsome couple!)—Linda Darnell and pilot Robbie Robinson.
TREATY reunion was held by Rhonda Fleming and Dr. Lew Morrill, but it didn’t work out.

A person or in their paintings. But Dartha is doing very well with her palette and pigments. Besides, she’s so pretty!

DATA ON DATES—Tab Hunter’s favorite doll continues to be Jan Chaney, the cute dancer from Long Beach who’s getting a toe-hold (pun intentional) in films... Despite lunch dates at the MGM commissary with Leslie Nielsen, Diana Kash’s favorite dinner partner is still Marlon Brando... Ursula Andress and John Derek continue duo-ing, turned up at Disneyland in His and Her outfits.

BARY TALK—Julie Adams and Ray Banton, still insisting they don’t care whether their bambino is a boy or girl, aren’t buying any baby things in either blue or pink—all yellow! But it’s obvious they would be happy to be pappy of a boy; he’s gone in training for fatherhood, becoming an umpire for the Little League down at Malibu.

BIKINI GIRL—Joan Collins caused more than a little excitement down at Echo Rios in Jamaica while making Seawayfe.” In it she’s portraying a nun, but the weather was plenty hot and at the end of scenes Joanie would pull off her habit, under which she was wearing a Bikini bathing suit, and dash into the sun to cool off! Native report was that in Collins a Bikini looks great. The wolf whistles must have carried all the way to Hollywood, because her best beau, Arthur Loew Jr., plans to visit her in the British West Indies before she leaves.

ET THEM HAVE ART!—Russia’s top movie star, Irina Skobseva, said in a recent interview, “The sex appeal—it doesn’t count in Russia. It has nothing to do with art!”... But here, we still have that ole S.A. The Hollywood Bachelorettes, an organization of young stars and models, voted Gary Cooper top man in a list of the 10 most datable men in the world” because “he packs more sex into one ‘yup’ than most men get into a four-hour filibuster.” END

Choice of smart women the world over

Treat your eyes to

Color

new...

eye shadow stick

by Maybelline

in 5 lovely, iridescent, jewel-tone shades $1

Sapphire Blue + Amber Brown + Emerald Green + Blue Pearl Grey + Turquoise

Beautiful Gold-Tone Swivel Case

Fashion dictates that your eyes should be your most important feature—so you can bring out the color and clear look of your eyes by giving them a flattering background of eye shadow. It’s so easy with the new Maybelline Eye Shadow Stick. The shadow can be the merest whisper, if you so desire—but if you wish a more dramatic effect, especially for evening wear, simply intensify the color.

Maybelline Automatic Eyebrow Pencil

Never needs sharpening—the only spring-locked crayon that can’t fall out—gives soft feather-touch. Natural-tone shades:

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or Auburn. Exquisite turquoise and gold-tone case.

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The finest and smoothest mascara for long, velvety-dark lashes in seconds. Solid Form in gorgeous gold-tone

vanity case... or Cream Form in smart carry-kit.

$1.25

Maybelline Professional Eyelash Curler

Special soft-cushion method works gentler, quicker, easier. Gold-tone. It’s the finest precision-curler made. Cushion Refill, only 10c.

$1.00

Maybelline Precision Eyebrow Tweezers 29c

Tweeze with ease—these silvery tweezers are designed with the “grip that can’t slip.” Straight or slant-edge.

$0.29

Choice of smart women the world over
A SORT of brunette Grace Kelly, there's an indefinable aura of class about Dana Wynter that intrigued Greg the moment he first saw her.
She wouldn't give him her number, or

HOW DANA GOT HER MAN

A brushoff wasn't what much pursued Greg Bautzer expected, but it proved more potent than all the wiles of filmdom's famed beauties

"WHAT IN the world does Dana have that we don't have?" is a question many Hollywood glamour queens are asking themselves now that they've recovered from the shock that paralyzed them when a quiet beauty, Dana Wynter, won glittertown's most eligible bachelor, Greg Bautzer.

For years, Greg had been seriously dating one famous woman star after another. Almost every beauty he dated fell in love with him. Each, in turn, believed he would marry her, but not one was able to land him in her tender trap.

When you stop to think of it, it seems strange that for so many glamour girls, Greg has been IT.

He was the great love of Lana Turner's life, when she was America's hottest star, at the golden age of 16. Lana could have had any man in Hollywood at the time, but for three years, she would look at no one but Greg. Then they had a lover's quarrel, and purely on the rebound, Lana rushed into Artie Shaw's arms, and married him.

Before Lana, there was Dorothy Lamour, and after Lana, there was Ginger Rogers. Ginger confidently told her friends that she had met the most wonderful man she'd ever known, and that this time she was sure of her heart. But when Greg discovered that Ginger had set her heart on marriage, he broke off their romance abruptly.

Before she met Alfred Steele, Greg Bautzer was Joan Crawford's greatest love. But when Joan realized that she was just another theatre on the Bautzer circuit, she ended a romance that brought her both happiness and tears.

All her friends thought that Jane Wyman had finally found a safe harbor in Greg's arms. He found her company enchanting, but he never asked her to become Mrs. Bautzer.

No wonder, then, that with such a history behind him, Hollywood never expected a quiet, soft-spoken, cool girl to steal out of left field, to win the man who hadn't succumbed to any other woman's wiles.

Except for Lana Turner and a few others, most of the women in Greg's life were older than Dana (who is only 23), much more sophisticated, worldly-wise, and a bit more artificial.

continued on page 20
Nearly all of them were “managing” women. Now there’s nothing terribly wrong with a managing woman, if the man is the kind who likes or needs to be managed.

Charming as he is, Greg has the aggressiveness and drive that made him a prized member of a highly successful law firm. Such a man couldn’t be happy married to a dominating woman. His determination to run his own life is as much a part of him as the thoughtfulness, consideration and kindness about which his glamour girl friends have raved.

His best “out” with the bevy of beauties who pursued him was that he was not the marrying type.

And then he met Dana Wynter. Now Dana was originally known as “20th Century-Fox’s threat to Grace Kelly.” She is actually a sort of brunette Grace Kelly. She has the same quality of being a lady which enchanted Hollywood so in the case of Grace. She, too, comes from a fine family; is quiet, shy and reserved. But when you get to know her, the coolness melts, and you find that there’s a warm, enchanting girl behind the cool exterior. She is also extremely witty.

At the time Greg first met Dana, he was a legend to her. She had heard all about his reputation as a Casanova and was frankly very wary of him.

It happened about a year ago at a party given by Cobina Wright, famous Hollywood hostess.

Dana is exactly the kind of beauty to entrance a sophisticated man-about-town like Greg, and he fell for her immediately. To his amazement, when he asked for her telephone number, she stalled.

“Some other time,” she said, with her enchanting smile.

This in turn seemed to intrigue Greg all the more. He has always liked girls with that indefinable aura of class. And Dana certainly has it.

Put her in any room with a few dozen beauties, all dressed to their teeth in revealing gowns, and Dana, in a simple high-necked black dress, will make them all look as if they had been shopping in the bargain basement of Gimbel’s.

COMPLETELY fascinated by this girl—who certainly looked like the woman of his dreams—Greg hinted that no time was as good as that very moment, for giving him her phone number, or making a date.

So she let him have it, smilingly, out of both barrels. “Oh, yes, I forgot,” she said. “You’re the famous Greg Bautzer. No girl ever refuses you her phone number. You’re rich and you’re famous and you’re successful and you’re glamorous. Every girl loses her heart to you.”

“I almost forgot that script. But I don’t care for it particularly. It’s one part I’m not going to play. I’m sorry, Mr. Bautzer, but I think it’s the wrong role for me.”

She didn’t give him her phone number that day, or any other. He had to find it out for himself.

The much pursued Mr. Bautzer found himself on the other end of the hunting game. Possibly for the first time in his life, he had the exciting feeling of being the pursued, instead of the pursuer. A shy man may be flattered by having women chase him. Greg was sick to death of it. It took him four months to get a date with the lovely Dana.

“I thought he was spoiled,” she says today. “It shows how wrong a girl can be.”

Does it? Or does the remark show how blind love can be? Dana won Greg’s heart because she was so hard to capture. She gave him the thrill of pursuing her instead of the boredom of being pursued.

Greg is a wonderful suitor. Every glamour girl in Holly-

continued on page 23
What has Dana got that Greg couldn't find in other glamour girls?

Like all her predecessors, Dana's beautiful, exciting and talented, but it was her more subtle qualities that made Greg want to marry her.
In spite of her happiness in marriage, Dana

UNTIL Greg assured her that making a few pictures a year wouldn't hurt their marriage, Dana was all for giving up her promising career.
felt a wistful tug for the career she believed she was abandoning.

wood will admit that. It's not merely because he's handsome, cuts a fine figure, and is a successful lawyer. Greg has also discovered the best way to a woman's heart.

When he knew that Dana was going to Africa, 14,000 miles away, to get her parents' blessing on their forthcoming marriage, he found out exactly what her route would be. Then to every stopping point, he sent Dana two dozen red roses. He also phoned, wherever the plane stopped.

Also very significantly, when Dana arrived back in the U. S. from Africa, he hired a three-piece orchestra to meet her at the airport, and to play their favorite song, "I've Grown Accustomed To Your Face."

When she was working in the picture, "D-Day, The Sixth Of June," he sent a huge bouquet of roses— and tucked in the middle of them, a cute puppy. Before he ordered that puppy, he found out exactly what kind of puppies Dana likes.

What more could any woman in love want? No wonder Dana is floating on Cloud 7. She is completely enchanted with Greg. But will the qualities that made him such a wonderful suitor make him a great husband?

No wife of Greg's will ever have to worry about making last year's clothes do. And it took strength of character to resist all those women’s wiles used on him for years to bring him close to the marriage altar. In spite of his two earlier marriage mistakes, Greg reached emotional maturity, which enabled him to judge the qualities he needed in a woman.

As for tenderness, he has obviously learned how to mix sentiment with strength. No woman could complain on that.

The biggest problem is whether or not Greg will give his wife the companionship she needs. Men as successful as Greg sometimes devote too much time to their work, too little to their wives. But Greg has never been a one-sided person. He is as interested in swimming, golf and other outdoor sports as his beautiful wife. And he has always realized that no life is complete that is dedicated to the pursuit of money.

Is he the type of man who is more interested in the chase than in the achievement of marriage?

Only men who are emotionally insecure, say the psychologists, need to prove over and over again that they can win the love of many women.

Somehow, somewhere early in life, Greg must have felt like a rejected child, or he wouldn't have gone so many times through the very same script— wooing, winning, and leaving women who loved him. It could be that the women involved were completely wrong for him. It's also very possible that neither of the girls he married loved him as devastatingly and completely as the Wynter wonder.

DANA was willing to give up her career after she became Greg's wife. But surprisingly enough, she found that Greg didn't want her to make such a sacrifice. One evening, as she was telling him about something that had happened on the set of a picture, he noticed how happy and animated she looked as she talked.

Greg, whose knowledge of human nature has been sharpened through his many years as a lawyer, realized that Dana really cherished her work. And here she was willing to give it up because she thought he wanted her to.

So they had a frank talk. Out of it came the understanding that Dana could continue to make pictures, when she felt that she had been offered a good role. Greg had no objection to that.

He wants her to be happy, and knowing the Hollywood scene as well as he does, he realizes that Dana can make a couple of pictures a year without hurting their marriage.

Soon afterwards, MGM asked Dana to go to Africa to make "Something Of Value." Dana and Greg talked it over. Then Dana told MGM that she would make the picture only if her scenes could be shot in Hollywood. Some of the other members of the cast went to Africa on location, and exciting location shots were filmed, but Dana made her scenes in Hollywood, close to the hearthside and Greg.

A man of discrimination and good taste, Greg's a bit appalled at the legend he's created. Once it was fun, when he was younger, to be known as the man who'd put stars in Lana Turner's eyes, or caused Joan Crawford's heart to flutter.

But he is embarrassed by that kind of publicity now, and eager to settle down. Of course, he is not the kind of person who reaches for his carpet slippers the moment he comes home. Instead, you are very apt to find the distinguished-looking Mr. Bautzer, with his hair graying slightly at the temples, side by side at the swankiest premiers and parties with a radiant Dana.

It will be interesting to see how this marriage works out. Dana obviously believes she is the luckiest girl in Hollywood, and that the bloom will never wear off the rose for her.

A love such as this deserves a love as ardent, as complete, and as overpowering in return. Though Greg has always been expert in his romantic gestures, he has never been hit so hard by love before. Perhaps, because of the warmth of her gentle, patrician personality, Dana will be able to make a success of her marriage to the man in Hollywood whom so many women pursued—and whom only one won.
"HE'S one of the nicest, most informal fellows I've ever met," says Vera Wright, a waitress. And Virginia Leith apparently feels the same way.
BOB WAGNER:

As others see him

Five people who know him well pull no punches when they describe the real Bob Wagner

By PEER J. OPPENHEIMER

IT'S DIFFICULT, if not impossible, to interview an actor and get a true picture of what he is like. To find out what other people think of him is a much better way to get to know him. For this reason, I have talked to five people who are associated with Bob Wagner in various capacities.

Each of them took a different, if equally frank, approach when asked what they thought of Bob. Their combined opinions give a more complete, composite picture of Bob than this reporter has been able to get in the past five years.

This is what Vera Wright, a waitress at Armstrong-Schroeder Restaurant in Beverly Hills, has to say about Bob:

"No one at the restaurant ever calls him 'Mr. Wagner.' Usually it's 'Bob,' sometimes we call him 'Lover Boy,' or anything else that comes to our minds. I don't think we could get away with that with many customers!

"Bob is one of the nicest, most informal fellows I've ever met. He also has a good appetite, and is easy to please. Quite often when I ask him what he wants for breakfast, he says, 'Anything, Vera ...' and leaves it up to me to decide on the menu.

"He is a very talkative person, but pleasantly so. We'll discuss anything from football games to the weather,

but unless I bring up his career, he never mentions it.

"Typical of Bob is the niceness with which he signs autographs. He seems personally interested in everyone who walks up to the table, and always asks them questions about themselves. He has never been rude to anyone, no matter how much time they took, or how much in a hurry he happened to be.

"I can vouch for his interest in others by my own experience. Almost every day he asks about my children. What's more, he does it in a manner that makes me enjoy talking to him about them, or anything else."

Ernest Tarrin, his tailor, sees more in Bob than just another customer.

"Bob Wagner is a prince of a man, and I'm not just saying it because he sends me a Christmas present every year. In my business a fellow runs across all sorts of people. It's easy to tell what they're like, because they don't consider it necessary to put on an act. They are primarily interested in getting well-fitting clothes.

"I first met Bob about six years ago at 20th Century-Fox when I made the outfits for one of his pictures. Soon after, he came to the shop my partner and I own to get some suits

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for himself. It didn't take me long to find out four things: He is easy to fit. He pays his bills promptly. He has a lot of patience when it comes to fittings—and he knows exactly what he wants when he comes in.

"In the past four years I have made more than 50 suits for him, and although Bob has become my best publicist—he has sent me many new customers—I've never been able to talk him into anything he didn't want in the first place!

"Bob is a gentleman, all the way. I can tell by his manners, his bearing, and his true consideration for others.

"I'll never forget the day he came in to order a tuxedo for the gala opening of his picture, 'Prince Valiant.'

"I had always wanted to go to a premiere, but somehow never had the chance. How do you go about getting tickets for such an affair?" I asked him.

"'You mean you want to go, Ernie?'

"'I'd like to, very much.'

"Three nights later, my partner and I and our wives were the unexpected guests of Bob at the opening of his picture.

"'See why I say he's a prince of a man?'

Edward Dmytryck, director of "Broken Lance" and "The Mountain," predicted a great future for Bob when discussing the young star.

"Bob Wagner has great possibilities as an actor. I base this
PARTICULARLY his voice has developed a great deal. It had a tendency to become high-pitched when he was supposed to get 'excited,' something which happens to most young actors. For that reason, I made him speak more quietly throughout 'Broken Lance.' After the picture was finished, I advised him to work on his voice and suggested that he do a lot of reading out loud—newspapers, books, scripts, letters, anything. Apparently he did, because a tremendous change in his voice, and also in his self-confidence, had taken place by the time we went into 'The Mountain.'

'It's impossible to teach someone to act. All a director can do is get the best performance that's within a person. I feel that Bob did so well, and will do even better in the future, because he was 'believable.' Just how far he will get someday depends on how his personality develops. However, there's little doubt in my mind that he has all the potentialities of a top star in the John Wayne category.'

Bill Belasco, a close pal of Bob's own age who's known him a long time, gives a surprisingly different picture of his friend:

"A few weeks ago when I met Bob for breakfast at Armstrong-Schroeder's, he was so sleepy when he walked into the restaurant that I feared he'd run straight into the counter. Somehow he made it to our table, flopped down, and with tremendous effort kept his eyes open, longing for the cup of coffee that would pep him up. The time was seven a.m.

"About 60 seconds later, a beautiful blonde walked into the restaurant. My pal's head flipped around so fast, I thought it would fly right off his shoulders! 'Wow!' he burst out appreciatively, his eyes full of admiration. I've never seen anyone wake up that quickly. The waitresses, who must have seen this reaction before, laughed good-naturedly. Undoubtedly they recognized the wolf in him a long time ago!

"Yet while Bob thoroughly enjoys the company of, or just looking at, beautiful women, I don't think he'll get married for at least another four or five years. Partly because he's having too much fun being single (he may not even admit this to himself), and also because at this stage of his life, his career takes most of his attention. That's why in the past, whenever a 'romance' started getting serious, Bob managed to break it off right away, for the girl's sake as well as for his own.

"Because Bob himself is so sensitive, he is more concerned..."
"Bob has all the potentialities of a top star"

"THE MOUNTAIN": Spencer Tracy and Bob Wagner, portraying brothers, one good, the other evil, battle in climax of Paramount film.
than most people with the feelings of others. This has developed into the type of considerateness one rarely finds anymore. In all the years I've known him, I have never seen him slight a single person.

"Being around Bob is never dull. He's always full of ideas on how to get the most out of life. Like the Sunday morning his phone call awakened me at six a.m. 'Can you be ready to leave at seven?'"

"What for?" I asked sleepily.

"Go to Newport Beach. I want to buy a speedboat . . ."

'It was Sunday, the sun was shining, just the drive down promised to be fun. 'All right, I'll be ready.'

Actually, Bob had played around with the idea for a couple of years. But it only took a spur of the moment decision for him to really do something about it.

"After looking around all morning he found a sleek, 26-foot craft, and an hour later we were racing toward Catalina. That evening, when we pulled back into the mainland dock, he was as excited about it as a kid with his first Christmas present.

"He would have bought the boat—if his business manager had let him. He didn't."

"By the way, he's fortunate to have such a careful business manager. With his generosity he'd be stone broke, if someone didn't hold him back."

Harry Mines, a unit man on "The Mountain," has grown fond of Bob in spite of some faults of his.

"When you go on location with a fellow for a couple of months, you're bound to get to know him well. I certainly did when I accompanied Bob to Europe for 'The Mountain.'"

"During that time, I became a fan of his, just like the young man who came to Chamonix (France) all the way from England, to meet him.

"The moment Bob heard about this fellow, he immediately invited him to the hotel for dinner, and the next morning asked if he wanted to come up with us on location—on a rugged ledge about five thousand feet above town.

"His visitor accepted enthusiastically.

"During the three days the fellow stayed with us, Bob included him in all our activities, treated him like a brother."

"Among Bob's traits is the one that stood out most to me was his closeness to his family—noticeable even with seven thousand miles between them.

"At first, with mail from home delayed, Bob was upset and worried when he didn't hear from them. The change in him when the letters started to arrive was apparent to all of us. And the presents he bought for them before we returned home would have filled Grand Central Station.

I was surprised to discover quite a sentimental streak in Bob. When we went to Geneva, he insisted on visiting a certain hotel solely because his parents happened to have stayed there once. We kidded him about it mercilessly.

"Luckily he has a sense of humor, although he vowed. 'I'll never do that again!'

"Like everybody, Bob has his faults, too. Yet the only one I know of that amounts to anything is a certain amount of absent-mindedness, caused by a drive to do too many things at the same time."

"Take the day he called me at the office, 'Can you come over right away? I want to talk over something important.'

"Ten minutes later, I walked into his dressing room. No sooner had I closed the door, when Bob suddenly remembered, 'Have to go upstairs for a sunlamp, Harry. I'll be back in five minutes. Make yourself comfortable . . .!'"
As the floozy entertainer in "Bu Stop," Marilyn gyrates in a dance number that is the most

HILDEGARDE was never like this when she sang "That Old Black Magic." Marilyn adds a little magic of her own to the number.

LUSTY attack is Marilyn's approach to the dance. In this scene, cowboy Don Murray spots MM for first time, decides to lasso her.
and Roll!

**EVEN ELVIS** Presley seems tame by comparison as Marilyn warms up. "Bus Stop" is MM's first picture since her year-long sojourn in New York.

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After her dance, a weary

IS IT OVER, Marilyn seems to be asking as crewman shouts "Cut!"
Exhausted, she plaps down in canvas chair for a breather (below).
Marilyn retires to the background to catch her breath, dream a bit.
JEFF CHANDLER:

Love that ball and chain!

Behind a curtain of deliberate incommunicado, herewith pierced, Jeff has been making like an honest-to-goodness homebody

By MARK DAYTON

L'AMOUR is busting out all over at the Chandlers these days. Mrs. Chandler, case you didn't know, is the former Marjorie Hoshelle.

OUTSIDE Jeff Chandler's hillside white colonial home in fashionable Westwood all was idyllic. A vagrant breeze swept down from the nearby Pacific and caused a pleasant rustling among the trees. Birds were chirping happily, and there was the sound of an energetic power mower from a neighbor's lawn. There was no hint of the turbulent scene being enacted inside.

Mary, the housekeeper, stormed into the Chandler living room with distress signals flying.

"I'm sorry to disturb you, Mr. Chandler," she announced ominously, "but she blew her top again!"

"Not again!" Jeff grumbled as he gathered himself up from the couch where he had been comfortably stretched out. A look of resolution crusted his bronzed face, and grim purpose narrowed his usually friendly brown eyes. He swept past the wide-eyed housekeeper, and a moment later he stomped out of his workshop clutching a hammer and a wrench in his hand.

"This time," he said tightly, his curly head of iron hair still mussed from his abruptly interrupted repose, "I'll fix her for good!"

The malevolent vow, to be sure, was not directed at Mrs. Chandler. It was, in fact, another good humored measure of the happy domesticity in which the affable Mr. Chandler has fallen since he kissed and made up with his strikingly attractive wife, the former Marjorie Hoshelle.

Actually, the erratic female who was blowing her top was the Chandler washing machine. It kept coming off every time the harassed housekeeper turned the switch on a load of wash. And Jeff, who is a do-it-yourself addict—provided you can't get anyone else to do it for you—went at it with dispatch, and anchored the lid so that it no longer took off like an unidentified flying object.

Whatever grumbling may accompany Jeff's odd chores around the house merely masks the pleasure they afford him. Doing things around the house was one of the myriad prosaic joys of life that Jeff missed during his unhappy sabbatical from marriage. Home is where he is not an alien, and he loves the familiar noises and exertions which signify that the situation is normal and not fouled up in his cherished, if unspectacular, private world.

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DOMESTICATED Jeff says he'd like Congress to legislate a 36-hour day so he can have more time to spend at home with his family.
Behind a curtain of deliberate incommunicado, Jeff has been living a fruitful, contented existence with the wife and two daughters who are the objects of his stoical, albeit deep, affection. One of the reasons for the blackout on news from the Chandler hearth stems from his conviction that happy marriage is something you live, not something you issue communiques about. Jeff adamantly declines to run off at the mouth about his personal well being, and he shrinks from saccharine contemplation of the serenity that is so apparent in his manner.

When Jeff finally consented to break his silence on his home life for me, he discussed it with the careless banter that bespeaks a secure marriage. He did not weigh his words carefully, as if he were fearful the first stiff breeze would blow over his rapport with Marge. He had played poker the evening before—the night out he gets once every two weeks—with some of the boys, and he quipped:

"I found it difficult to play. My hands felt so strange and light without the chains on."

I implored Jeff to tell me about himself and Marge, and instead of gushing forth with a gooey treatise on the joys of wedded bliss, he said, "We hate each other."

"Don't expect me not to quote you," I taunted him. And he replied, "I'll say it was a lie."

No such denial will be necessary. Jeff and Marge were never
Jeff's home life, but those little strips of film pay the gas bills

IT'S LIKE THIS, Jeff says: "Every day is a series of contests, and happiness comes from accepting that you can't win them all."
CARROLL BAKER:

SHE’S
NO BABY DOLL

Unlike the childlike creature she portrays in her first starring role, Carroll had to grow up fast to make good

ELIA KAZAN has found a new face. The director who took Marlon Brando, Eva Marie Saint and Jimmy Dean out of obscurity and made their names known the world over is gambling now on a completely unknown girl to carry his new movie, "Baby Doll," to fortune. Her name is Carroll Baker, and if Kazan is at all nervous about entrusting the title role in a million-dollar production to a nobody, on him it looks good. "Carroll's going to make a terrific splash," he says very confidently.

Like most of the Kazan discoveries, Carroll doesn't conform at all to Hollywood's idea of what a star should be. She doesn't even live in Hollywood. Home is New York, and Carroll flies away home when the last take at the studio is done. She doesn't wear glamour make-up or a star's wardrobe or even nail polish. She talks admiringly of naturalness and simplicity, and is relieved that her hair can be its natural brown shade now that "Baby Doll"—for which she had to dye it blonde—is over.

Despite big money offers, she has refused to tie herself to exclusive long-term contracts with any company. She insists she will do only roles that stimulate her, and turned down the chance to make her screen debut in leading roles in "Rebel Without A Cause" and "Daddy Long Legs." Just before Baby Doll," she took a relatively small supporting part in "Giant" because she thought she could learn from its brilliant director, George Stevens.

"Giant" opens in November, a few weeks after "Baby Doll." With two big movies about to break and her stock rising, one might expect Carroll to be pushing hard to assure her future—pushing into her next film, arguing for the bigger and better deal, ambitiously pursuing the publicity and the melange necessary to a star's buildup. But, with cool disregard for the conventions, Carroll is in quiet retirement at the moment, awaiting her first baby, due in December. Carroll doesn't talk about her marriage, "I feel that's my life—and acting is my work. I'm interested in doing good creative things, but I want to save a life of my own. I don't want to be completely involved in my career. If you're having a baby and are not available, there's nothing anybody can do, you're just not available."

"Actually," adds Carroll's husband, the up-and-coming young Broadway director, Jack Garfein, "you can't grow as an artist if you are consumed by your career, if you push human experience away from you. Life enriches your art." Carroll agrees with a rueful smile. "Oh boy," she says, "I sure know how to play a pregnant woman now. I certainly know the different moods and feelings you go through."

Those who are close to Carroll believe that her profound regard for marriage, the home, the family and the stability they stand for comes in large part from the fact that there was little stability in her own childhood. The marriage of her parents, William and Virginia Baker, broke up in 1948 when Carroll was 16. "They hadn't gotten along for many years," Carroll recalls, "and it finally came to the breaking-point. There was no special reason I could put my finger on, like another woman. But it wasn't a friendly separation."

Even in its earliest years, there was little foundation in Carroll's life. Born in Johnstown, Pa., Carroll was taken away from it as a baby by her father's work as a traveling salesman. "I remember when I was six we lived in Wheeling, West Virginia. I went to first grade there. At eight, we went to

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BABY DOLL warms up to Eli Wallach in scene from film.
Carroll belongs to the same school of earthy portrayals as Marlon Brando, Eva Marie Saint and the late Jimmy Dean

live in New York for a while, and then near Newark, New Jersey, for about six months. All this moving around was very difficult because of my schooling.“

From New Jersey, the Bakers went to Greensburg, Pa., in the coal mining area, and that was “wonderful,” says Carroll, “because I was there the rest of my school days and you could say I had a normal life in high school.” With the marriage of her parents disintegrating steadily, Carroll turned her mind to high school activities. “In my senior year our drum major left school and they let me lead the band. They gave me a whistle and I could tell the band where to go. So after school we marched up and down all the hills of Greensburg. Then there were the games out of town the band had to go to, and school dances, and club meetings two evenings a week, and I was secretary of the student council. I was crowned football queen in my senior year. I was attendant to the May queen—no, I didn’t make May queen—and I danced in all the school operettas. I was one of the big wheels at school. It was a way of not being at home. And I saw to it that I got home as little as possible.”

WHEN her parents called an end to their marriage and Mrs. Baker went to live in Florida, Carroll stayed behind with her grandmother to finish her senior year at high school. Her grandmother, a seamstress, kept after Carroll’s father for money to pay for the dancing lessons Carroll loved.

It was the dancing that eventually started Carroll toward theatrical success. After graduating from Greensburg High in 1949, she joined her mother and younger sister in Florida and enrolled in St. Petersburg Junior College. “But after I was there just a few weeks,” Carroll says, “someone heard I danced and I was invited to perform at the Florida Citrus Growers Association convention. They loved my dancing and everyone made a fuss over me. There are so many conventions in Florida every week I was soon traveling all over, and I just couldn’t keep up school. My mother was heartbroken but I liked dancing and I began to make money.”

At one convention Carroll met a retired magician who taught her his act—picking sparkling jewels out of people’s ears—and got her an audition at Radio City Music Hall in New York. “The idea was that if I got a job at the Music Hall, I would pay him for the act,” Carroll says. “I was doing so well in Florida, I thought I would burn up New York. My mother financed the trip, poor woman. At the audition I sort of waltzed around and then reached up in air and brought forth a jewel. The man said, ‘The act is just beautiful, but have you any idea how big the Music Hall is? They’ll never see your act in the last row.’”

Disappointed but eager to stay in New York, Carroll began the dismal round of job-hunting. Only a couple of dancing jobs in out-of-town clubs came her way. She sought work as a dancer on TV; no one hired her to dance, but she did land walk-ons and bits on dramatic shows, and did commercials and weather reporting. TV drama reawakened a childhood interest in acting that Carroll had suppressed through the years.

“It started very young, my thinking about acting,” Carroll says. “I used to stand on a chair before the medicine chest and act and feel sorry for myself.”

Wanting to develop as an actress, Carroll applied for membership in the renowned Actors’ Studio, which counts Marlon Brando, Julie Harris and many more among its students. Climbing six flights of stairs to the Studio’s Manhattan headquarters, she was greeted by a young director who was doing volunteer work in the Studio office. Carroll was rejected by

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PETULANCE, sulkiness and wistfulness are among the many moods conveyed by Carroll in “Baby Doll.” Remind you of Marlon Brando?

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LOVE finally comes to Baby Doll in the person of Eli Wallach, business rival of her husband (Karl Malden), whom she loathes.

the studio, but she made a big hit with the young man—Jack Garfein. Both broke, both in love with the theatre, they scorned the obvious places for dates, like night clubs and elegant dining places. Instead, they would read plays together and talk them over, always wanting to learn. Carroll also studied in the classes of the renowned teacher, Lee Strasberg, and was later admitted to the Actors’ Studio.

When Carroll got her first big job on TV on "The Web," Hollywood offers began coming in. When she scored a personal hit in a Broadway failure, "All Summer Long," in the fall of 1954, there were more Hollywood propositions. Carroll turned them all down. "I wasn’t ready to take a big plunge like signing a movie contract. Besides, I knew enough to know the first movie one makes is very important. So I said, ‘Send me scripts and we’ll see.’"

On April 3, 1955, Carroll and Jack were married in Lee Strasberg’s home in New York. "Carroll made her own wedding dress," Jack tells people proudly. "I had no formal lessons in sewing," says Carroll, "but I had watched my grandma for years. I told Jack we couldn’t afford to buy a dress, so I bought the material and rented a sewing machine, and on the morning of the wedding I was still sewing. I carried the dress over to the Strasberg apartment, and while people were walking around with trays of hors d’oeuvres, I
Carroll says, "I feel that marriage is my life—and acting is my work"

was standing in the kitchen, breathlessly pressing my dress.
Jack and Carroll took up married life in a small, fourth-floor walk-up apartment in a brownstone house. Three weeks after the wedding Carroll was on her way west to act the daughter of Rock Hudson and Elizabeth Taylor in "Giant." Jack spent a good deal of time watching George Stevens shoot "Giant" in Texas and Hollywood, and was also with Carroll when Elia Kazan shot "Baby Doll" in Mississippi—two experiences that helped him enormously when he recently directed his first movie, "End As A Man."

DIRECTOR Kazan thought Carroll right for "Baby Doll" because "she's nice and sweet in her face, but she's sexy and ambitious." But to Carroll the character of Baby Doll Meighan seemed "so strange, so weird. I wanted to make her a human being, but it all seemed so far-fetched—a girl of 18 in a small Mississippi town who sleeps in a baby's crib, sucks her thumb and adores ice cream cones.

"I talked to Kazan and he said, 'I can't tell you anything, but why don't you come down to Mississippi a few weeks early, talk to the townspeople and see?' I did that, and I saw that there are women like this who are perpetually encouraged to live a helpless, childlike existence.

"I met one woman who was 80. She was dressed in baby blue, had her white hair in a pompadour, wore rings, earrings, brooches, high heels, and obviously a very tight corset because she sat so erect. She said to me, 'Dahlin', come over here, ah haven't talked to you yet.' I went over and sat at her feet. 'Sometimes,' she said, 'marriage is a fifty-fifty proposition, but not in my case. In my case, ah was always my daddy's baby. My daddy called me baby doll, he didn't expect me to do anything, just to be pretty when he came home. There wasn't a thing ah wanted he didn't buy me. He was just the grandest daddy that ever lived. And to this day ah can't step into a kitchen. Ah'd be helpless.' And even now her five children treat her like a baby doll. They fuss over her, they baby her."

Through such encounters, Carroll found herself able to play "Baby Doll" with assurance. And Kazan proved his admiration for her work by signing her for a second movie. Carroll has also agreed to make four more movies for Warner Bros. during the next six years. Meanwhile, she and Jack have moved out of their brownstone and into a Manhattan apartment large enough to accommodate the baby that is coming. Hollywood will see Carroll again, but only at work. Doesn't Carroll like Hollywood? Her answer sums up her approach to life. "I liked it when Jack was there. When he wasn't there, I didn't like it."
MONTY CLIFT:

WOMAN HATER OR FREE SOUL?

Still a bachelor at 35, Monty's
FRIENDSHIP with Liz Taylor, begun when both starred in "A Place In The Sun," may grow warmer during filming of "Raintree County."

reluctance to wed is one of the most intriguing riddles of our time

By BILL TUSHER

IT'S NOT that he hates women, or that he even hates the idea of marriage," a Hollywood confidant of Montgomery Clift assured me, displaying tolerant amusement at the suggestion that his fascinating but baffling friend might be of the few authentic Hollywood enigmas extant. "It's just that he loves his freedom."

Is Monty Clift's marathon escape from the tentacles of matrimony really that easily explained, or is his buddy's bland analysis of his protracted bachelor status a sweeping oversimplification that fails to take into consideration hidden frustrations and uncertainties in the Clift personality?

Is it likely that Clift, a full-grown man pushing 36, has never known the loneliness and rudderless feeling that impels marital holdouts many years his junior toward the altar? Or is it more likely that Clift has clung to his freedom not as an end itself, but as an alternative to compromising on the lofty standards he has set for the anointment of any fortunate damsels as his bride?

As Clift passes up life, is he running the risk of allowing life to pass him by? Has he set for himself an unattainable ideal in a woman which is destined to commit him to spend out the remainder of his years in solitude?

As Montgomery Clift lay in a Cedars of Lebanon Hospital bed in Hollywood, in the wake of his near fatal auto accident outside Elizabeth Taylor's home, these are questions about himself and his future that he—as well as his understandably concerned friends—might well have pondered.

Much is unknown about Montgomery Clift, to be sure. In his passion for privacy, he has seen to that. Yet much that is significant is known about him. Universal-International

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JOAN COLLINS: The Opposite Sex

The musical version of MGM's sophisticated comedy, "The Women," is given an extra dash of spice by sultry Joan Collins.

EXOTICALLY clad Joan, often referred to as Britain's sexiest export, has that incendiary look even when relaxing between scenes.

LAVISH praise is heaped on Joan by producer Joe Pasternak, who's delighted with her work, especially in the Calypso number.
AS A SEXY showgirl in this satire on the female of the species, Joan wows 'em on-stage and woos other women's husbands off-stage.

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FAVORITE tropical fruit is lauded by Joan as she sings “Dere’s Yellow Gold In De Trees."

DISCUSSING her big scene in "The Opposite Sex" with Director David Miller, Joan switches to heavy drama next in 20th’s "Seawyfe."
Entertainment, Calypso style, as done by Joan, is flora and fun-a
Never one to mince words, Bob answers a few pointed questions in his usual earthy way so—just watch out, brother

By DICK PINE

FOR SOME reason there has, for years, been an aura of mystery around Bob Mitchum and this, when you come to think of it, is rather strange, since Bob has been right here in plain sight all the time—sometimes even in unwanted limelight—but working at his trade, turning in performances which are almost as enthusiastically admired by other actors as those of that other actors’ idol, Spencer Tracy.

Legends have sprung up about him. Stories are told by one person who is close to him, only to be flatly denied by someone else who claims to know him better. Mitchum knows this and is puzzled as to why it should be. “I don’t hide from anyone,” he draws. “I haven’t tried to create any mystery. How does this stuff start, anyhow?”

So we suggested that he play one of our pet games, “True or False?” with us and try to set the record straight on some of these matters. He agreed, if we would agree not to ask him to pull his punches. And here we are:—

Q. True or false, that you, like Humphrey Bogart, deserve the title of “one of Hollywood’s bad boys?”

A. If Bogart deserves the title, then so do I. That bum is already an Oscar up on me and I refuse to allow him an exclusive on further distinctions! If I have that title, I probably earned it, as he did, by refusing to answer reporters’ idiotic questionnaires—like this one! It’s no secret that both Bogart and I have occasionally kicked over a trace or two.

Q. True or false, that you have said you are really “a Bohemian at heart” and inclined to resist formality, discipline or regimentation?

A. False—I think. Someone has put words into my mouth here. (That old legend thing, again!) I have never claimed to be a “Bohemian,” don’t know where the heck Bohemia is, certainly can’t speak the language and I’m sure I haven’t heard the term since I was a sophomore in high school.

But if you mean, do I like to think of myself as an uninhibited “free soul”—sure! Don’t we all? Free of all the silly conventions and restrictions of ordinary living. They’re not for us! The exclusive us!

But—don’t we all make concessions? And enjoy them? I do and sometimes I’m very pleased about it. The formality kick, for instance. I can kick—and I do, violently—at the idea, but the fact is that sometimes I like to get into white tie and tails and go to a big, fancy shindig where everyone, including me, puts on his formal manners along with a stiff shirt front.

At home I’m the sloppy type, in both manners and dress. Slacks, blue jeans, an old, tired jacket and manners to fit,

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MAKE-UP man applies some eyebrow pencil before Bob goes on set. "It's no secret that I've kicked over a trace or two," Bob says.
"I'm rather slow to anger," Bob says, "but once I've blown my top, I never regret it"

that's me. You know, it's a very funny thing about clothes...

"Hey!" we interrupted. "Clothes come later. Just now we're on the social whirl—remember?"

Q. True or false that you don't like anything about it, that you hate parties?

A. False. I'm very fond of some parties—only I like them at other people's houses. Not mine. Parties at my own house are so darned exhausting ahead of time, at least for me. I feel such an outsider! We usually give parties when I'm not working and for days the house is filled with worried voices. "Can the caterer really handle all these people?" "Will one bartender be enough?" "Will we need extra chairs or dishes—and what about the flowers?" "How in the world will we manage parking space for that many cars?"

No one ever consults me about these things and if I show my face at all, I feel like some unpleasant thing "underfoot" which should be shoved under a mat. There is no very good place to hide at our house and I can only hope that, like a tonsillectomy, the thing will soon be over.

If I'm sounding extra bitter about this, it's because I am. There's a big party brewing at my house at this very moment and I hate to go home. When the thing actually comes off, I'll probably enjoy it. I can come out of hiding and see some people I like. But I still say that the thing to do is rent a place like Ciro's and let them hide under things. I guess I'm not the hospitable type.

Q. True or false, that you are inclined to be haphazard about your personal appearance?

A. Oh, yes. Clothes. True, I guess, although I don't know exactly why. I'm told I don't think about them enough, although I find I think about them more now than I used to do before I had to make so many personal appearances. They seem to have become a part of my job recently, which makes them more important.

I find that I like good clothes and when I go to a tailor and order two or three suits and some jackets and so on, I some-

"BANDIDO": Bob portrays an American soldier of fortune in Mexico around 1916 in his latest film. Ursula Thiess co-stars with him.

BETWEEN scenes of the film, which was shot on location in Mexico, Bob and his co-actors watched fishermen set nets, got their feet wet.
MICHUM on Bohemianism: "I've never claimed to be a 'Bohemian,' don't know where the heck Bohemia is, don't speak the language."

how get the idea that this is it. I've bought enough clothes to last for years. In the back of my mind, I think "forever."

The last time I really bought suits, I'm told, was in 1952. Recently a tux I had been using on personal appearances developed a rip and I dropped into a Hollywood tailor's to have it repaired. I found I had been followed by my wife, Dorothy, and my secretary, Reva Fredericks, bent on bullying me into ordering some new garments. So I did. Hah! You just know I did, with those women tailing me! I don't mind the new stuff at all and I'm looking forward to a long, peaceful period of not thinking about such things.

However, with all the personal appearances I've been making, I've discovered something about myself and clothes. I can buy a carefully custom-tailored outfit which would make another man rival Adolphe Menjou in appearance. I believe "impeccable" is the word generally used to describe such male fashion plates. On me, the suit looks—well—sort of as if it had been tossed at me and I hadn't quite caught it. One of the kindest things ever said about my ability to wear clothes was "Mitchum has the knack of making almost anything, even the most formal attire, look casual!" That's a knack?

Q. Let's digress for a moment. True or false, that you have declared war on all the scandal magazines... not merely on the one which attacked you, personally? Is this a crusade?

A. True. And I feel this very deeply. I feel that it is high time that the inadequate laws governing libel in this country be held up for public examination... and I am willing to do my bit to see that they are, before you and you and you who read this become victims of the scavengers, the destroyers, too. I hadn't thought of it as a "crusade." I had just thought of it as something that needed to be done. But "crusade" is as good a word as any, if it will help.

Q. True or false, that you are a very quick-tempered guy and inclined to pop off at the wrong moments? Do you ever regret these outbursts?

A. False. Contrary to what I think most people believe, I am rather slow to anger. I am likely to do a slow burn. Then I simmer and if I simmer long enough and enough fuel is added, I really blow up like an untended pressure cooker. I'm told that I get pretty spectacular at long last. As to the second part of that question, once I've blown my top, I never regret it. I stand by it, as blown.

If you really want to see me in a bad temper, you should drop around at my house almost any day during the summer "tourist season." That's when the big busses bring visitors from everywhere to look at "the homes of the stars."

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"MARISA is wonderfully womanly," says Jean Pierre.
Frenchman’s Chick

Marisa and Jean Pierre come from different worlds entirely, but the bonds that unite them are strong and sure

WHEN Marisa Pavan and Jean Pierre Aumont were married at Santa Barbara last March 27th, Hollywood uttered a shocked and concerted, “Oh, NO! It just won’t do!”

“They haven’t known one another long enough—he is too old for her—their points of view are too different—her upbringing has been too strict. He is of the theatre, a cosmopolite, a sophisticated man of the world. She is a child who has been sheltered, protected, chaperoned. She simply doesn’t know how a man like Jean Pierre lives and thinks and she will be upset and bewildered when she finds out. He will be disappointed when he learns how inexperienced she really is. It simply won’t work!”

Won’t it? Well, let’s see. Let’s give the doubts their say, and a very convincing say it is, too. Then let’s see what we can learn about how Marisa and Jean Pierre feel about all this and how things are working out for them. Are they so different, after all? And is their adjustment to be as difficult as it might seem at first glance? What did they see in each other which made them so sure, after so short a time, that they were right for one another?

Now, Jean Pierre is distinctly a “grown-up person” by anyone’s standards, as the doubters have pointed out. A mature man who was married to one of the world’s most beautiful women, Maria Montez, who died tragically in her bath in 1951, leaving him with a lovely little daughter. He is a cosmopolite and an extremely talented and versatile person who has written sophisticated plays as well as appearing in them. He has been a soldier, an adventurer and world traveler. Besides all that, he exudes a dashing Gallic charm which has made him wistfully remembered by many a lovely lady in the capitals of Europe as well as America.

He has always, he says, “preferred mature women” and he has proved it by siring such beauties as Marlene Dietrich and Barbara Stanwyck on occasion. He caused a small flurry at one time with his attentions to Grace Kelly.

But this monument of male attractiveness did not treat Marisa “like a child” when they met at the studio where they were both working. He paid her the courtly tributes he might have paid a duchess.

“Marisa,” he explains, seriously, “is not a child. She has a depth and maturity that other people have never noticed, partly because they lacked the perception and partly because she has a deep reserve, a capacity for withdrawal into herself in order to be herself. This is not shyness. This is real self-

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By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

HONEYMOONERS look the part at villa on Isle of Ischia between Naples and Capri. Marriage has made the once shy Marisa bloom.
Despite the skeptics, Marisa and Jean know

**ADMIRATION** for her Gallic husband shows clearly in Marisa's dark eyes. In Jean Pierre, she found at last a man who understood her.
they're right for each other

possession. No, indeed, Marisa is not childish. She is wonderfully, satisfyingly womanly."

And Marisa, whose dates had been the carefully chaperoned ones in Europe with one or two "boys" of her own age and a few more relaxed ones in Hollywood with such light-hearted young men as Dick Egan and Arthur Lowe, Jr., responded like a flower in the sun to this discerning and sympathetic approach. Here, she must have thought, was at last a "grown-up" who understood her!

Certainly he understood her acting talent. "She has great size and depth," he commented. He appreciated and understood her somewhat faltering efforts at painting and sculpture. "Her talent is latent, but it is there," he smiled. And their love of music and similar tastes about it created a strong bond between them. That makes for many hours of shared pleasure.

He was delighted when he learned that she designed most of her own clothes and had them made up by her own dressmaker. "The girl has the same flair that clever Frenchwomen have," he nodded. But he disapproved, and said so, of Marisa's teen-aged habit of going shopping in slacks, sweaters and no stockings. These days when Mrs. Aumont goes even as far as the corner drugstore, she is an immaculate little fashion-plate, just as her husband wants her to be.

WHEN Marisa created a slight sensation by appearing at a party or two and a premiere with her hair slicked everely back from a face almost bare of make-up and a long, thick braid draped over her shoulder, Jean Pierre pronounced, "I like to see her that way. She is one of the few women with features perfect enough for such a coiffure. It gives her distinction."

There were other differences in tastes and habits to be

"SHE is not a child," Jean Pierre says of his bride. "She has a depth and maturity that other people have just never noticed."

worked out, as there are with almost all newly-wed couples.

Marisa loves to cook the good, hearty Italian dishes and serve these with wine by candlelight. Much as he wants to please his bride, Jean Pierre hasn't been able to enjoy Italian food, although the wine and candlelight are fine. He can't bring himself to like some of Marisa's other favorite foods, either, such as hamburgers and chili beans, although he maintains that he has tried to acquire these tastes, just to please her. He likes French foods with subtle sauces and Marisa is trying to master the cooking of those things, insisting, when they dine out that they go to places where such things are served. "I want to sip and sample," she says, "so I can emulate." Then she sighs, "And anyhow, I must watch my weight as all Italian girls must do. With these new kinds of foods, perhaps it will be easier."

It seems only yesterday that we all read Jean Pierre's languid opinion that women who "dieted obviously" were "rather boring." Nowadays when his little "pigeon" counts up her calories before putting them inside her, he appears to find it amusing and endearing. "A dedicated little actress," he ruminates. "She knows she must make some sacrifices!"

Exuberant Marisa loves to swim and play tennis and she is good at these sports. But when she urges her husband to join her in these strenuous pastimes he drawls, "You look enchanting, going through all these violent motions. Just let me sit on the sidelines and enjoy watching you."

"And when I next look up," complains Marisa, "there he is with his head in a book or a script and he isn't watching at all!"

But he is enjoying her youth and energy, even if he takes his eyes off her occasionally. "Some sort of current comes through to me from you, my dear," he tells her, indulgently,

continued on page 50
Mr. Cooper goes to

GONDOLA jaunt affords Gary a chance to dream, stretch his long legs.
Venice

Did the long-legged ex-cowboy from Montana get his kicks on the Grand Canal? To quote Gary in a word, “Yup!”

BUSMAN'S holiday finds Gary shooting pictures in St. Mark's Square with wife, Rocky. His current film: "Friendly Persuasion."

AUTOGRAPH fans besieged Gary everywhere he went in Venice and big Coop was only too happy to oblige. Gary's popularity never wanes.

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On his grand tour of Venice, Gary is followed by crowds, befriends pigeons, makes like a medieval doge in his gondola.
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Mama brought the chicken soup from Yonkers

By FLORENCE EPSTEIN

"HOW SID ever became a comedian I will never know," says the woman who knows him best and who met and fell in love with him when he was a saxophone player.

"I was a long-hair," says Sid himself. "My ambition was to make the saxophone a concert instrument like the violin."

The saxophone is still more or less where it was, but Sid became an instrument of Fate. Fate had him figured for a comedian who was to turn his talent into art. Ever since he made his television debut seven years ago he's been compared to greats like Charlie Chaplin, W. C. Fields and the late Raimu. Though his wife still insists he never exhibited a flair for comedy, he is considered by many to have authentic genius.

In a duel of wits with Groucho Marx or Bob Hope he'd probably be torn to shreds. He is a wallflower at parties; he can't tell a gag from a piece of adhesive tape. He is heavy, generally hungry and often morose. ("I try to be pleasant at home though," he says, glumly.)

He does not, like other comedians, travel in coterie or frequent theatrical restaurants for the sole purpose of being seen. He does frequent certain favorite restaurants for the purpose of consuming enough food for an army. "He can eat a whole chicken at one time," Mrs. Caesar reports with unimpressed awe.

But when the camera is on him he is superb. Then, with an uncanny eye and ear for the humor and pathos of everyday life, he captures a universality of feeling that puts him—as an artist—in a class all by himself.

"We try to understand, not caricature people," he says. "Your humor doesn't have to be so broad anymore. Today, the average person knows a lot more than people used to know."

Out of respect for people's intelligence, Sid works six days a week perfecting his material. He has an office at home and an office in Manhattan—and if he ever does relax it's probably during the time it takes (80 minutes) to travel from one office to another.

"No one can relax and remain on top," he states firmly. He's one of the few comedians who will throw out a bad sketch when it's well into rehearsal rather than kid himself into thinking he can save it. "I wouldn't feel good if I sloughed things off," is his attitude. "And you don't break down from overwork if you do something you like."

Although Sid certainly enjoys his work ("If I weren't a comic I'd be in a lot of trouble," he says. "When you make fun of something it means you don't like it.") he started going to a psychiatrist shortly after he became a TV success. It wasn't success he couldn't stand; it was his inability to express himself easily off-stage. He was also bothered by what he considered to be an unreasonable amount of anger. "It's all right to have a competitive spirit," he can say lightly now, "but when you compete with a guy over his pat of butter, well..."

Well, analysis proved so satisfactory that Sid heartily recommends it to everyone. "Analysis is like turning on the light before you go into a room," he explains. "In the dark you may bump into a desk and hurt your knee. With the lights on you'll walk around the desk—or move it."

All the lights in Sid's life are shining nowadays. Just a year ago he moved into the first home he's ever owned—a 16-room mansion overlooking Manhasset Bay. It is much more splendid than the apartment he left on Park Avenue—and that apartment meant something special to him. "As a kid," he recalls, "my father used to drive me down Park Avenue clear from Yonkers where we lived, and it seemed to me like being in another world. I never dreamed—but there I was. And isn't it—a small world?"

Sid's world started in Yonkers, New York, where he was born in 1922. There were two older brothers who now own a stationery store there. "My brothers are not only much taller and heavier than I am," Sid says (he's 6' tall, weighs 206),
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“but they’re about four times as funny.”

All the boys, as soon as they reached 14, were put to work as bouncers in their father’s restaurant, a place called the St. Clare Lunch. Sid did more than bounce; he listened to and mastered the many dialects that sounded loud and clear across the counter. Though he didn’t know it at the time, he was building up an hilarious repertoire.

Playing the sax was uppermost in his mind those days. He dreamed of studying at a Paris conservatory, but when the depression hit home it didn’t overlook the Caesar family.

“I wasn’t in rags on the streets,” says Sid. “I wasn’t starving exactly, but I remember putting cardboard in my shoes and eating a lot of boiled potatoes and sour cream.”

Though he couldn’t make it to Paris, he saved up some money to attend the Juilliard School of Music. While still in high school he played sax with Mike Cifichello’s Swingtime Six—“from nine to exhaustion.” and when he graduated from high school he became an usher at the Capitol Theatre near Times Square. He earned $15 a week, handed five to a landlady of a nearby boarding house and blew the rest on music lessons. When the doorman at the Capitol quit because he got too cold, Sid won the job, the gold braid and the three dollar raise that went with it.

“As a doorman, I had a clear view of the crowds going into Lindy’s” he recalls. “But my own lunches were brought to me by my mother who carried hot soups and sandwiches all the way from Yonkers.”

Years later when Sid got into TV (but before he got into analysis) a friend was so overwhelmed by Sid’s appetite that he jotted down a typical day’s menu. Breakfast, he noted, consisted of the juice of four oranges, two eggs, a chunk of bacon, a kippered herring, three slices of stale white bread, two glasses of yogurt. Hunger pangs struck again at 11 a.m. and were answered by an egg salad sandwich and cherry soda. Lunch was light—a turkey leg, wing and neck and a bottle of Celery Tonic. Tea time passed fairly well with four frankfurters and two glasses of chocolate milk. For dinner there was shrimp cocktail, cream of tomato soup, sirloin steak, home fried potatoes, apple pie and a pint of yogurt.

“I just don’t feel like eating so much any more,” he says sadly.

When he was about 18 Sid had saved up enough money to leave the frustrating view of Lindy’s and join the musician’s union. He was good enough to get jobs with Charlie Spivak, Claude Thornhill and Shep Fields. One summer when he was playing sax at a hotel in the Catskills, he met Florence Levy, the hotel owner’s niece. She was a Hunter College girl and she knew about musicians—they got lost when the summer was over.

She thought she’d take Sid lightly, but Sid, who was soon to depart for the Coast Guard, had a sense of urgency about life and Florence. He married her in 1943.

But even before their marriage, the course of his future was completely altered. In the Coast Guard he was assigned to the company of “Tars And Spars” as a saxophone player. He was horsing around with the boys one day and suddenly fractured them with an imitation of a Coast Guard officer. Max Liebman, civilian director of the show, overheard him, and immediately decided Sid was to be billed as a comedian.

It was a surprise to Florence, but she went along with the gag. She toured with him and the show for two years, and one morning woke up in Hollywood where “Tars And Spars” was made into a movie, and a lethargic attempt was also made to turn Sid into a movie star.

For two years he swam, played tennis and trotted over to the cashier’s window to pick up his $500 weekly paycheck. In 1945, he came home and played the Roxy Theatre. At any rate, he could afford to eat and this gave him a degree of fame. In fact, Sid claims that his present success is due to one of his early admirers—Leo Lindy, owner of the famous Lindy’s restaurant on Broadway.

“When I was playing the Roxy Theatre for the first time,” Sid says, “Lindy urged producer Max Gordon to use me in a show. Gordon told me he wasn’t doing a show that year and he sent Joe Hyman to see me.

“Hyman had never seen me perform, but he hired me for his show—‘Make Mine Manhattan.’

When the show opened, Sid was the biggest hit in it. From there it was an easy step to NBC’s ‘Your Show Of Shows.’

Sid and Florence moved to a simple apartment in Forest Hills, Long Island, and in 1948 their first child, daugther Michele, was born.

Though Sid is pleasantly unimpressed with himself, he enjoys the fruits of labor with good humor. When he and Florence were planning for Christmas, he equipped, “We don’t take her out more. We take the coat out.” And looks in awe at the Great Dane named Julius who has become part of the family. “You should see his papers,” Sid says.

“A prince, I stand up to talk to him.”

He and Florence both glow when they talk about the $175,000 ranch house they bought last year. They’ve never owned a home before and this one, situated in Manhasset Bay, was the thriest house they looked at.

They have lived in is more like a palace. It stands on three acres of beautifully landscaped ground. There are two spacious porches, a patio and a boat for the boat he has not yet bought. The house is completely air-conditioned, in the living room there is a 30-foot wall of windows.

As soon as Sid bought the place he ordered a one-hole golf course, a swim pool (with a fence and built-in alarm), a 50x50 foot playroom, a screen room and an office. Seventy men fell to completing the additions in two months.

Huge and expensive though it is, Caesars have managed to keep it in with their choice of traditional and modern furniture. “It’s the sort of place where you’re not afraid to sit down,” he says.

They continue to live a quiet life. Their eight-year-old daughter, Michele, attends school and four-year-old Ric will follow in her footsteps. For a time, Michele didn’t even know the future of the man who is her father. A couple of years ago, she asked him name. “Sidney,” he said.

“But what’s your other name?” asked in a child-like manner.

“Caesar,” he said.

Michele nodded, apparently satiated and started away. Then she turned exclaiming, “You’re Sid Caesar!”

These facts of life startled her temporarily, but the public at large is only startled but often enraged when they are transmitted by the Caesars.

“The nerve of that man!” women have been heard to say. “With a beautiful like Nanette he has to take out a blot on his record.

Next season, Sid’s taking a new brie for professional purposes only. She’s beautiful and vivacious Janet Blair and whom Sid says, “She is completely going and not at all reserved when performing. I like the warm and good quality she projects. I feel complete ease and comfortable with her.”

Janet, who signed her first movie contract with Columbia in 1941, has been a well-known and popular actress for some reason never won the acclaim she deserves. As Sid’s TV wife she will longer be deprived.
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Hollywood Lowdown

continued from page 10

there was no possible chance they would continue as a team. "They're through simply because they have separate aims in life. Dean wants to be a romantic leading man. Jerry wants to continue as a comic, direct pictures and make personal appearances." By the way, Jerry gets custody of their joint press agent, Jack Keller, in the split-up. Her two-year retirement from the screen didn't cool Betty Hutton's temperament down one bit. I hear the flare-ups on her comeback film, "Spring Reunion," were really something! Betty's next will be titled, "The Comedienne," about a comedy star who reaches the heights but becomes a heel on the way up.

Though she won't admit it, the huge sparkler Rhonda Fleming is wearing, supposedly a gift from a secret admirer, is actually one she bought for herself. But then, what girl likes to admit she buys her own jewelry? . . . Aldo Ray has his friends worried because of his mooning over Jeff Donnell. She won't date him and he won't date anyone else. . . . The financial flop of "Carousel" cooled Hollywood off on Shirley Jones. . . . Jack Lemmon's studio loaned him out for a foreign-made film in the hope that his forced absence from Hollywood would kill or cool his ardor for a certain star. But darned if the plan didn't backfire. The doll got herself a picture to do in Europe at the same time. . . . You'd think Jimmy Cagney was Rock Hudson, the way the studios are fighting over him for pictures. He's all set for three, and I couldn't be happier.

Robert Wagner's first professional recording effort—which cost him $1,000 of his own money—was turned down by a top record company with the brief note: "Try again when you've had more singing lessons." However, that hasn't discouraged Bob, who intends to take another crack at the waxworks after finishing "Jesse James." . . . Ann Blyth, a girl who knows her way around a dollar, has finally decided to get a press agent, because she feels her career is not what it should be. . . . Bill Holden is holdin' out against making any more pictures this year. He told me: "I'm so tired, I wouldn't know what to do with a good role if it came up and bit me." . . . Tony Curtis and Jose Ferrer have become great pals and are on the prowl for a story to do together—Tony starring, Jose directing. Tony's next will be called "Calypso," about a beachcomber who wants nothing from life but wine, women and no work. That's nothing from life?? On the personal side, Tony's wife, Janet, is more reluctant about leaving their darling daughter Kelly than she ever thought she'd be—finds it hard to tear herself away to go to work. . . . Debbie Reynolds, who scarcely stepped foot on a sound-stage during the two years before her marriage to Eddie Fisher, finished two pictures in quick succession after she'd become pregnant. As she flipped: "That's the hard way to get a picture." In her final film before the baby, "Bundle of Joy," you'll see more close-ups of Debbie than you've ever seen before. . . . The bust-up of the Liz Taylor-Michael Wilding marriage came as no surprise to those in the know. These two very nice people just haven't been getting along for too long a time, and that's too bad, particularly because of the children.

That's all now. See you soon.

Mitchum Fires Two Barrels

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That's okay, but the visitors don't "just look." They ring the doorbell, they invade the garden, they accost anyone they can buttonhole and say, blandly, "We'd like to look through your house!" Even though we may have guests or be taking baths. I resent this violently. I wouldn't stop at a stranger's house in Mason City, Iowa, and ask to inspect it from basement to attic! I would expect and deserve to be thrown out on my ear. Some of these characters are in danger of having just that happen to them on my premises.

I'm trying to bring up two teen-aged boys (Jimmy and Christopher) and a four-year-old daughter (Petrine) in a reasonably normal atmosphere. What chance do you think I have if I let a lot of camera-happy, question-happy snoopers swarm all over the place day after day?

A good many people irritate me, as you may have gathered. The character, for instance, who has something to sell and who boosts the price some 30 to 90 per cent when he learns that it is a motion picture actor who wants to buy it. This can happen with anything, from cars to sweaters to city lots, as Rock Hudson learned recently when he tried to buy the vacant lot adjoining his property. The price tripled when the owners learned who he was. That sort of thing will trigger my well-known temper in a split second.

I don't want to be conned into buying anything, either. . . . you know, by the slick sweater salesman who drols, "This cashmere is so right for you . . .!" when my Aunt Minerva's puddle wouldn't be caught dead in it. Or the car sales who ooze, "For a man in your posh a car like this is a 'must!'" The "must!" about any car I buy is that it's run well and, with good care, last longer than one of my kids' tricycles. "position," whatever that may mean, nothing to do with it.

I have another source of irrit which I suspect is what the wise guys a "quirk." I am (perhaps unreasonably) annoyed if, in a restaurant, the waiter calls the Maître d' h'ovres over me, inquiring monotonously, "Is everything all right? I know he means well but I can just so much of this. After all, I'm articulate guy and if anything is wrong I am more than capable of saying so. So . . . at the third or fourth quip am inclined to put on my fishy eye (which I have practised well) and proclaim voice audible for some distance, "Nothing is right!" This has sometimes caused quite a stir in certain restaurants.

Q. True or false, that while you have special hobbies, you make a Big of putting around the house, as colleagues have reported?

A. False. I do have a special hobby, fishing, both deep sea and fly. As for putting, well, it's like this. Most of the time I make quite a project of working around the house . . . by dint of ingenious excuses for putting in those words "tomorrow." But now and then the urge to "create" something.

Christmas Dorothy gave me a tough gorgeous bird with an incredible Mind. You, I had asked for this creature. Suddenly I determined to screen home for it at the end of a porch attached to our house. Everyone was very pleased with me but now I am informed that next month was one of the most try out entire domestic history. I was up

I took measurements and drew
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let's look
at the
RECORDS

The new Erroll Garner album bearing the matter-of-fact label "Erroll!" should make every other piano man trade in his Steinway for a set of plumber's tools. He's just about the greatest thing to happen to a keyboard since W. A. Mozart went into the business (EmArcy) . . . . From the sublime to the ridiculous (but lots of fun) creep up on Nervous Norvous's Dot recording (recording?) of "Ape Call" and "Wild Dogs Of Kentucky"—two giant steps forward in the back-to-nature movement . . . . Joni James has a couple of first-rate ballads back-to-back. The familiar "How Lucky You Are" and "Give Us This Day" should have the juke-boxes working overtime. Joni never picks a bad one, and this is no exception (MGM) . . . . Who's the most happy fella in town? Odds are it's Frank Loesser whose musical, "The Most Happy Fella," is sold out clear through till it feels like folding its tent. Columbia's recorded the complete score for those who feel they must have the whole shootin' match, and a single recording of selections from the show for the more frugal among us. Either way, it's a bargain . . . . Nick Noble, a lad with a whole lot of larynx, does a Grade A job for Mercury on the novelty, "Keeping Cool," and the Cole Porter bit of sentimental sophistication, "You're Sensational" . . . Have you met Ted Heath and his orchestra, Blighty's answer to Stan Kenton? Now's your chance. Their latest London etching, "Have You Met Miss Jones" and "The Faithful Hussar," are a bit of all right—hear, hear . . .

For some king-sized sounds from a bite-sized instrument, dig Larry Adler's harmonica hand springs on a pair of ParSian imports, "Le Riff" and "La Soupe A La Grimace." They lose absolutely nothing in Larry's translation (Capitol) . . . . The Ray Charles Singers have assembled en masse around an MGM microphone for some group calisthenics on a couple of oldies, "When The Red, Red Robin Comes Bob, Bobbin' Along" (now there's a song title that was a song title) and "June Night" . . . . Feel like slipping on those dancing shoes gathering dust in the closet? Buddy Morrow and his orchestra will give you some encouragement with their Wing album, "Music For Dancing Feet." The numbers—all live ones—are definitely not for armchair listening . . . . The Gadabouters weave a wonderful bit of wackiness in "Stranded In The Jungle." The natives will really get restless over this one. The flip is "Blues Train," a rhythmical ride that should find a flock of fans climbing on board (Mercury).

Capitol's got a real fine clambake brewing with the sound track from the MGM movie, "High Society." Brother Bing, feller name of Frank Sinatra, Her Highness Grace Kelly, "King" Louis Armstrong and Celeste Holm all pitch in on the vocal chores. Need we say more? Cole Porter's ditties for "High Society" are high class, but natureseller, Woody Herman, backed up breezily by his Herdsmen, warbles the bluesy "I Don't Want Nobody" and "To Love Again," a ballad from "The Eddy Duchin Story." Woodrow Wilson's fine Southern drawl was never better, suh! (Capitol) . . . . Brace yourselves, ladies. Tony Martin has just put out a collection of slightly swoonable love ballads on the Victor label. Titled "Speak To Me Of Love," it contains some of Mr. Martin's more dulcet tones . . . . Frankie Castro, a dashing young man on a vocal trapeze, swings, but I mean swings, through "Too Much" and "Goodbye, So Long, I'm Gone." Real gone, Frankie boy (Mercury).

"The Bob Crosby Show" is seen Monday through Friday on the CBS-TV network from 3:30 to 4:00 p.m. EDT.
Frenchman's Chick
continued from page 57

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Love That Ball And Chain!
continued from page 36

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turn “problem” days into party days.
No need to miss good times because of functional menstrual distress—when you can get such wonderful quick and lasting relief from pain, cramps, nervous tension and headache with Chi-Ches-Ters. There’s nothing like them—in doctors’ tests 9 out of 10 women got wonderful relief beyond expectations. Try this fast-acting prescription-like formula. Your money back if not satisfied. Purse Pak 50¢. Economy Sizes $1.15 and $2.25. At your drug store, or we will mail direct.
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Chi-Ches-Ters
more gone on one another. Jeff didn’t have to put it into words. He put it much more eloquently when he bemoaned over and over again that his work didn’t allow him to spend as much time with Marge as he’d like. It doesn’t take a tea leaf reader to figure out that the first requisite of loving a woman is wanting to be with her, and Jeff’s wanting to be with Marge evidently is a hunger that is never quite satisfied.

“There’s never enough time,” Jeff sighed.

But pretty sneaky—but touching—way of telling your wife, “I love you.”

Marge furnished a sample of how the lovestruck Chandlers board their time together by joining us later in his handsomely appointed office on La Cienega Boulevard in Beverly Hills.
As we talked, it became clear that Jeff couldn’t ask for a more ardent advocate than Marge. She laughed like a true partisan at his Witticisms, listened eagerly and admiringly as Jeff expounded on his philosophy as an independent producer, and rushed to fill in the gaps when Jeff, with characteristic reticence, passed up opportunities to pin roses on himself.
The subject of time kept bobbing up like the secret word on the Groucho Marx show, and while Marge nodded agreement, Jeff informed me:
“We’re institutionalizing a lobby in Congress to legislate a 36-hour day so we can have a little more time to work, clear the desk and do a lot of things that are undone at the house.”
I asked what Jeff and Marge enjoyed doing on those precious occasions when they did fencoff the time to be together.

“We lie in the sun and sleep,” he said dreamily. “We go to Palm Springs and lie in the sun. We go to the back yard and lie in the sun. We come to the office and lie in the sun.”

Marge laughed, then offered evidence that things are not always horizontal with the sun-worshipping Chandlers.

“We love to browse through hardware stores,” she revealed, “and dream of kitchen supplies.”

“And dream of the dream house we’re going to build,” Jeff added. “The rest of the time we think of what we’ll do in the next picture.”


It was not unnatural, actually, that picture-making should spill over into Jeff’s home life. Universal-International currently has him going in three top flickers, “Away All Boats,” “Pillars In The Sky” and “Toy Tiger,” and he has himself going in his own production of “Dranzo.” It’s this busy schedule that’s been crowding into his time with Marge.

Jeff always has been pretty much of a pushover for his daughters, Dana, now seven, and Jamie, now nine. I want to know what he’d been doing with his time.

“He’s very helpful with their homework,” Marge pointed out approvingly.

It was obvious that Jeff and Marge are a big bond, a deep, joined devotion.

Marge looked at her watch and said, “Well, now that acting was more commercial.”

Marge got up, too, and I across his desk. They kissed wa Their eyes met—affectionately.

“She’ll see you later, darling,” Jeff said and off she went.

Jeff and I kept yelling it up, and that precious commodity, time, was slipping out again, and Jeff was looking watch. He had to pick up his white lac convertible which was in for a minor fender denting but.

Sunset Boulevard.

I beseeched Jeff to indulge a bit of introspection and to sum up for me in obvious state of well being. He cleared his throat and obliged.

“You can do,” he said, “is give piece of general philosophy. Every a series of major and minor contest. The enjoyment, the true enjoyme each day and the happiness of life from adjusting to the fact that you win them all.”

Spoken like a man with the wiss count his blessings, than which the happier.
Coming Attractions
continued from page 12

 развит, has far greater weaknesses.
Kerr. In Kerr, he sees the ghostly
leader of Deborah's first husband. Nor
Ericson able to cope 'with sensitivity
fear of what it might reveal of him-
He finally manages to wreck his mar-
completely. Deborah, forced to work
Kerr's problem her own womanly
bars any return to Ericson in her
act of proving young Kerr's manli-
Excellent MetroColor adaptation of
ert Anderson's controversial play
I'll leave quite an impression. (MGM.)

Walk The Proud Land
COLOR Western about Indian
agent Audie Murphy and his fight to
the San Carlos Indian Reservation
ace of hope, instead of defeat, for the
anches. Because of his strong faith and
the Apaches, Murphy makes an
pressive amount of friends: Charles
ke, Tommy Rall and Indian widow
 Bancroft. On the negative side, is
mono who whipped up some nasty do-
which would be blamed on the San
los Indians. In order to keep the re-
straight, Murphy goes against wife
Crowley's wishes and risks his life to
Geronimo in. Even though Mur-
's Apaches are cleared, the Army is
ed in control of the Reservation. It
n't sound like idealist Murphy is left
uch, but he still has Pat and the
mination to keep fighting for the
ches' right. (Universal-International.)

the Friendly Persuasion
STEAD of just one story, this has as
many designs and all the cozy warmth
Deluxe Color patchwork quilt. Mar-
to Quaker leader Dorothy Mer-
re, Gary Cooper believes strongly that
ence is one of the greatest evils. At
es passive acceptance isn't the easiest
id to take—especially since war be-
the States has just been declared.
ke the fighting remains far away, the
ly can hold firm to its beliefs. But
the Northern troops threaten to
out their farm and perhaps their
, is peaceful resistance the most ef-
ive weapon? The first one to break
Cooper's eldest son. Tony Perk-
who has the youthful passion and
mation so necessary to fight for a
use." Even Dorothy; that staunch pil-
of patience, wields a wicked if not
ly weapon to protect, of all things,
antha, the most diabolical duck that
waddled across a movie screen. With
early Richard Eyer as the youngest
ber of the Quaker family, this mag-
ently photographed story is a genuine
ight, a welcome retreat and a reminder
gentleness carries untold power. (Al-
Artists.)

END

Is My Face Red!

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says sheepish Tab Hunter.

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story of the successful
Hollywood star who's still
human enough to open his
mouth — and put his
foot into it!
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articles about the
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The features I like best in this issue of Screenland are:

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Name: ____________________________ Age: __________

Address: _______________________

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Producer Howie Horwitz, one of Monty's most faithful Hollywood friends, many times has told me, "He's very fond of kids, exceptionally so. And they return the compliment. My kids and Kevin McCarthy's kids all love him dearly."

If a man is so enchanted with the children of others, and they so capitivated with him, would this not seem to bespeak a yearning for children of his own—a yearning that could be satisfied only by marriage? Isn't this a dead giveaway of a hunger for affection, a hunger for a family, a hunger for the eradication of a gnawing loneliness?

This affinity for youngsters fits in with something else of significance that is known about Monty the mysterious—the pattern of life he chooses to follow. It is in almost every respect the quiet, warm, unpretentious life of a family man—but without one indispensable element, the family. Monty is not a night clubber or a town painter. His New York apartment is geared for living and for fellowship. He eats there, listens to music there, reads there, relaxes there, and entertains there.

"He's just a grand guy," Howie told me. "He's wonderful company. He's good fun to be with. He's very, very intelligent, but he can go from one mood to another. He can sit around in a room with some reasonably good friends, and be intellectual. Or, on the other hand, he can turn around and have a ball."

Is he too busy having a ball to get married? Is that the answer? There is scant evidence that Monty is the type. The pleasures he pursues as a bachelor he could share without compromise as a married man.

Hollywood oracles have been trying to fit the pieces in the Clift jigsaw together for years without conspicuous success. The effort to conjure up a bona fide Montgomery Clift romance has been one of the outstanding challenges. No age difference seems too wide to bridge, no incongruity too absurd to overlook in the anxiety to get Monty married off.

For instance, when Monty received flowers from erstwhile torch singer Libby Holman while nursing injuries sustained in the crash, gossip columnists excitedly reported the incident as if it were fraught with romantic meaning. It was fraught with no such thing.

Miss Holman probably would be the first to admit that she is old enough to be Monty's older sister, at least. And it is thought to be true that the two have been seen together frequently in New York, with they are as likely a romantic duo as Bette Wagner—the actor, not the mayor— and ZaSu Pitts. As Howie Horwitz points out:

"If you see him out with a woman, it almost a rule of thumb that if he's in place where he may be seen by most of us, it's not a romance. Libby Holman is a very good friend. He doesn't care who anyone thinks of him and Libby. If he actually romancing a girl, he sticks to little out-of-the-way places where no one sees him. He has a fetish about keeping his love life to himself."

Oddly enough, this attitude on Monty's part is responsible for the impression that he has a yen for older women. He operates on the naive theory that the evident age disparity will prevent anyone from inventing a romance every time they find him having lunch. But it hasn't worked out that way.

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Swedish immortal had dinner at his home, and the reports were utterly without foundation. Clift’s admiration for Miss Garbo is entirely professional, and similarly while he and Libby Holman are warm friends, this warmth has never come within a thousand tea kettles of boiling over into anything even remotely approximating an intimate relationship.

A classic case in point has been the long-time attempt to read a romance into Clift’s friendship with New York drama coach Mira Rostova. Miss Rostova came out to Hollywood to coach Clift for his picture work, and every time he dined with her gossip-hungry columnists tripped over their typewriter ribbons trying to make something clandestine out of their meetings. Some, in their zeal, did not even get her name right. They breathlessly reported her alleged crush on a “Myra Letts.” Some said a “Myra White.”

Howie spoke with authority about the women with whom Monty Clift is not in love. Could it possibly be that Monty had surrendered his heart to one who had not returned this affection, or who was not in a position to return this affection?

“He has no unrequited love,” the young producer told me flatly.

That Monty is destined sooner or later to submit to the manacles of matrimony Horwitz does not doubt.

“Some smart cookie’s gonna grab him some day,” he told me. “But no one’s done it yet. A guy like that gets all the gals he wants.”

Only a cad or a fool would question that a guy like Monty, as Howie says, can get all the gals he wants. But what about the one gal he wants? How close is he to getting her?

Monty shrinks from anything that borders on the saccharine. He would cringe at the thought of describing his dream girl, but even a man as charged with integrity—and good taste—as Montgomery Clift, is not free from the biological and spiritual urges his species is heir to, so it is conceivable that he has at least formulated in his mind, if not in words, the kind of a girl he’d like to share his life with.

ONLY once, in an unguarded moment, did Monty sing for publication the praises of a young woman, and she was not fictional. She was Elizabeth Taylor, whom he met when they were co-starred in “A Place In The Sun,” and with whom he has a reunion in “Raintree County.” In a distinctly un-Clift-like outburst, he responded in this way when asked if he liked Miss Taylor:

“Any guy would. She’s everything a guy could want—beautiful, warm, gay. Yet also sensitive and poignantly.”

Oddly enough, no one has ever attempted to hint at a romance here, but Monty and Liz have kept their friendship alive ever since it developed during the screening of the Theodore Dreiser classic. Their friendship has grown deep, but remained utterly unsullied and platonic. Monty has hit it off as well with Liz Taylor’s husband, Mike Wilding, as with Liz herself, and both are very fond of him.

When Monty was in Hollywood on a hush-hush visit to consider a picture deal a year ago, he stayed with Liz and Mike. Whenever the Wildings had occasion to visit New York, they always got together with Monty. In all the years they have known each other, however, Monty and Liz have had only one date—when he escorted her to the premiere of “A Place In The Sun,” on which Horwitz was assistant producer.

“I was probably instrumental in arranging the date,” Horwitz recalled. “Liz was 17 at the time. I was sort of middleman on it. Everybody at Paramount thought it would be a wonderful idea to get a romance going. They became good friends, but there never was any romance.”

Who is to say whether Clift has ever had any misgivings about not having pressed his opportunities at that pre-Nicky Hilton and pre-Michael Wilding phase of Elizabeth Taylor’s life? His high regard for Miss Taylor, he himself has put into words. He does not make a habit of tossing posies at women—let alone of discussing them publicly.

Is it possible, then, that what Montgomery Clift is holding out for is a girl with the specifications of a Liz Taylor? Certainly there would be no reason for him to expect of a wife less than the qualities he imparted to Liz—beauty, warmth, gayety, sensitivity and poignancy.

In the final analysis, of course, Montgomery Clift himself will have to decide on the kind of woman he is to marry, marry he does. He alone will have to decide whether he shall hold out for a real made, form-fitting, mood-fitting, idealizing wife, or whether he will have to approach marriage as a do-it-yourself problem which he will be obliged to tackle most men must—with the raw material with such tools and talent for marital bliss as they may bring to the project, and with a well-placed prayer.

On occasion, Monty has alluded to his continued bachelorhood, but his reasons never seemed particularly penetrating.

“Certainly,” he said seven years ago. “I want to get married, but I want enough money first to be able to keep a wife.”

He has subsequently earned enough money to keep a hareem, let alone a wife, but his failure to seek out a preacher and only argue the existence of deeper and more complex considerations.

ON still another occasion, when asked when he planned to marry, Monty replied: “Not until I’m very old.”

At the rate he has been going, he might well make good this prophecy.

But an even more interesting clue to the enigma of Montgomery Clift might be found in a statement he once made about acting.

“The most valuable asset an actor can have,” he said with conviction, “is courage to fail.”

It is also a law of life that the most valuable asset a man can have in marriage is the courage to fail. No unconditional guarantees are issued with wedding licenses. But if people didn’t have the courage, the race would be depleted.

Whatever it is that Monty Clift lacks—the courage to fail, or merely the right girl—evidently is destined to remain tightly locked secret in his own heart.

There is one possible augury for change in the status quo. Careerwise Monty finally has broken with his lucrative established pattern. For the first time his unfortune, he has submitted the yoke of a studio pact—a three-picture contract with MGM, beginning with “Raintree County.” For the first time his previously unhurried career, he pli to bicycle from one picture to another. After “Raintree County,” he has several more movies lined up.

In the past, his maximum work load has been one picture a year, tapering as it did following “From Here To Eternity,” to a three-year hiatus. Will he, in that he has broken a rigid habit of work, break an equally rigid social habit—abandon his island of bachelorhood surrounded by a sea of married friends?

At the moment, things do not appear to have changed very much—at least the surface. Eight years ago, Montgomery Clift was voted by a group of New York models as the nation’s most eligible bachelor. Thus he remains—one of Hollywood ranking bachelors, and one of Hollywod ranking enigmas.
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Deferred Balance $128.00

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Please PRINT answers to ALL questions below

If applicant is a minor, information below must be in the name of parent or guardian signing the contract as Guarantor:

1. Age ____________________________
2. Home Telephone Number ____________________________
3. Home Address ____________________________
4. Person Address ____________________________
5. Nature of Job ____________________________
6. Name and Address of Late Dependent ____________________________
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If purchaser agrees to pay the balance due hereunder in 24 equal monthly installments of $4.33, and a final payment of $3.74, which shall be payable on the 10th day of each month hereafter until paid in full, and agrees that if any payment is not made within 10 days after the date when due, Remington Rand may declare the total unpaid balance due and payable forthwith. As an alternative Remington Rand may elect to demand the immediate return of the equipment which will be delivered by the undersigned forthwith upon such demand. In the event that collection of the unpaid balance, or the return of the equipment is referred to an attorney or a collection agency, purchaser agrees to pay all collection or repossession expenses and charges in connection therewith.

If the above described equipment is repossessed, all amounts therefore paid by the undersigned purchaser on account hereof shall be considered rental for the period while in the undersigned’s possession and upon payment of repossession expenses, if any, his agreement shall be deemed liquidated and the undersigned purchaser discharged as to any unpaid balance and other liability hereunder.

Purchaser agrees to keep the equipment in good condition and assumes full responsibility for same, including its loss by theft, damage or destruction.

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3. Home Address ____________________________
4. Person Address ____________________________
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Purchaser agrees to keep the equipment in good condition and assumes full responsibility for same, including its loss by theft, damage or destruction.

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SIGN HERE

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The most common cause of bad breath is germs. No tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine does, because no tooth paste is antiseptic. Listerine kills germs by millions... stops bad breath four times better than any tooth paste. Gargle Listerine full-strength morning, night, before every date.

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with

Paul Ford · Jun Negami · Nijiko Kiyokawa · Mitsuko Sawamura

Screen play by John Patrick Based on a Book by Vern J. Schneider and the play by John Patrick

Directed by Daniel Mann Produced by Jack Cummings
HELLO again, and here I am once more with a typewriter full of exclusive news about the glamour guys and dolls of Hollywood. And to start with here’s the latest on Elvis Presley, the most fabulous guy to hit this town since Marlon Brando raced down our streets on his ‘cycle with a pet raccoon sitting on the handlebars. Both 20th Century-Fox and producer Hal Wallis, who have him signed for pictures, have extracted a promise from the wiggly-one that he won’t marry until he’s 25, which is four years from now. Which puts a damper on his supposed romance with Natalie Wood. However, I never believed this was serious since Natalie herself told me: “I just happen to be one of his many admirers and I enjoy being with him. But believe me, Sheilah, this is no romance.” I also learned that Presley will gross somewhere in the neighborhood of $3,000,000 this year, and I’d like to move into that neighborhood whenever there’s a vacancy.

Another romance to be discounted is the one between Frank Sinatra and Kim Novak. Kim frankly admitted to me, “I’m not in love with Frank. I like to respect him very much, but the boy don’t ring. I’m not romantic about another one.” The beautiful Kim had to move away 20 surplus pounds before starting “The Jeanne Eagels Story.”

Jane Wyman’s fallen hard for a television executive. Jane Russell and husband Bob Waterfield are quietly planning to adopt another baby—theyir fourth. The Mickey Rooneys are touch and go. Although Doris Day wanted the feminine lead in MGM’s “Designing Woman” Gregory Peck had a clause in his contract allowing him to choose his leading lady, and he chose Lauren Bacall. I wish I could let you know who Lauren Bacall said when asked if they had to make any changes in the script designed for “Designing Woman” which were originally slated to be worn by Grace Kelly.

Dick Powell hopes to sign Anna Magnani, Ernest Borgnine, Pier Angeli, Don Murray for his first 20th Century Fox production, “Close To The Wise.” And Dick has written finis to his acting career, except for an occasional appearance on tv. 

continued on page...
DEAN’s out to make merry!...
Anita’s out to make JERRY!

HOLLYWOOD or BUST

DIRECTED BY FRANK TASHLIN
WRITTEN BY ERNA LAZARUS
NEW SONGS BY SAMMY FAIN AND PAUL FRANCIS WEBBER
TECHNICOLORE®
VISTAVISION

Paramount Presents
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GUEST STAR
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DIRECTED BY FRANK TASHLIN
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NEW SONGS BY SAMMY FAIN AND PAUL FRANCIS WEBBER
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A CONFLICT OF CREEDS—A PERSONAL DRAMA OF STRONG LONGING
--A BIG STORY OF BIG THINGS AND BIG FEELINGS--THIS IS "GIANT"
on television. He has also talked June Allyson into a six-month vaca-
from picture-making. An overseas
reports to me that June and her
elude" co-star, Rossano Brazzi, got
fine except when he tried to change
story line so that it favored him
rather than June—then there was a little
trouble.

hear persistent rumors that Betty
ole and Harry James will retire from
professional careers and spend their
raising their two daughters and
oughbred racing horses. . . . Gene
ney has finally recovered enough to
able to work again, which is good
. . . . Tyrone Power and Mai Zetter-
are reported lighting up the Euro-
skies together.

ly boy Jerry Lewis will spend his
ismas in London, but he's taking wife
and the entire family along too.
The separation between Dale Robert-
and Mary Murphy was much more
ous than even their closest friends
ized. Several factors were involved,
adding mother-in-law trouble, plus, as
explained it: "One of us is a male
the other is a female, and sometimes
two just don't get along."

VENETIA Stevenson and Russ Tamblyn give
photographer their best smiles at a premiere.

Marilyn Monroe's "illness" while she
was working in "The Sleeping Prince"
wasn't so much due to "nervous exhaus-
tion" as to her co-star and director, Sir
Laurence Olivier, getting too many close-
ups. I also hear that she drove him al-
minto a tizzy during the filming be-
cause of her habit of always being at
least an hour late. . . . So far it has
cost Debra Paget almost $1,000 to re-
place the crystals which fans kept prying
loose from her jewel-encrusted Cadillac.
. . . Anita Ekberg's temperament is
showing, and she's refusing to make "The
Jantzen Girl" unless she gets more
money. The $50,000 she received for
endorsing a particular champagne has
given her grand ideas—like 150 grand a
picture, almost twice what she is now
being paid.

Rita Hayworth's interest in Australian
actor Ron Randell, husky and handsome
six-footer, dwindled considerably when he
began telling his friends that he had
hopes they'd be married. If there's one
thing Rita can't stand, it's a public dis-
cussion of her private romances . . .
Vera Miles and hubby Gordon "Tarzan"
Scott are both taking dancing lessons,
but for different reasons. Vera will be
Fred Astaire's dancing partner when he
makes "Papa's Delicate Condition," while
Gordon is dancing to keep his "Tarzan"
muscles in good shape. . . . Dana Wynter
is determinedly turning down all picture
offers that would take her from the side
of the man she adores, Greg Bautzer. "I
have a beautiful home with Greg. I want
to live in it," she told me. I believe her
last film, "Something Of Value," will be
her last. . . . Elvis Presley is the indirect
cause of the postponement of the wed-
ding plans between singer Patti Page and
Charles O'Curran. They were practically
set to say their "I do's" when O'Curran
was signed to direct Presley in "The
continued on page 61

BICK BENEDICT
was big enough to
stand up and take
what he wanted; and
biggest, one day,
when he crawled...

LESLIE LYNNTON
--whether you loved
her in the open, or
hid it inside you
--you hungered...

JETT RINK
was made of laughs
and lies and loving
looks; he was made to
get to the top—so he
could have the fun of
toiling all the way down...
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In Publishers' Editions

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Of Two Women in Love!

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Of Two Women in Love!
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"Let's face it—There's only one reason why you put on make-up before you go out on a date. You want that man to think you're the most desirable, alluring female he's ever set eyes on!

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Head of Make-Up, Paramount Studios

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HOLLYWOOD

LOVE LIFE

BY DOROTHY O'LEARY

SURPRISE—The day George Nader returned from his long location trip in Japan for "Joe Butterfly," Rock and Phyllis Hudson phoned to invite him to dinner the next night. "We'll eat at Chasen's and then go on to catch the show at Mocambo," Rock told George. "Pretty fancy, isn't it?" asked George who knows his friends, the Hudsons, don't go for night clubs and prefer entertaining at home. But Rock assured him they wanted to celebrate his homecoming. So George put on his best dark suit and arrived to pick up the Hudsons at their home at the appointed hour. But there were a bunch of his friends waiting to give him a surprise party and they were all in Japanese costumes! Among them, of course, was his favorite date, Martha Hyer. Temporarily they won't see so much of each other because while George is working at U-I, Martha is 'way over on the other side of town at Paramount with Jerry Lewis in "The Delicate Delinquent." Last time she worked at Paramount was in "Sabrina" with Bill Holden. Now there's a switch!

ANOTHER PARTY—Jerry Lewis and his ever lovin' Patti pulled another switch. Instead of having a party for the cast at the end of the picture, as is customary, they had it before the film started. And they asked their guests to come dressed in the vein of the picture's title. Darren McGavin, Jerry's new co-star, was Keystone Kop. Martha Hyer, an Apartment dancer, explained she was a "French-t-t delinquent," Don McGuire, the writer/director, was a military policeman. Used to be an actor and host Jerry so he got hold of some of Don's old film cut out funny scenes, put them together as a "documentary" and showed them at the party. It was a riot. Of guests, not in the cast, just there for fun, were the Gay Meadsons and Ron Reagans. And it was fun!

NO TIME FOR LOVE?—Kim Novak is so busy with drama, dancing and wardrobe lessons, preparing for "The Jeanne Eagels Story" and "Pal Joey" that she says haven't time for real romance. She still has quiet dinner dates with steady beau, Jay Krim, but marriage plans seem no closer. And she asked Count Mario Bandini, Italian admirer, to postpone his visit until the two pictures were finished. Kim is quite concerned because she was criticized for using a "phony English accent" while interviewed on TV at the premiere of "High Society." Here's her explanation: She has been studying all the old Jeanne Eagels made and that afternoon she had run and re-run an Eagels "talkie" which Jeanne used an English accent. It was completely carried away by the performance after studying it all afternoon.

AMONG celebrities at premiere of "Lust For Life" are Charlton Heston and his wife Lydia.

LOVE finally found the way to marry for happy Dick Confino and Leigh Snow.
Then I rushed home, dressed, rushed to the theatre without even having dinner, and it was still so vivid in my mind, the accent just popped out. I don't want anyone to think I'd consciously affect any accent," she vowed. Okay, Kim, we believe you really were carried away! Especially after seeing the amazing file and cross file you've put together on Jeanne Eagles after reading everything you could find about the great actress.

HAPPY CHILD—Shirley MacLaine's husband, Steve Parker, managed to get back from Japan, where he's been producing films, just in time for the birth of their daughter whom they named Stephanie Sachiko. Steve suggested the middle name which means "Happy Child" in Japanese. He was able to stay home three weeks, long enough to celebrate their second wedding anniversary, then had to return to Tokyo. Sentimental Shirl, as a surprise, managed to have pictures taken of her and the baby for Steve to take back with him.

SENTIMENTAL—Marisa Pavan, Tony Curtis' leading lady in "Tomaso," confided she was "so unhappy" to be separated from her groom, Jean Pierre Aumont, on their fifth "monthiversary." Jean had to stay in Europe. Her one consolation was that the picture ended in time for her to fly to Paris so they could celebrate their sixth together. "We write each other twice a day, morning and evening. Telephoning is so extravagant!" she said. Marisa hopes twin Pier Angeli may still be in France, where she's been making "Harvest Thunder," to help the Aumonts celebrate but Pier writes that as soon as possible she will rush back here to her Vic Damone and son Perry.

LIKE WHOM?—It was a triumphal re-entry into Hollywood when Jayne Mansfield came back home. Wearing a form-fitting, low-cut white dress she was accompanied by her five-year-old daughter, continued on page 74.
Elvis Presley's Hollywood Adventures!

One night his phone rang 476 times; the studio trembled under the weight of fan mail; and Elvis rode a pink Thunderbird

On August 23, 1956, in the late afternoon thereof, history descended on Hollywood in the way that history usually does nowadays—via commercial airline. History's name in this instance was Elvis Presley, and he'd come to make a picture. It was further bruited about that he was going to Act, in the earnest sense of the word, not simply rock-'n'-roll with his outsize guitar. This seemed to the hard, professional core of Hollywood both an improbability and a usurpation of artists' rights. But they were willing to stand aside, wrapped in chilly hostility, and wait for it to happen.

It happened.

It happened within a period of about four weeks, or all the time Elvis spent working on the 20th Century-Fox picture, "Love Me Tender," a film titled with a reckless disregard for the property rights of adverbs. When it was over, 20th officials thought something very exciting had happened. Viewers of dailies and rough cuts swore up, down and sideways that Elvis Presley now was a man complete, not simply a phenomenon with an exceptionally active pelvis. Furthermore, they pointed out, the kid got to die in this film while singing his own requiem over the sound track in the picture's title number, and how could a business like that miss? And over and beyond that, they said, nominal stars Richard Egan and Debra Paget took it all very gracefully, having developed an abiding fondness for Elvis.

Actually, the 20th lot and Hollywood as a whole developed the same fondness, or so professed. One mighty columnist, who had dismissed him blithely as a "monster" and worse, suddenly had an abiding ambition to interview him. He didn't have time. Another writer of power and authority did see him, and was charmed out of her boots.

Gone, apparently, was the Elvis who earlier in the year had worked Hollywood's environs in a series of his concerts or revival meetings or whatever they might have been called. This Elvis carried an overpowering entourage and confessed to a reporter he "dated the local talent, wherever it is" now and then, but nothing else. He had, and still has, four Cadillacs and a motorcycle, but all this horsepower was not wasted; excepting the motorcycle, it served the Presley caravan when hopping from place to place while on tour.

continued on page 20
ELVIS surprised everyone in Hollywood by his apparent modesty and restraint.
At work, Elvis was all seriousness, bent

But now he turned up with no car whatever, and addressed his elders meticulously as "sir" and "ma'am." He was earnest, hard-working and abstinent—as, incidentally, he always is. Queried once about the likelihood of his being a dope fiend, he had to reply in all honesty that he was not. Nor cigarettes, nor liquor. The cola drinks suffice him. He stayed in a mid-Hollywood hotel until news of his whereabouts somehow got around; he returned to it one night to find 476 telephone messages awaiting him. He was driven everywhere in a studio car. He acknowledged to intimates that in a show business sense, he was a freak, and was now working with his professional superiors and would be best advised to keep his mouth shut and listen and observe. He said it was his life's yen to become an actor, and he behaved as though he meant it. 20th and Producer Hal Wallis of Paramount, who presumably has next call on his services, are convinced of his gifts.

But this was by no means the first or last of Elvis Presley's brief, energetic adventures in Hollywood. He made friends in low places and influenced people in high. He may have done himself the most good he has yet, although that is at least debatable considering the scope of his revivals. Still, he was in the right places at last, the dens of the mighty.

That part of our story comes a trifle later.

On this August 23 of his arrival, Elvis was greeted by a police-estimated crowd of more than 1,000 teenagers. (Adlai Stevenson later was pleased to realize that his own reception was almost as cordial.) He moved through them faster than is his wont, as though intent on a more immediate and lofty goal. He was swept to his hotel, and went to work the next day.

He worked and he worked. He worked on the 20th lot and on a mountain location. It was a Civil War story, an odd mating of Enoch Arden and Jesse James, and there were many things to do, such as shootin' guns, dying and singing his first ballad—"Love Me Tender." "Love Me Tender," the song, is roughly 150 years old, and was known then as "Aura Lee." Supposedly, it will be popular again.

The press swarmed as locusts swarm, but got pretty short shrift. There wasn't enough of either time or Elvses to go around. But Elvis did have his moments—as he did his free evenings.

His evenings were devoted to Natalie Wood—and to Natalie's close friend and fellow-player, Nick Adams. But Nick wasn't always along, giving rise to knowing reports that (1) Elvis was in love with Natalie, (2) Natalie was in love with Elvis, (3) they were in love with each other. Said Natalie to a reporter: "He's intelligent rather than intellectual, and he seems to have no idea of how popular he is. Otherwise, no comment."

RECORDING sessions in Hollywood find Elvis listening intently to the instructions of the director. He got along famously with co-workers.
upon a new career in the movies

But Elvis allowed to the same reporter that he did have a pretty good idea how popular he is, and that he hopes he has the brains to play it right. Privately, he is said to give himself five years, the last two of these with diminishing returns. But meanwhile, he hopes to have become an actor, with the same sort of solidity that Sinatra, who made another generation swoon, has achieved.

"ELVIS," a close associate has said, "isn't playing this thing either up or down. He's gauged it as well as he can. He's playing it while he's hot. You can't blame him. But he doesn't want to kill himself either." His mother warned him during his Hollywood stay that if he kept on at his present pace, he would not live beyond 30. Elvis listened pretty hard.

He was tired anyway that night, and after the phone call to Tennessee, he had a date with Natalie and with Nick Adams and with his, Elvis's, cousin and confrere, Gene Smith. In Natalie's pink Thunderbird, he and Natalie drove to the home of a writer, while Nick and Gene followed in another car. Previously they had been going to their beloved movies night after night, assaulting their milkshakes afterward, and on the whole, proving dull fodder for patrollers of night club doings. But this evening, the press was involved.

The press told Elvis it had heard he'd make three million dollars that year, and Elvis said that was absolute nonsense. "One million, maybe. Never three."

How did he feel about the widespread, if somewhat dubious, publicity he's gotten?

"It's only really hurt me twice," he said. In a widely disseminated story, a southern preacher had said in effect that Elvis would decline divine salvation if proffered it, would turn his back on the Lord and say he didn't need Him.

"I believe in God," he said now. "I always have. He gave me my voice. If I turned my back on Him now or any other time, I'd be through. That would be the end."

And, he said, he had a vast distaste for the assorted nicknames, the "Pelvis" bit in particular. He contended and certainly with some justification, that he had never performed a sensual gesture on a stage. If you talked to him for a while, you would believe it implicitly. The Presley rock

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THOUGHTFUL, Elvis Presley ponders the future. Bent on "stabilizing," he'll probably settle down in Hollywood and emphasize movies.

SNAZZY shirt proves Elvis hasn't gone overboard on conservatism.

Without his guitar and rock 'n'

is a side to side affair, a leaping from foot to foot. His gestures are frenetic not offensive. He drums his fingers, jiggles his feet, shifts laterally in his chair. He is incapable of holding still. But there is nothing physically of double entendre in him.

Thus in Hollywood did Elvis speak, and the people had faith. Dick Egan, who might well have been pardoned for taking a dim view of the boy sight unseen, was delighted with him instead and did everything in his power to help him. So did his director, Bob Webb, to the extent of taking him yachting on Elvis's one week-end away from it all. On his first week-end, Labor Day, in Hollywood, he took respite from a week's film work by cutting 13 records for RCA. On his second, he rushed to San Diego for a revival. On his return, his jitters were conspicuously worse, and Webb hied him away to Catalina waters. There on the boat, he took several of his three-hour catnaps, and appeared to feel better.

After three weeks on the picture, he flew back to Alabama and Mississippi for a week of local greetings. The following week, he returned to Hollywood and wrapped up the film. Then he was off for Chautauqua again.

When Elvis was driven out of his Hollywood hotel, he went
under cover to the Beverly-Wilshire, registering as "Clinton Reno," the name of the character he portrays in "Love Me Tender." It didn't do much good but it did a little.

GOOD deeds were sandwiched in. Elvis and his studio had not a chance of coping with all mail and calls received—20th can hardly remember the like of it in its history—but they did manage to screen much of it. One was a long distance phone from Miami, Fla., the speaker claiming she was the mother of a mortally ill girl whose dying wish was to hear from Elvis. The call was checked back and proved to be partially true: it wasn't the mother, it was the girl's older sister by only two years—and the girl was not mortally ill, but pretty sick at that. So Elvis, who was on location at the time, got back to her that evening, and the little victim chirped up. So did a very seriously burned youngster in Oakland, Calif., after Elvis had dispatched his warmest greetings and get-wells. One thing about Hollywood: it gave him a solid place to be reached—so solid that his headquarters planned to move there from Madisonville, Tenn.

And Elvis will be back. There's no doubt about that. He'd like to stabilize, according to friends. The revival route could knock him cold sooner or later. The squads of police protection could addle him. The surging adolescents sometimes seem to endanger his life.

He's long thought about settling in Memphis, but as a consequence of Hollywood, he is by no means so sure. His earlier test for Hal Wallis, running what will be termed for lassitude's sake the gamut of emotions, has been called sensational by those who have seen it.

So Hollywood may deprive America of Elvis Presley's guitar and rock-'n'-roll and disgorge in its place Elvis Presley the actor. It is believed teenagers will not be disappointed.

As for Elvis, he did well this time out. A brief prior appearance—with Milton Berle on television—found him not so cordially received. Indeed Berle, during final rehearsal, is reported to have advanced at one point toward center stage and called querulously: "All right, where's Elvis whatzizname? What are we doing, rehearsing or playing games? What are we, amateurs or professionals?"

The experience and adventures of Elvis Presley in Hollywood may have answered his question. Hollywood, his first time out, did something decisive for Elvis whatzizname. And it appears like it was all for the best.
KIM NOVAK:

Who’s Bandini?

In mid-summer of 1956, an unseasonably icy finger reached out and touched lightly, the cockles of Columbia Pictures' executive heart. With very little warning, there seemed reason to believe that Columbia in particular and motion pictures in general might be going to lose the decorative and talented services of Kim Novak.

Miss Novak, a girl with considerable ambition career-wise, had not said so; yet, she hadn't exactly laughed the question off when it was put to her.

Furthermore, a likely handful of her closer intimates, and particularly those who had been with her during her trip abroad, thought the notion was at least conceivable.

Of 'dabbl' love, of course, is the culprit in the woodpile. Miss Novak's friends insist that the girl's in a bind and that something will have to give.

The principals in the main event should perhaps be introduced at this point.

In one corner stands a collective entity we can call Kid Career, which adds up to fame, worldly goods and the exercise of an ability our heroine has worked hard to cultivate.

In the other, is a promising, sandy-haired, middle-sized Italian named Mario Bandini—Count Mario Bandini, yet—who is said to be as rugged on the subject of working wives as Prince Rainier, who is very rugged.

An erstwhile factor in the going, it is believed, now occupies a spot no closer than third-row ringside: Theatreman Mac Krim, whom Miss Novak avowedly adores but on whom she has ominously refused to commit herself when the chips are really down.

"Well," she said once of Krim, in answer to a question, "he's the only one I'm dating." It sounded less than inflammatory. Then came the torrent of indecision which possibly she is also undergoing in re Bandini. "Try to understand me," she said. "Try to get it. Over here is the career, or whatever you want to call it. Over there is Mac. It's like reaching for a robe with one hand and opening the door with the other. A divided effort. You just have to do things one at a time, don't you agree?"

Which didn't on the face of it augur well for Uncle Mac. But her inquisitor pressed on, and Miss Novak finally went to evasive action. No, she said, she certainly would not marry him by springtime. And, she wailed: "I'm only 22!"

But she is a year older now, and Bandini—well, Bandini is something else.

A close associate of Kim's, one who was with her throughout her recent European and national tour, has deposed: "There's really something to this one. And Mario—him you should see and know. Not that Mac Krim's not a wonderful guy, but if that was going to happen, it would have by now—I think. There was a full tide and a right moment, and

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Will Kim emulate Grace Kelly by marrying a titled Continental?

Well, it just could be . . .

By JIM COOPER

Mystery Man in Kim's life is Count Mario Bandini whom she dated constantly during her visit to Rome, danced away the wee hours.
**COUNTESS** Bandini? Friends of Kim say the possibility is not too far remote.
Kim's Roman holiday became an idyll which she shared with suave Count Mario Bandini as they took in the sights

Then—it passed. I'm sure they're very close still. But marriage—uh-uh. Not for my dollar. But Mario Bandini—if you really want a tip, watch that one.

This should be possible. Bandini is scheduled to infiltrate Hollywood sometime soon, presumably in possession of Miss Novak's home phone number. But meanwhile, espionage out of Rome has the following to say:

The count is one of the north Italians, resembling a somewhat younger George Sanders and with an accent for English that dissolves women into small, untidy puddles. "It's so cute!" one has reported. "You want to help him, but it's so cute, you just stand there and listen. It also," she went on, in a slightly more thoughtful vein. "may be contrived. You know those attractive Italians."

Yes and no. In any event, it happened Miss Novak and entourage were in Rome during their stay, and a party was tossed for them by Gaea Pallavicini, wife of an Italian producer. And Bandini, a well-heeled and well-connected fellow who works hard in the manufacturing dode, was right away on the pipe to Signora Pallavicini demanding he be invited, since bellissima Kim was going to be on tap. So Signora Pallavicini complied, and that started something. Not only according to supposedly flawless sources, can the firemen do nothing about it; they haven't even been called yet.

Kim and Mario, if you can first-name so fliply a count of the realm, passed up very few evenings together in Rome, and later the count followed the Novak party to Venice, and then north to Paris. Although no transcript is available of the couple's conversations while alone—and this wasn't very often, incidentally, due to this and that and a kind of duenna system employed by studios for their touring talent—they did talk a lot about French impressionist art while surrounded. What this proves is impossible to say, but they did talk about it.

Then after a while Kim got back to Hollywood and was pleasantly—some thought even happily—reclusive on the subject of the count. There it rested—or tossed and turned.

"But one thing is for sure," an onlooker has declared.

**NIGHT OUT** in Rome finds Kim and Count Bandini entering cellar club. In appearance, Bandini resembles a younger George Sanders.

**DANCING** in the dark, Kim seems enchanted with the Bandini brand of charm. The Count planned to visit Kim here in Hollywood.
"Mario Bandini is not a guy who'd permit his wife to go on working after marriage, movie star or not. The Italian aristocracy is that way, and Mario is that way in spades. So if they do marry—and I'd be the last to say they won't—it's goodbye, Kim. Rome's gain, Hollywood's loss."

To say nothing of the blow to the chops sustained by Columbia stockholders.

And for Mac Krim, there is this—wafted one spring night into the soft, Roman twilight air. "All these beauties," said Kim Novak of the Roman landmarks she was touring, "should be seen with someone you love. I wish Mac were here."

That was a few days before Signora Pallavicini's party and the swashbuckling entrance of Count Mario. Thus destiny beats its toto both hip and thigh.

It has been customary this year for Hollywood's younger elements to beat the European bush for a few months and return "new" persons, and Kim Novak is no exception.

She left Hollywood a frightened girl, given to crying spells, excruciatingly shy, burdened with abysmal insecurity. This was forgivable. Her startlingly fast rise was based on queasy footage, no background to sustain her. She had the sickening feeling of spinning through air, and that gravity had forsaken her in the giddy heights of stardom. She came back a woman.

"I'll never cry again," she confided to a friend on the way home, "unless for some terribly real, some valid reason. I don't know what was the matter before. I can guess, but I don't know. But whatever it was, it's over. The trip did everything for me."

There are examples available. Those who have seen the film, "Picnic," will have no difficulty recalling the rather over-voltage dance Miss Novak executed with William Holden on the river pier. Well, doing that for the picture itself, she was so overcome with feelings of inadequacy and reserve that she wept over the prospect of performing before the crew—which naturally she had to do. But on her arrival in Rome, before a mass gathering of reporters she tossed off a similar routine in bare feet; unattended, completely spontaneous, and with a professional partner she had never met until that moment.

It was news to some that Kim Novak had accumulated this much poise. That's a new kind of courage for her. But the old kind, the one sportswriters call guts, she's always had.

Flying under all but perfectly pressurized conditions is continued on page 67
THE
Buster Keaton STORY
If you think deadpanning your way through a film is easy, ask Donald O'Connor who's portraying the famous silent comedian in his life story.
After many tries, Donald finally masters one of Keaton’s most hilarious routines

RETURNING from a New Year’s Eve party, slightly inebriated, Don and wife Ann Blyth find getting to bed a harrowing experience.

HOW TO DO the hilarious “Putting Baby To Bed” routine is demonstrated by Keaton and wife Joan, his partner in the old act.

TOWEL wrapped around his neck, perspiring Don takes a breather between scenes of “The Keaton Story.” Dancing isn’t half as hard.
WITH ANN flung over his shoulders, Don, pretending to be unsteady and dazed from over-indulgence, rehearses carrying her across the room.

ALL BUT exhausted after the strenuous physical exertion, Don maps up as he listens to Keaton explain some things that weren't quite right.
At HIS beach house in Santa Monica one Sunday afternoon, nearly ten years ago, the late great director Sam Wood was watching Ingrid Bergman swim far out into the Pacific. There was a dangerous undertow, and someone asked whether he hadn't better notify the lifeguard station to keep an eye on her.

“No, she wouldn't like it,” Mr. Wood replied. “Some day Ingrid's going to start swimming and never come back.”

There were at the time no outward indications as to the strange and twisted fate that lay in store for Ingrid just around the next corner of her life. She appeared to be happily married to Dr. Peter Lindstrom, a prominent Beverly Hills neuro-surgeon, and she was at the height of her career and her powers as an actress, commanding a record fee of $175,000 per picture and having won an Academy Award as the best actress of the year 1944 for her excellent performance in “Gaslight.”

Yet there must have been, even then, deep undercurrents of discontent and unrest which were apparent to some of her closer friends and associates. For a couple of years after Sam Wood made this remark, Ingrid Bergman did in fact swim away to a point of no return.

In the Spring of 1949, Ingrid went to Italy in order to make a picture under the direction of Roberto Rossellini. The trip was to last only about three months, but—as it turned out—she never came back from it. She fell in love and had a child by Rossellini, married him after she divorced her husband, and has lived in Italy ever since. While her first picture in seven years for an American studio—“Anastasia,” which she made in London for 20th Century-Fox—is now being seen here, and while she may conceivably return to Hollywood for other pictures later, it is quite inconceivable that she'll ever pick up again where she left off. In a very real sense, Ingrid Bergman has fulfilled Sam Wood's melancholy prophecy.

It is now known that she had asked her husband for a divorce as early as 1946, three years before she actually left him. It had also been noted that she seemed to prefer entertaining her friends on the set rather than in her home. And it was no secret that immediately prior to 1949 she was

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Ingrid Bergman defends

“Anyone can make a mistake. It's how a person acts after the mistake that should be judged,” says Ingrid
her life!
She's paid dearly, but Ingrid has emerged

becoming increasingly aware of a sense of artistic stagnation. "I was tired of making the same kind of pictures," she said recently. "I wanted to be in a movie about real people in a real world. But in Hollywood they all said that, when the housewife is through washing dishes, she doesn't go to the movies to see someone else washing dishes. I thought maybe they were right."

On top of it, her last two pictures, "Joan Of Arc" and "Arch Of Triumph," were both critical and box-office failures, although her earlier Broadway portrayal of Joan in Maxwell Anderson's stage play had been singled out by the Drama League of New York as the season's "most distinguished performance."

But all of these factors combined are hardly sufficient explanation for the violent climax toward which Ingrid was building with dramatic inevitability. For Ingrid was to live a story more poignant and dramatic than any of the fictional ones she had played on either the screen or on the stage.

There is one exception to this—the story of Saint Joan. The heroic figure of the peasant girl from Domremy seems to have obsessed Ingrid as it has obsessed playwrights and novelists through the centuries from Shakespeare, Voltaire and Schiller to Bernard Shaw and Maxwell Anderson. For, aside from her portrayals of Joan on Broadway and in Hollywood, Ingrid has recently again appeared all over Europe in an operatic version of the story, "Saint Joan At The Stake," directed by Rossellini, with music by Arthur Honegger.

Is it merely accidental that she should have returned to Joan three times within the space of eight years? Or is there, perhaps, an unconscious identification of herself with Joan, the forthright, honest, warm-hearted peasant maid who died at the stake for defying church and society?

Ingrid may not be aware of any such identification, and she certainly has no illusions as to the punitiveness of her own
from her ordeal stronger, wiser

stature compared with the heroic one of the Maid of Orleans, but what probably draws her to Joan is her unflinching courage before a terrible fate. One word of compromise could have saved Joan from the flames. But Joan chose death rather than deny the voices she'd heard. She was willing to drink her cup to the dregs.

Ingrid, on a humbler scale, seems to possess a similar awareness of a personal fate whose dictates she must follow to the end.

How did it all start?

"I don't know where it all began," she tried to explain the other day. "Who knows where anything really begins?"

Ingrid was an only child whose mother died when she was two. Her father, a moderately successful photographer, passed away when she was 12. After that, she was brought up by relatives in her native Stockholm, surrounded by the conventional atmosphere of a middle-class Swedish family.

She was a self-sufficient child, outwardly cool, disciplined and controlled, but inwardly seething with intense emotions which could only find an outlet in the free play of her imagination. Very early she started acting out scenes for herself; very soon it became clear to her that the stage was to be her vocation. She achieved tremendous success in the theatre while still in her teens, and was a movie star of considerable standing throughout Europe by the time she was 20.

In 1939, she came to Hollywood, attaining during the next decade recognition as one of the world's foremost actresses, and becoming—in addition—almost a symbol of wholesomeness, calm and self-possessed common sense. But when the volcano smoldering underneath the serene appearance finally erupted, it did so with such violence that it stunned the entire world.

The volcano always was there, of course. No great artist can just conjure up emotions from the brain or through mechanical means. Without that inner turmoil, no artist can generate the drive, tension and forcefulness necessary for creative achievement. In Ingrid's case, she'd merely held a tight rein on her emotionalism for many years, permitting it to show only in her art.

In retrospect, her marriage to Peter Lindstrom appears to be one example of how she deliberately tried to keep these forces in check.

THE young medical student whom Ingrid married when she was 20 obviously was a very different person from herself. She probably was in love with him, but chances are that she also selected him instinctively for her mate because he could give her the stability she needed. Peter Lindstrom was an anchor for her.

But the very qualities which originally attracted her—his steadiness, lack of emotionalism, soberness and conservatism—unavoidably began to pall on her at length. Ingrid, the artist, and Dr. Lindstrom, the surgeon, were too different from each other to remain truly happy together. Ingrid needed a certain amount of extravagance. She needed more than a rock of Gibraltar; more than just affection; more even than fame, security and wealth. She longed to be fully alive again, to love and be loved, to laugh and cry, to rejoice—and, if necessary, even to suffer.

Perhaps the crisis wouldn't have been quite so shattering if they had lived anywhere but in the tinsel atmosphere of Hollywood. "It's not that I disliked Hollywood," she said recently. "I don't. It gave me a wonderful career and lots of money, and I'm grateful. But it was so dull! I often felt so

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A SERIOUS young actor who's had stage and TV success, Dan is more concerned with doing a good job than in getting a lot of hoopla.
Have you met Don Murray?

He blustered his way into such prominence in "Bus Stop" that Hollywood suddenly realized it had a shiny new star in its midst.

By JACK HOLLAND

Don Murray is a guy who is full of surprises. Perhaps the biggest one is that he took away a lot of the under from MM in the 20th Century-Fox picture, "Bus Stop." Few stars have been given such a fanfare return to movies after a short absence as has Marilyn's attention was vetted on her and her new role as actress, but Don, a newcomer, roared and blustered his way into such prominence as a cowboy that you were actually inclined to forget The Giggle at times.

The other surprise is the kid himself.

To begin with, you'd expect him to follow the usual pattern and be all starry-eyed about his sudden success in pictures. You'd think he'd be floating on some high-numbered clouds and giving out with the usual ecstatic platitudes. But at this Murray.

"Whatever success I may have been lucky enough to get in pictures so far hasn't thrown me," the mild-mannered but serious young star said on the set of his new picture for Yeah--Lancaster, "Bachelor Party." "This is no sudden success for me because I'd had some good breaks in New York in the stage and on TV. There is a place on the eastern side of these Hollywood mountains, you know. Besides, success isn't so important to me. All that matters is that I do a good job. I'm far more concerned about being proud of my work than I am in getting a lot of hoopla.

"Naturally, I'm glad my job turned out okay in 'Bus Stop.' When I was making it I felt as though it was going to be all right and half way through the picture everyone sensed we had something going. I was, nevertheless, very anxious to see it—and I was proud to be a part of it. I don't think I'd do anything different in my performance if I had the chance to do it over again."

Don made no point at all of the fact that he won the part over about 30 contenders. Josh Logan, the director, had seen him on Broadway in "The Skin Of Our Teeth" and tested him. Five days later Don was set.

Because of his many successes in TV and on the stage in such shows as "The Rose Tattoo," Don was never panting.

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DON MURRAY continued

Although he always wanted to be an actor

UNLIKE the cowboy he played in "Bus Stop," Don waits eight months for wife Hope Lange to say yes to his proposal.
Film stardom wasn’t Don’s goal

breathlessly to be a Movie Star. He had not aimed his sights in this direction.

“I’d been offered contracts since I was 19,” he said, “especially after ‘The Rose Tattoo’ opened on Broadway. But they were all too confining so I turned them down. Now my deal with 20th allows me time to do stage work and to make only two pictures a year. It is especially pleasant too, since my wife, Hope Lange, is also with the studio.”

Hope was in “Bus Stop” but she didn’t get her part as the result of Don’s break. She had been brought out to Hollywood to do a TV show, the studio saw her work in the show, and signed her without even knowing she was about to become Mrs. Don Murray.

Don and Hope had been going together for about five years—off and on—as Don put it. Considering all the facts pertaining to their courtship, this is a mammoth understatement.

Don met Hope while she was still in high school back East. It was on a double date, only he was dating someone else. This is where you’d expect to hear that the two of them clicked right off the bat, forgot their other dates, and fell madly in love. Such was not the case.

“I wasn’t interested in her and she wasn’t in me on that first meeting,” Don went on. “I thought she was too young. But two weeks later I saw her again and reacted in a much different way. It’s amazing how much a person can mature in two weeks,” he laughed.

He asked her to come to see him in “The Rose Tattoo,” which she did, and after the show they went out. Don suddenly found himself faced with some most surprising emotions.

“I was so impressed with her intelligence and her very real goodness,” Don said in his sincere way. “I was convinced I wanted to marry her but I didn’t say anything at the time.

“Shortly after this I went on the road with ‘The Rose Tattoo’ and Hope and I got together when I returned—but only for a short time. It was now 1953 and I went to Europe, as a conscientious objector, to serve two and a half years in war relief work as a social worker. I stayed with both German and Italian families and lived, by choice, with no money.”

Don, incidentally, was only set for two years’ service but he stayed on an extra six months because he felt his job wasn’t completely done.

“T WAS here I learned about human beings and about human sufferers.” he said with deep feeling. “I think I also gained what sense of values I have. At least, what I learned taught me not to be terribly impressed by success or by material things. I saw so many people in those camps who had once been very wealthy, some who had been royalty. And I saw them reduced to such terrible poverty that I learned there was no security in riches or success. Security comes from within—from a deep faith, which I think I’ve had since I was a child.”

All the time Don was in Europe he wrote to Hope regularly. For the first year she didn’t answer, but he kept right on writing. Not once did he ever say, “Why don’t I hear from you?” Finally, in the last year of his stay abroad, she began to write—and she met him at the boat when he docked in New York.

Three months after his return he asked her to marry him, but she didn’t accept right away. In fact, for eight months she debated the issue.

“I’m convinced that man’s fatal mistake is to propose.” Don grinned. “It’s better just to wait until you get married. The minute you ask a girl to marry you she becomes fright-

ended and feels like running away. During those eight months I didn’t pressure Hope or ask her to marry me. I just waited.

“We finally were engaged—and then we both were cast in a play called ‘Hot Corner.’ After a while we set the wedding date, but ‘Bus Stop’ came up and canceled out the plans.

“Once we were in Hollywood we started making arrangements again. We wanted to be married back in New York in a church ceremony with our families, but I found I couldn’t function too well without Hope so we were married in a civil ceremony. We later went back East for another marriage service in the church.”

Don belongs, incidentally, to the Church of the Brethren which is a denomination on the order of the Quakers. He takes his faith seriously too and doesn’t smoke, seldom drinks, although he doesn’t object if others indulge in both. He does have in his contract, though, the right to refuse to endorse liquor or tobacco ads.

He and Hope are now expecting a baby in March. She has to make “Jesse James” for 20th and then will do no more pictures until after the birth of the child. Both want three or four children since they love youngsters and come from fairly good-sized families. Don has a brother and a sister and Hope has three sisters and a brother.

They live with no elegance or luxury in an apartment in Hollywood. Their success hasn’t induced them to start throwing money around. In fact, the only thing they have of value is a car which they bought to get back and forth to work.

“About the only thing I want is a sailboat,” Don said. “I

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THIS has been Don’s big year: success (and with it, interviews), marriage and soon, fatherhood. He’s now making “Bachelor Party.”
Don Murray continued

Don and Hope's Hollywood apartment is quite modest by movietown standards—but they do have fun.

used to have a boat and I was a pretty good sailor. But I like most sports anyway—football most of all. I didn't play it much in school, though, because I was too small. I was the shortest guy in my class during my high school days. Then when I was sixteen I started to shoot up. If anyone had told me I'd be six-feet-two and weigh 180 pounds I'd have thought he was crazy.”

Of his schooling, Don said simply, “I was in the upper third of my class, but I paid no attention to school work. It was just a place to have fun in as far as I was concerned. I got into the ordinary amount of trouble there, but there were two things I'd never do—lie or steal. My parents drilled that into me good.”

Hope is interested in many of the things Don is. She does read more than he, but both share the same interest in music. Don has quite a collection of German, Italian, and modern Russian records that cannot be bought here.

“GAIETY is the prevalent mood at the Don Murrays’. Don met Hope while she was still in high school, courted her for over five years."

“There's only one thing wrong,” he smiled. “We have no machine to play them on yet.

“Hope and I are unalike in some respects—and this is an advantage. I talk a lot and she's a good listener. She's a good cook and I can't do much more than boil water. In fact, I don't believe a man should cook—that's a woman's job. If I'm not working, however, I do help with the dishes.

“As far as any personal characteristics are concerned, I suppose I have a temper but I don't blow up. I think I keep it under control. I can let go when the occasion calls for it but what kind of an actor would I be if I didn't blow off steam once in a while?

“Hope and I are very emotional. We laugh and cry heartily at movies. We went to see Jimmy Dean in 'East Of Eden' and we were the last to leave the theatre when the lights went up. We just sat there wiping away the tears. I'm also moved by children. I love to be around them and I have fa...
more patience with them than with people of my own age. "I'm not patient about other things, though, especially when something goes wrong with my car. I really get mad then. I just have no mechanical mind, although I do try to fix things. If they don't work out, though, I get pretty upset. "I may be short in the fix-it department, but I'm a good builder. I worked as a stonemason in Germany, in fact."

THAT'S only one of the many jobs Don has had. In his short life he has been a waiter, laborer, caddy, bus boy, newspaper salesman (he even put out his own newspaper with his brother when they were kids), clam digger, fisherman, English teacher and sports coach in Europe.

"Perhaps the biggest difference between Hope and me," Don continued, "is that I'm the contemplative type where she is quite impulsive. I think about a thing so long before taking any action that by the time I get around to doing something about it, it's too late."

Don Patrick Murray came by his talent naturally. Born in Hollywood in 1929, his parents were Dennis Murray, dance director who once worked for 20th Century-Fox and is now stage manager in New York for "The Pajama Game," and Ethel Cook, former Ziegfeld girl. Don was taken to New York early in his life.

He had always wanted to be an actor, so after he finished high school he went to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York. His parents helped him through school, but he had to earn his own living so he worked as an usher at CBS and played some professional basketball. There were still many rough moments for him—financially speaking.

"I can recall one period when my roommate and I were so broke we would invite people to our apartment for a party and tell them to bring their own beer and pretzels," Don commented. "We ate the pretzels the next day."

It was at the Academy that Don met Paton Price, a teacher at the school, who was instrumental in getting Don his first professional engagement in a stock company. Price was the director of the show. He has remained with Don as his coach—and is now working with Hope too.

"He, more than any other single person, is responsible for what success I have had," Don stated firmly. "Meeting him was my biggest break."

Don's first big part was in "The Rose Tattoo." One day he met an actor friend who told him readings were being held for the show. Don auditioned and got the part over many contestants. The same bit of luck held true when he returned from Europe and three days later read for "Skin Of Our Teeth." He also got that part.

"I did TV work too as a dancer before I started getting some good parts on television," Don added. "My father taught me how to dance. I did mainly tap, soft shoe, and interpretative work."

Soon he was active on TV as an actor, having appeared on Studio One, Philco, Robert Montgomery Presents, Kraft, and others. In fact, he was one of the leading young television stars in town.

Don had to go back to the set of "Bachelor Party," which is a Paddy Chayefsky TV play transferred to the movies. He was playing a bookkeeper whose wife was expecting a baby. This role should be easy for him to do.

END
In her first musical, "Funny Face," Audrey has Fred Astaire, Gershwin songs and the Eiffel Tower lending support.
CHATTING with co-worker during a break in shooting, Audrey is all earnestness. Astaire plays photographer who "discovers" her.

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In the colorful streets of Paris, the stars of "Funny Face" enjoyed a Roman holiday.

WAITING for cue to begin dance rehearsal, Audrey seems to be straining at the leash. Audrey began her career as a chorus girl.

SIGNING an autograph, Audrey finds that Fred Astaire's back is an excellent prop to lean on. Fred acts his usual debonair, gallant self.

STRUTTING along base of the Eiffel Tower, Fred Astaire strikes a familiar stance, one that would easily be recognized anywhere.
STROLLING along the streets of Paris, Audrey appears enchanted by the sights, sounds and smells. Bet she enchanted Paris, too.
My Sister, Joan Collins

By JACKIE COLLINS

"The Joan I know is not exactly a wallflower. She's outspoken, uninhibited and quite a dare"

I MUST have been the only 11-year-old girl in Dinard, on the north shore of France, who was tired of ice cream. My 16-year-old sister, Joan, was responsible for it. To be specific—Joan and a young ice cream vendor, her first "real" love.

We'd gone to the French resort on a holiday. On the fourth or fifth morning, we were lying on the beach when Joan suddenly reached into her purse, pulled out a franc, and jumped to her feet.

"Where are you going?" I asked.
"To get some ice cream."
"We just had breakfast!" I reminded her.

She walked up to the little cart anyway. I quickly saw why: the vendor was about 17 or 18, tall for his age, dark, freckle-faced, and awfully cute. He was also French. Joan fell for him, as you say in America, hook, line, and sinker.

Two weeks later, having invested all of her allowance, and mine, in ice cream, she had learned two lessons: too much ice cream can lead to a stomach ache; and it's better to let a boy chase a girl than vice versa. All her efforts hadn't even gotten her a date. After that, she let the men do the chasing.

And did they!

Back in London, her newly discovered interest in boys, and more so. theirs in her, plus her freshly found interest in jazz continued on page 44
A BIKINI suit helps Joan catch sunshine on "Seawife" locale.
At sea on a rubber raft and wearing the JOAN COLLINS continued

STORY of "Seawife" concerns four survivors of torpedoed boat in 1942. Only one of the three men on raft knows that Joan's a nun.

music combined with her capacity for always having a good time and the ability to make others have a good time, too, made our home just about the liveliest residence in London’s West End.

Joan was 17 when she was accepted by RADA, the Royal Academy of Drama and Arts. In addition to lessons and performances at the London studio, vacation time was the time when most of the students received the most valuable of training—experience in repertory. They did this on their own, and for these weeks stayed in different people's homes, referred to as "digs." Although Joan was one of the youngest girls in the group, my parents never worried about her because she could always take care of herself.

However, her association with her new crop of friends brought about one decided change: Joan suddenly became very, very sophisticated.

One day which I remember in particular, she dressed for a date in a tight fitting, black evening dress, high-heeled shoes which laced up almost to her knees, and long shiny earrings—a femme fatale if I'd ever seen one. At least, that's what she wanted to be.

Being five years younger, I was very much impressed. But my parents literally cringed when they saw her, yet they didn’t say anything. An adverse remark, they feared, would only put my sister on the defensive, and Joan could be pretty stubborn. However, they were reduced to quiet laughter when Joan re-

WATER supply becomes a source of contention between the men but Joan is able to control all of them with her indefinable goodness.

BETWEEN actual scenes, Joan freshens up a bit. "Seawife" was shot in Jamaica though its real locale was the Southwest Pacific.
fused to sit down for dinner, for fear of ripping her dress!

Before long Joan changed to a more conservative attire of her own accord. However, my parents weren’t as agreeable when I tried to inherit her outfit. “At 14, really!” mother exclaimed in answer to my request.

Joan and I always got along famously, except when she insisted on certain prerogatives because she was older, and I was equally determined to have the same privileges, regardless of our difference in age. This would cause Joan to get very angry and lose her temper. However, she has learned to control her feelings to a degree I would have never held possible.

I think many people have been fooled by Joan’s ability to control her emotions. As a matter of fact, after being in America for just a few weeks, I’m amazed at the wrong impression people have of her. From what I’ve heard and read, they seem to feel that all the glamour, the sexiness, the vampishness and what have you is simply the figment of publicists’ imaginations, to help sell her pictures; that in real life she is shy, demure, reserved, and—to quote one writer—“about as exciting as applesauce.”

Whoever said that must have been misled by Joan’s reluctance to discuss certain aspects of her life. The Joan I know is not exactly the wallflower type of girl. My sister is outspoken, completely uninhibited, and always a lot of fun to be with.

She is not a practical joker. She’s never rung doorbells and run away before anyone answered, never pulled chairs away from a person about to sit down, never called someone on the phone and told him to close the door because “it’s drafty.” But she is vivacious, and relaxed, and can hold her own in any group of people. She is also quite a dare.

The last time we went to Harry Green’s Club in London, her date asked for her favorite song.

“Blue Moon,” my sister told him.

“Why don’t you sing it?” I suggested.

Her date gasped. “Here?” He seemed quite disturbed.

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Poppa's in the movies

Little Fraser Heston would never recognize his old man what with all that make-up for "Moses"

BEARDLESS Chuck Heston reads son Fraser script of "The Ten Commandments" in which Chuck has top role of Moses (opposite page). END
HER protectiveness asserts itself most often with her friends, but she has taken others under her wing, too.
Debbie's got a maternal instinct for people that is all-embracing—a perfect quality for motherhood

EDDIE was about to take his last bow in front of the television cameras when Debbie whispered to me, "Let's pick him up and carry him off stage."

"Before the show's over?" I gasped.

"Right now!"

We grabbed each other's wrists to form a chair, flanked Eddie on either side, swooped him up, and to the howling delight of the audience carried him off stage just as the band went into their theme song.

"That's a fine way for a mother-to-be to act," Eddie grinned.

It was quite obvious that he enjoyed her little joke. To me, it proved once again that Debbie has changed very little since I first met her at MGM almost five years ago.

I don't mean to imply that Debbie always acts like a gigglish, hair-brained teen-ager who has never grown up. She simply loves to have fun, and have others share in her laughter—an ability that will make her appear young at any age.

This trait is doubly remarkable because it contrasts so sharply with a maturity which makes me, two years her senior, call her "Mother Hen Fisher." In a way it was her concern for others that brought us together.

We met for the first time when I reported to Willy Covan for my dancing lessons. Debbie had just finished hers. Getting ready to leave she noticed that I was having trouble with my ballet slippers, or what was left of them.

"Looks like they're all chewed up," she commented, smiling in her warm friendly way.

"They are, darn it," I replied unhappily.

"Denzil must have done it..."

"Denzil? Who's Denzil?"

"My dachshund," I explained. "Oh, well, I'll start my dancing lessons tomorrow..."

"Oh, no, you don't. Here. Take mine. There's no point in wasting time..."

That's what I mean about "Mother Hen."

We didn't run into one another again till my 21st birthday, for which I had planned a little party and invited most of the kids I knew pretty well—Barbara Ruick, Kay Brown, and a few others including Bobby Van, who was then in a picture with Debbie.

That particular afternoon, I walked over to the stage where Bobby was rehearsing a scene with her, to let him know what time the party was supposed to start. Debbie happened to overhear us.

"Party?" she cried out, her face all aglow.

"Who's giving a party?"

Somewhat embarrassed, I explained, "I would have asked you too, but how could I expect you to come any more than Lana Turner..."

Debbie was near hysterics with laughter. When she calmed down she wanted to know where the party was going to be, then promised to be there. She also brought a sweet little gift with a rather original note: "Best wishes for a happy birthday. From your old mother, Lana Turner."

Thereafter we became such good friends that I borrowed everything from her slips to her...
parents. With my family back in Ohio, nearly 3,000 miles away, I grew quite lonesome at times. Realizing this, Debbie regularly invited me to her house—once I stayed over three months—and included me in her family life to the point where I called her wonderful parents “Mom” and “Pop,” just like my own folks back in Ravenna.

From the very beginning, it was obvious to me that Debbie would never have a star complex, no matter how well she would do, careerwise. And no one agreed more heartily than my parents, whom I introduced to Debbie a couple of years ago when we did a play together in Dallas, Texas. Mom’s parting words to me were, “If you meet three people like Debbie in your life, you are fortunate....”

Of Debbie’s many wonderful traits, none is more pronounced than her generosity. Few people know to what extent she goes, because Debbie never talks about it. Like the money she loaned me when I was stone broke, and the manner in which she made it impossible for me to refuse or even thank her.

Before I had a chance to tell her of my predicament, Debbie looked at me questioningly. “What’s wrong, Peggy?”

Suddenly I lost my nerve. “Nothing, nothing at all,” I lied.

“You know something?” she replied, talking more to herself than to me. “For the last two years I’ve been trying to save money, yet I always spend more than I should. How about letting me give you a hundred dollars, and just forget about it for the next few months. You do with it whatever you want just as long as you don’t give it back to me till I really need it. That’ll be like a forced savings plan, except that I don’t have to go to the bank.”

Taking her check was almost like doing her a favor!

Debbie has been just as generous with the one thing in which most actresses won’t give an inch: her career.

A few months after we first met, both of us were up for the same role in a circus picture called “Jumbo.” I don’t think there was ever a part, before or since, on which her heart was more set than on this one. She had been instrumental in making MGM get the property in the first place, and talked about it at every interview, every party, everywhere.

Debbie and I lunched together a couple of hours after I was informed that I was considered for the same role. The prospect of telling her about it made me feel quite uneasy. When I did, her reaction describes Debbie better than a hundred adjectives.

“That’s wonderful,” she cried out. And after she thought
Debbie has a heart and warmth and tenderness that’s hard to match

about it a few seconds, “They’re liable to test you for it any
day now. I have more experience in camera angles than you.
Come over to my house tonight and we’ll go through the
scenes together . . .”

FOR ONE whole week, Debbie taught me all she knew—
to give me a better chance to get the part she had
wanted for so long! In the end, the studio dropped the whole
project, which neither of us could have anticipated at the time.
However, Debbie’s concern never meant more to me than
in Korea and Japan during the winter of 1952. I had caught
a bad case of the flu, which threatened to develop into pneu-
monia and the doctor ordered me to the hospital. I didn’t
want to go.
“I’m afraid you have no choice,” he insisted. “You need
constant attention and there’s no nurse to look after you here.”
“Oh, yes there is,” Debbie cut in.
“You?” the doctor called out disbelievingly. “I thought you
were leaving for the States tonight?”
“I leave when Peggy can travel.”
As much as I wanted her to stay, I knew that she was sup-
posed to get back to start a new picture. Remaining with me
in the Far East might cost her a good role, and no actress
can afford that. “I’ll go to the hospital,” I told the doctor.
Debbie overruled me. “Oh, no, you don’t and I don’t want
an argument out of you!”
For seven days and nights she never left my side. She fed
me, took my temperature, read to me, and when the doctor
gave me permission to travel, packed my bags. I’ve never
been more grateful to anyone.
In all honesty, I have to admit that along with her protec-
tive attitude, Debbie has all the domineering qualities of a
person who is used to taking over responsibilities. Since she
means well, and does well, no one minds. Her friends happily
agree to let her arrange parties. Eddie doesn’t object that she
runs the house completely on her own, and leaves it up to her
to find a new home after their present lease expires. (The
house they now live in proved far too big and too hard to take
care of.) And I couldn’t be more grateful—because her bossi-
ness saved my career.
One of my biggest problems has always been my weight.
More correctly—overweight. I love to eat.
Debbie, who seldom approaches a subject gently, brought
this to my attention one evening when she exclaimed, “Peggy,
you’re too fat.”
Coming from anyone else but Debbie, this might have been

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ONCE a light-hearted guy, Tab's now a taut, earnest young man.
Tab Hunter Says:

"Do I worry?
Do I ever!"

But now Tab’s beginning to have doubts about the wisdom of it all and says, “Maybe I better start worrying about worrying too much!"

By Dick Pine

An old friend of Tab Hunter spotted him crossing the Warner Bros. lot. “Hi, Tab . . . what’s new . . . ?” he began and then broke off with, “Say, you don’t look so well. Anything wrong?”

Tab brushed his hand across his brow and, seeming to focus for the first time, came back with, “No . . . nothing really wrong. Just worried, I guess!”

“You—worried? What’ve you got to be worried about? A guy like you with a career in high gear, everything coming your way. Don’t be funny!”

Afterward Tab told me, “It’s not funny. I do worry. Despite the fact that it doesn’t show outwardly. I never seem to stop. I worry about practically everything . . .”

Tab has changed a lot in the past five years, since he got his first break in pictures. He felt then that his start was just a lucky thing which had happened to him without his having made much of an effort to bring it about. He took things easily and was content to wait for another lucky break to come along. He was wide-eyed, carefree, and no one could imagine him having a problem in the world. Life was—just a ball for Hunter. It seemed nothing could ever bother him.

It is difficult these days to remember that light-hearted guy when you see the taut, earnest young man he has become.

“The trouble was,” Tab says now, quite frankly, “that I was content just to roll along without giving much thought to my development as an actor. I was pretty green when I did my first few pictures, but I didn’t realize how green. . . . After Warner Bros. put me under contract, I began to worry about my first picture for them, ‘The Sea Chase.’ We had a long stay in Hawaii on location, and I was never so lonely or depressed in my whole life. When the picture was completed and I saw the finished product, I kept asking myself, ‘Where did my part go?’ I realized that I would never get anywhere doing things like that. Things would have to be different, and no one could make them different except me.”

The result of his trying to “make things different” was that he went 15 months without working at all! If only they would give him a part . . . any kind of a part . . . or let him do some TV. That was a real worry. Tab has emerged from these doldrums now with two pictures, “The Burning Hills”

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"THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND": In his latest film, Tab's a young inductee who gives the Army a hard time making him into a soldier.

Tab is by way of becoming a perfectionist about some things and "The Girl He Left Behind." "C'est La Guerre" will follow.

The last time I saw him he was worried about being late for our appointment. He had found himself low on gas after he started for the studio and had stopped to fill his tank.

"I hate being late for anything," he said, frowning. "That's a new thing with me. I never gave it much thought before, but now I have a little book . . . 'for appointments,' . . . I keep track of every appointment and I'm really conscientious about it." This isn't any pose, "the new Hunter," or anything like that. It's just that the way he feels about a lot of things has changed and this business of being punctual and dependable is part of his maturing. "I must say I worry," he stated, "if I start the day out late, because I usually never get caught up and the whole day goes haywire."

However, Tab's career is still his most important worry. "I worry because I am always self-conscious with other people in the picture business," he said carefully. "I don't know exactly why, unless it is that I subconsciously wonder whether they think that I really belong here at all!" All this has spilled over, of late, into a new sensitivity about what other people think about him. Tab is truly coming of age now and...
ANXIOUS to succeed, Tab constantly worries about what people think of him as an actor. "Perhaps I try too hard to be perfect," he wonders.

that leads to further problems

is beginning to be conscious of himself as a maturing person. He feels that he hasn't yet been given a chance to show what he can do.

He was recently the guest of an actress at a showing of a picture on her home lot, a studio Tab hadn't visited before.

"There were all these picture people—producers, actors, directors, etc.—complimenting each other. Directing my remark to a small group of actors, I suddenly said to the girl I was with, 'Do you think they think we're as phony as we think they are? I sure hope not.' And she burst out laughing and said she had just been wondering the same thing.

"You do worry in this business about what other people think of you, as an actor and as a person. How do you gain the respect of the people in this business who are in a position to give you the good opportunities to improve? What they think can mean life or death to you, success or failure. No wonder we worry! How can I prove myself to my bosses, and still more terrible is the question you sometimes ask yourself, 'When the opportunity comes along, will I be ready to take advantage of it?'"

Tab is by way of becoming a perfectionist about some

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first, there was SILVANA
then came GINA
now it's SOPHIA

Tall, tantalizing and tanto bella
—in every language they need new words to describe Loren la Magnifica, Rome’s honey-haired symbol for TNT

CHARMS that made Sophia the biggest box-office draw in Europe will soon enliven the U.A. release, "The Pride And The Passion."

SERIOUS about her career, 22-year-old Sophia listens to co-star Cary Grant on location in Spain for the Stanley Kramer production.
ONLY A TOY dog could ignore sultry Sophia, whose honey eyes match her hair. She won a beauty contest at 16, bowed in pictures at 18.

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One of the modern wonders of Rome, sultry Sophia will soon dazzle American audiences

EATING, which she enjoys, doesn't seem to affect Sophia's classic lines.

LOOK, famous in Italy through Sophia's 21 films, stirs trouble between Cary Grant and Frank Sinatra in "The Pride And The Passion."
They love her in Pittsburgh
(because it's so near Altoona)

he welcome mat has always been out for Janet there but now it covers the whole USA

When the doorbell rings at Penthouse B in a house near the East River a couple of silver-grey miniature Schnauzers come tearing into the gaily wallpapered foyer and nearly divest you of your coat. They leave your arms intact because Sammy and Buddy (that's what they call themselves) are barking dogs of the wouldn't hurt a flea variety. "No Sammy! No Buddy! Hush!" Janet Blair calls after them. But she smiles when she says it and they know.

"We used to have a dog who died," she explains. "His name was Max. And Nicky (that's Nicky Mayo, Janet's husband) was very stern with him. 'Up Max! Down Max! Get off the ceiling Max!' Nicky wouldn't stand for any nonsense. But you know, Max wasn't any fun.

"Now these dogs—this morning when they heard me turn over in bed they flew in. All you have to do is turn over and they hear it. 'My, these cats are real playful today,' I said to myself. Then I walked into the living room. You see these carnations (they were in a vase on a marble-topped coffee table). Last night they were scattered over the rug—all torn up into a million pieces. And there those two stood wiggling their fannies. My, they were proud of themselves. Aren't we the cute ones, they were thinking."

Sammy and Buddy nibbled on a couple of cashew nuts. Then settled themselves on a small grey sofa (not a dog sofa, a people sofa, but dogs are democratic).

"They can't sit on this sofa," Janet said, patting the sofa she was sitting on which was long, black and modern.

"This was the first apartment we looked at when we came to New York. That was two years ago. I was terrified at the thought of living in New York. But the theatre is here and Nicky and I are both dedicated to the theatre so we had to be here. If I'd been trapped between four walls I would have died. But we have this huge terrace that goes all around the place. We had no idea what a seed was but we planted the whole thing. The roses were beautiful this year. And we have trees—only one of each but we've got 'em. Willow, cherry, apple. We have grapes, too. It was a big hobby for quite

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some time. But boom you get busy and you have to give it up. Nicky built a high fence with a door in it in the section that's around the corner. We call it the 'Back Nine'—it's for the boys (Sammy and Buddy)."

The rest of the terrace, which opens out from the living room is at least 60 feet long, bordered with the aforementioned garden and a picket fence. A barbecue rests against one wall with a glass-topped iron table and chairs in front of it. Scattered around are comfortable lounges.

"We live out there eight months of the year," Janet said, "The summer before last Nicky bought a huge, plastic pool. Really it was a monstrosity. Tremendous. Nicky insisted we set it up and fill it with water. It takes eight hours to fill it with water, but we did. Well, it is big all right, but it isn't deep. If you sit in it the water comes to your waist.

"One night we had friends over for dinner. They came in and we called to them to come out to the terrace. We were sipping cocktails—in the pool, in our bathing suits. So they joined us. After I lent them a couple of suits."

The living room, where the Mayos do their relaxing the other four months, is spacious and high-ceiled. The wall-to-wall carpeting is light grey. There's a little white piano, with bookshelves above it, tucked in the far corner next to the terrace door. At the opposite end of the room is a black brick fireplace (it burns) backed by a smoked mirror. Next to the fireplace is a desk piled with papers and two phones—"They ring all day long but I don't have a secretary," Janet says. "I couldn't stand having someone underfoot all the time."

When the phones rang—as they did continuously—Janet jumped up to answer.

One of the phone callers was Janet's costume designer who seemed to be having a problem thinking up a new design. Janet's tone was crisp and businesslike when she described what she wanted. "Have fun, draw something," she said cheerfully, hanging up.

ON THE other phone was husband Nicky who just wanted to know how things were going. "I love you, too," she told him. "Poor Nicky," she said, sitting down again. "He had to get up at six o'clock this morning to do some recording on the streets or something. What a deal.

"This whole year has been incredible to me. So busy. I made a movie with Red Skelton, RKO's 'Public Pigeon Number One.' Was on the Ford Theatre, did some spectaculars, played 'One Touch Of Venus' in Dallas, 'Annie Get Your Gun' in Pittsburgh. Pittsburgh's close to my hometown (Altoona, Pennsylvania) and they're always asking me to come out there. I always wanted to do 'Annie Get Your Gun.' I think of it as my first musical."

"IT'S mad and wonderful working with Sid," says Janet who plays his wife on the TV show. "Nicky, who's the director, is always straight out-and-out comedy role. 'South Pacific' wasn't really a musical comedy. That was drama. The girl in it runs the gamut of emotions. But Annie—that was comedy. You know, for the first act I had my hair tucked up under an old hat and my face was smudged, no make-up. I looked in the mirror and I broke myself up. Then when I got on the stage the laughs started coming. And that feeling you get when you know you have the audience in the palm of your hand. Nothing gives me more joy and satisfaction than making people laugh. After that first night I thought—you can take the drama, this is for me. So now I'm trapped," she added with a grin.

"It's mad and wonderful working with Sid Caesar. For the first show this season I got my script on Wednesday—for the Saturday show. That is, I got one scene. The other stuff came a couple of days later. But that's the way they work it.

"I guess it'll take time for the writers to get really used to my timing and my kind of approach and personality. Sometimes the pressure's terrific, especially when they suddenly decide in rehearsal that the script's too long and you have to learn everything all over again. I try to do my very best so even if it doesn't go over I don't feel too awful about it.

"I'm a great TV fan. I don't think there's anything more relaxing than coming home, hoping to learn the phones won't ring, crawling on the couch and watching television. You can learn not only from the good shows, but from the bad ones, too. I sit there enjoying myself with one part of my brain and constantly evaluating things with the other part."

Janet's in the habit of evaluating things. Back in 1948 she evaluated that her munificent Hollywood contract was not worth the paper it was written on, simply because her roles were getting her nowhere. So she left Hollywood (she arrived there in the first place via Hal Kemp's band, for which she was vocalist, and shortly found herself playing Eileen in "My Sister, Eileen." That was the only real highspot of her Hollywood career.

When she left Hollywood the Chicago Theatre offered her $5,500 a week to headline the stage but she turned that down, too. "I simply felt the day was past," she says, "when the people would sit still for some Hollywood personality who'd favor them with a couple of songs and six dull anecdotes about who has the prettiest lawns in Beverly Hills."

Instead, Janet spent $25,000 on costumes, special material, arrangements and everything else a nightclub act requires, and set out with the Blackburn Twins to conquer that field of show-business.

At one of the more elegant spots (New York's Waldorf) sat Rodgers and Hammerstein, who persuaded her to play the Nellie Forbush role in their road company of "South Pacific." She would have made more money staying put, but it wasn't in her. What was in her were 1,263 performances as Nellie. She travelled more than 50,000 miles in three years, never missed a performance—and met and married Nicky Mayo, the show's manager.

SHORTLY after she met Nicky, who's dark, attractive and of medium height, Janet bet him $100 that she wouldn't dare get a crew cut. "If a man has a diva head," she told him, "there's nothing like a crew cut to show it off."

It's a toss-up whether he wanted to look divine or hang on to the hundred dollars but Nicky took the dare. 'He's had it ever since,' Janet says, "and looks terribly attractive."

He thinks she's beautiful, too, but on that point he won't get an argument from anybody, even though Janet insists she was "the homeliest girl in Altoona, Pa. I was so homely that nobody paid any attention to me. So I decided to be the best dancer, the best singer and the best actress, even if I killed myself trying."

She also took up sports—swimming, golfing, horseback riding, to name a few—in all of which she managed to excel. But the only sport she can squeeze into her tight schedule nowadays takes place in the kitchen where, once in a while, she "dreams up a wild dinner."

"Nicky got me a huge gourmet cookbook. I could hardly lift it. And the kind of recipes in it. They'd start off, 'Take twelve olives, throw the olives away, save the peeling.' We sat here reading it and died laughing.

"Ethel (Janet's mother-looking maid) does most of the cooking around here. She's my right arm and I couldn't do without her. Even so, she doesn't sleep in. She just comes over every day to clean up the mess and fix dinner. Then she leaves. When it's time to serve (eight, nine or twelve o'clock—I hate daily routines) I just set everything up on the table. It works fine."

And Janet works fine. See for yourself every Saturday night after dinner—at nine, on Channel 4.
Sheilah Graham's Hollywood Lowdown

continued from page 9

Lonesome Cowboy," so they put off their marriage until he finishes the picture.

Dorothy Malone is privately sorry that she refused to do "Night Passage" because the studio wouldn't give her equal billing with the two male stars, Jimmy Stewart and Audie Murphy. "I was badly advised," she reportedly confided to a friend, "I would have loved doing the picture, I won't ever make that mistake again."

I was asked to name the biggest drawing card in the entertainment field today and caused a gasp with "Cowboy Roy Rogers." Roy's gross from his personal appearances, television shows, records and merchandise tie-ups amounts to an astronomical $4,000,000 yearly, and as Trigger sadly whinnies, "That ain't hay."

Debbie Reynolds has no more intention of retiring from pictures after the birth of her and Eddie Fisher's baby than Mamie Van Doren has of turning brunette. . . . Eddie is the town's most "expectant" father—he even learned to knit so he could knit some "soakers" for his child—"Just so he or she will have something of mine to wear."

John Derek is shopping for a television series to take up the slack in his picture work. John has gained a measure of humility in recent months. As he told me: "I had a pretty big head a couple of years ago. I thought I was going to the top. Well, I didn't. But I have another chance now and hope I don't fluff it." As for marriage to Ursula Andress, John has no immediate plans. "If we do get married, it'll be sudden" . . . Jane Powell didn't like the pink dressing room that RKO assigned her while making "The Girl Most Likely," so they did it over in lavender at her request. Jane and Pat Nerney will buy a home in the beach town of Balboa just so Pat can indulge in his desire to have a boat. . . . And Marilyn Monroe didn't like her dressing suite in dear old Blightly so Sir Larry O. bought a gigantic trailer decorated mostly in red, white and blue. . . . Arlene Dahl collected two pay checks when she made "Fortune Is A Woman"—one as the star of the picture, another as the designer of the lingerie she wears in several scenes. . . . Piper Laurie bought a new home hidden in the Pacific Palisades, and it's so difficult to find that on the night she wanted to move in, she got herself lost and had to drive back to her parents' home and spend the night there. Piper's completely heart-free at the moment, having gotten Gene Nelson out of her system.

Rock Hudson will be "Ben Hur" when MGM makes the picture next year. And Leslie Nielsen, their new and exciting "heart throb" who has a number of our top glamour gals panting, will play the "menace" to old Ben . . . Cary Grant is taking a long rest from picture-making because of the arduous schedule he had on "Pride And The Passion". . . . But Doris Day will team with Clark Gable in a modern comedy, "Teacher's Pet," as soon as she finishes "Pajama Game." Doris is the most changed gal in town.

TOGETHER with wife Sheila, Guy Madison goes to a preview of his new picture, "Reprisal."

just as bubbly and gay as she was when she first arrived here a few years ago. Whatever it was that was bothering her for so long, it isn't bothering her any more, obviously.

Tab Hunter is happy with his career now, but unhappy about his love life—or the lack of it. He'd like to fall in love, but says he can't find the right girl. . . . Diana Dors, the blonde bombshell from Britain, ran into such rough weather with our press that RKO hired a special praise agent whose sole job is to take care of her and see that "everybody likes her." And he earns $300 a week for this.

If Jayne Mansfield creates as much excitement as her studio bosses think she will after the release of her first big film, "The Girl Can't Help It," Sheree North may be unhappy. . . . Sheree was originally set to do that picture, but now all the steam is being turned on the buxom Jayne. Incidentally, Jayne assures me that she has no immediate marriage plans with muscleman Mickey Hargitay, "mainly because I haven't received my final divorce as yet." There hasn't been as tape-conscious a girl as this one since another Jane—Russell—raised the bosom to stardom in "The Outlaw," . . . And then there was the blonde star who introduced her psychiatrist to her husband and drewled, "This is one of the men I've been telling you about."

Deborah Kerr, who spends more time away from her husband, Tony Bartley, than she does with him, will spend more time away from him now that she's finally decided to star in "Rachel Cade" which will be filmed in the Belgian Congo. . . . Fess Parker is luckier than "Davey Crockett" ever was. Eight of his oil wells are producing. Fess still dates Marcy Rhinehart, a lovely non-professional, but he shies away from marriage—talk. . . . Ava Gardner has made definite reservations on the French liner, Liberté, for the second week of December and intends to spend Christmas with her family in North Carolina and pick up her divorce papers from Frank Sinatra.

END
Coming Attractions

BY RAHNA MAUGHAN

Teahouse Of The August Moon

ATTACHED to Army occupational forces on Okinawa, Glenn Ford is ordered to bring democracy to a small village. Armed with good intentions and interpreter, Okinawan Marlon Brando, Ford arrives and briskly checks off his list of "Things to do": Bring order out of chaos! Build school! Start industry! The natives are enchanted by this crisp efficiency. As tokens of welcome they present Ford with a quaint array of presents. One comes wrapped in a kimono. Her name is Machiko Kyo, a fragile porcelain geisha girl. In time, Ford swaps his uniform for a bathrobe, smiles benevolently when his Okinawan charges stop making sleazy souvenirs and start distilling potent potato brandy. When Ford sends in a requisition for lumber for a teahouse where the local ladies can entertain the gentlemen properly, the Army flips. Psychiatrist Eddie Albert is rushed to the scene. He finally concludes bathrobes are comfortable, especially when growing sweet peas. The Army froths at the mouth. About to take drastic steps, an ultimatum from Washington saves Ford, the teahouse and Albert's sweet peas. As light as a cloud and as merry as a Japanese lantern, this is probably the year's most delightful splash of Metrocolor whimsy. (MGM.)

Giant

THIS WarnerColor drama just might prod some Texans into seceding from the United States. As seen through the eyes of Elizabeth Taylor, wealthy rancher Rock Hudson's bride, Texas is big, sprawling and brawling. A place where almost everybody had almost everything but danged if they knew what to do with it. An Easterner, Elizabeth is slow to understand the Texans and their swaggering bravado. To her, it's a place where many vast fortunes, like ranchhand James Dean's, are made not through intelligence, work or merit, but on blind, stupid luck. It's a place, Elizabeth learns from sister-in-law Mercedes McCambridge, where women often seem to be a different breed from other women. Worst of all, Elizabeth points out to her virile, thick-hided Rock, Texas is a place where some people need the sort of power that comes from pushing around a less fortunate people. Nothing, but nothing, has been overlooked to make this a magnificent and exciting enlargement of the Edna Ferber book. (Warner Bros.)

Westward Ho, The Wagons

BECAUSE Walt Disney was responsible for filming this Technicolor epic of a wagon train heading for the plush land of Oregon, you can be fairly sure the violence is not of the grisly sort. With Fess Parker coming to grips with Pawnees and Sioux, there's ample opportunity for a blood bath of violence. Instead, a series of incidents with the Indians, which is pretty much the way things happen in real life, rarely by plot, test the mettle of the pioneers. The tensest situation arises when Parker, who doubles as a doctor, tries to help the critically injured son of a Sioux chief. If Parker fails, the wagon train is doomed. . . . They went wild on Indian research in this so everything looks quite authentic. The small fry will love this. (Buena Vista.)

Julie

WHAT, you ask yourself, what good heavens, keeps Doris Day going throughout all the harrowing ordeals peppering this suspense thriller? Married to erratic concert pianist Louis Jourdan, Doris finds out too late that Jourdan, a victim of intense jealousy, killed her former husband. Fleeing their eerie eyerie, continued on page 70
Ingrid Bergman Defends Her Life!

continued from page 31

On April 3, 1949, from Amalfi in Sicily, Ingrid wrote her husband a sorrowful and tender letter which began as follows:

"It will be very difficult for you to read this letter and it is difficult for me to write it . . ."

Today, Ingrid candidly concedes, "My decision was a selfish one. I put my happiness first. But I never dreamed it would end up as it did. Never! I thought sensible people could get divorced and be reasonable about everything. It never entered my head that I’d encounter such bitterness and that I’d lose Pia. I thought she’d be with me some of the time and her father the rest of the time. I thought he and I could remain friends.

"Was I wrong to believe it would be that way? Aren’t lots of people divorced, and don’t they behave decently to one another?"

Dismissing Ingrid's decision as the result of nothing deeper than a passing infatuation, Dr. Lindstrom flew to Italy, where he had a stormy, all-night conference with both Ingrid and Rossellini at Messina's Hotel Reale. When he left 24 hours later nothing had been settled. He insisted that Ingrid "come to her senses," finish the picture and return home. But to accept a separation from each other, had by then, become an emotional impossibility for both Ingrid and Rossellini. They remained together.

Dr. Lindstrom refused to grant Ingrid a divorce even after he learned that she was carrying Rossellini's child. For this he cannot be acquitted of needless cruelty. For what happened to Ingrid and Rossellini as a result of this refusal was nothing short of an ordeal. Probably no other lovers in history were ever pilloried and shamed more cruelly; certainly no expectant mother ever was treated less chivalrously than Ingrid.

When the news of Ingrid's pregnancy broke on December 12, 1949, the announcement set off an avalanche of gossip, public indignation and general publicity unprecedented in recent memory for any event of similar scope.

THE ANTICS of the press bordered on insanity, driving Ingrid to the brink of collapse. For months before and after the birth of her child, Ingrid hardly ever dared leave her apartment. Even at the hospital she found no peace, living for 12 days in the gloom of electric lights, with the window-shades drawn all day to keep out the prying eyes and telescopic cameras, and her room guarded.

"I've never been able to understand all the fuss," she mused not long ago. "All right, I had a baby before I was married. It's not the first time that ever happened to a woman, and it's not the last. And if two people love one another and marry, isn't that what counts? Anyone can make a mistake. It's how they act after the mistake that should be judged."

Ingrid gave birth to a son on February 2, 1950, seven days before she managed to obtain a Mexican divorce from Dr. Lindstrom. The child—now called Roberto—was christened Renato Roberto Giustus Giuseppe, and Ingrid acknowledged that Roberto Rossellini was his father. Because of legal complications—neither Sweden nor Italy recognized her Mexican divorce—she couldn't be married to Rossellini until May 30, 1950, and then only by proxy in Juarez, Mexico. They've since had twin girls, Isotta and Isabel, born June 18, 1952, and are considered a close-knit, happy family.

Although she has thus rectified—by her own and common sense standards at least—the breach of conventional morality she committed earlier, Ingrid nevertheless has been made to pay dearly for her mistake. She has been excoriated by the press, denounced by civic and religious leaders, and even held up to contempt in the halls of the U.S. Congress. Her name, once magic on a theatre marquee, became anathema overnight, her films—including her old ones—banned or boycotted in many parts of the United States. She lost her fight for partial custody of her daughter—without doubt the hardest blow she suffered.

On top of everything, from an artistic—and business—point of view, her partnership with Rossellini has not been a happy union for either of them. Together they have failed to reach anywhere near the artistic peaks either of them had
“Certainly,” said Joan. “And why not?” She got up, walked over to the orchestra, and asked them to play “Blue Moon” — which she sang from the podium. This certainly isn’t the attitude of a shy girl.

Nor does she show any reluctance when she’s interviewed. I heard a reporter ask her what she thought of the present fads for foreign sports cars and mink coats.

“I don’t consider them fads,” Joan had replied. “They’re necessities.”

Joan is evasive only when queried about her marriage, or “romances.” It happened to be with her when a columnist asked when she would marry again.

“That depends,” Joan replied.

“Depends on what?” he came back, sure of a scoop at last.

“On whether I’m ready for it.” No one’s been able to pin her down! As her sister, it wouldn’t be fair for me to discuss her interest in the opposite sex — but I can’t see anything wrong with telling of their reaction to her. And what a reaction!

Probably the most embarrassing, if not the most harassing incident occurred in Italy, where we had gone for “Land Of The Pharaohs.”

On one of our days off, we had driven to a resort on the Mediterranean, about 90 miles from Rome, hoping to get a good tan at the beach.

Joan, who—like most women—rather enjoys male attention, didn’t care for the stares of the men who soon seemed to think our part of the beach was the only place for a really good sun tan. To get away, she picked up the nylon float we’d brought along, and paddled out into the ocean a couple of hundred feet off shore. Considering herself safe at last, she started to relax — when all of a sudden heads shot up all around her, like sharks preying for small fish. One character came so close, he almost touched my sister. When he kept annoying her, after she asked him to leave, she suddenly leaned over and tried to scratch his back with her fingernails. After that, neither he nor the rest of the swarm gave her trouble.

The following week she was in for a different kind of surprise.

The two of us were leaving the Hotel de Ville in Rome when a handsome, dark-haired young man walked up, threw his arms around Joan, pulled her close, gave her a passionate kiss, exclaimed, “Gracie, Signorina,” and fled. Joan was stunned.

We’d walked less than half a block when another man approached. This one was middle-aged, balding, and with a bit of a pot-belly. He muttered something we couldn’t understand, kissed Joan, grinned sheepishly, and disappeared. Joan really gasped this time.

The mystery cleared up when a third man appeared. This one, at least, spoke English, or something close to it. “Go ahead,” he suggested as he closed his eyes and puckered up his lips.

“What’s come over them!” Joan cried.

“But Miss Kiss . . .” the man said.

“Miss WHO?”

“Miss Kiss,” he repeated. “You are Signorina Collins, no?”

“Yes . . .”

“Well, then, you’re the girl the newspapers call ‘Miss Kiss.’”

He pulled out a paper. “It says here you kiss every man you meet . . .” and with that he puffed up his lips and closed his eyes again. When he opened them, Joan was gone — trying to find the publicist who had released that story to the press. Fortunately, for him, he had left town for a couple of days. By the time he returned, she thought it was pretty funny.

Contrary to what some people believe, it means a lot to my sister what people think of her. That’s why she gets quite upset when someone calls her “aloo,” or claims she’s ignored him. Joan never ignored anyone — intentionally.

Just recently a young writer complained to me that he’d said hello to her and she hadn’t answered his greetings. “She cut me dead,” he accused her bitterly. ‘I was standing right across the room and waved at her. She didn’t even nod her head.”

“She probably didn’t see you . . .”

He looked at me disbelievingly. “Looking straight at me—from directly across the room?”

“She’s nearsighted,” I explained and, to prove my point, told him of an incident that took place during Joan’s last visit to London.

We were driving through Hyde Park when a big Bentley approached from the other direction. When both cars had to stop for a pedestrian, a heavy-set, elderly, quite distinguished-looking man surveyed Joan, and waved a cheery greeting.

Unable to see more than the outline of his figure, but taking for granted that she must know him, Joan waved back enthusiastically.

“You don’t even know him,” I whispered excitedly.

“I don’t? Good gosh, I made a mistake again . . .”

But she wasn’t really concerned. After all, we were going in one direction and he in another. That situation was quickly changed, however.

Encouraged by her friendly reply, the man turned his car around and started to follow us. This developed into a chase through Hyde Park reminiscent of a cops and robbers movie. We finally got away — but nearly wrecked our car.

Her eyesight hasn’t improved a great deal since then — but she’s become more careful about acknowledging greetings!

Comparing the 1956 Joan and the girl with whom I grew up, I can see a remarkable number of changes.

She has outgrown the hero-worship stage which had typified a good five years of her life, and was responsible for marrying Maxwell Reed.

As a young teenager, she wrote movie stars all over the world, asking them for pictures and autographs. I kept extensive scrapbooks, saw the films over and over again. When she was 13, the mere mention of John Payne Bob Mitchum sent chills down her spine.

Among her “favorites” was Max Reed, whom she idolized long before she met him. The disappointments of a marriage to Reed must have given her a more sober approach to celebrities.

At one time I was convinced that failure of her marriage would have a further aggravated her dislike for domestic chores. When she was still living at home, our maid used to leave framed notes on the mantelpiece, pleading with Joan to please pick up her clothes. Joan tried to conform, but her resolutions soon outlasted the week.

That’s why I was so amazed when she walked into her Hollywood apartment and found it neat as a pin. “You know, I’m a daily maid service,” I observed.

“But this is all my doing,” she said.

This was indeed a change.

She also wants another pet. I would have thought that possible either a couple of years ago. Always fond of dogs and cats, Joan was heartbroken when three French poodles died of distemper when she was just 17. And she has never had another pet—if Max hadn’t given her a monkey for their anniversary.

“His name is ‘Spider,’” he told Joan.

ended on page 55
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 Reviews of new discs by Bob Crosby

NEED a lift? Listen to the Four Lads' album "On The Sunny Side Of The Street" made with Claude Thornhill's Orchestra. From "Sunny Side" to "Bidin' My Time," the boys serve up a big batch of happy harmony (Columbia) ... Dick Hyman and his half-harpischord, half-piano with orchestra, vocal group and one (1) whistler get together on a hot and honky-tonky "One Finger Piano" and an indigo "Blue Whistler" (MGM) ... For a cheap trip to Paris (and we don't mean by steerage) gather up the Victor album "Paris—The Sights, The Sounds" with the Melachrino Orchestra. Copious notes and beautiful pictures add to the enjoyment ... Masters of the collective mouth-organ, The Harmonicats alternate between ballad and bounce on the Mercury pairing "Through The Dark Of Night" and "Christopher Columbus." We think America will be discovering "Columbus" before long ... Pat Boone, Dot's record-selling dynamo, has another big one in the rhythmic "Chains Of Love." The flip, "Friendly Persuasion," is the title song from the new Allied Artists movie. A touching ballad with a different approach ... For a change of pace, tempo and temperature, we recommend Perez Prado's new Victor album, "Havana, 3 a.m." Every Latin beat is well represented and guaranteed to get you out on the dance floor testing your hip swivels ... Pert Miss Peggy King offers a poignant ballad, "Tall Boy," coupled with a heartstring tugger "The Test Of Time." The songs seem written just for Peggy and she seems to be singing them just for you (Columbia).

The man with the little harmonica and the great big orchestra, Richard Hayman, has pressed both into service for an album titled "Just For Listening." Hayman has the small and the large sounds well under control in a collection dominated by seldom (too seldom) heard tunes (Mercury) ... The Mills Brothers, that ageless musical fraternity, seem to improve with the years. If you don't believe us, listen to two rock 'em, sock 'em sides set down on the Decca label—"Don't Get Caught" and "That's Right." Taste change but not the quality of the Messers Mills' mellifluous tones ... Dick Haymes does a capital job for Capitol on a ballad duo—"Love Is A Great Big Nothing" and "I Never Get Enough Of You"—contradictory statements, but that's love for you. The latter ballad, by the way, was written by Dick's brother Bob ... "Though Not A Word Was Spoken" is the new Victor album by that name there are voices aplenty—the Voices of Walter Schumann. From classics to standards to special arrangements, the Schumann aggregation are speechless wonders.

As a bonus to his faithful followers, Victor has been re-issuing the fabulous Elvis Presley's long-playing etchings on 45 singles. For example, "I'll Never Let You Go" and "I'm Gonna Sit Right Down And Cry" have been put back-to-back in a bargain-basement package ... Stout fellow, sterling chap, and pulpah Sahib Frankie Laine recites some Kipling—"On The Road To Mandalay"—in a manner that should help hold the British Empire together a little longer. On the flip, Frankie slows down the pace to deliver the ballad "Only If We Love" (Columbia) ... Jo Stafford's got a winner in the driving "Love Me Good" backed by "A Perfect Love," a tune from the movie "The Opposite Sex." Jo keeps it in the family by receiving orchestral support from buddy Paul Weston (Columbia) ... Julius La Rosa's first album for Victor is certainly not going to be his last after the public hears what he has done with a dozen standards. Julius has "arrived" and we'd like to be the first to line to greet him.
Why Sister, Joan Collins

When he presented the animal to her, "Seems appropriate," my sister mumbled, not too fond of having a monkey around the house. But she put up with it—till his persistent playfulness and biting annoyed her to the point of taking him back to the shop where her husband had purchased him. That's why I'm surprised she's looking for another pet. She'd had enough of them! Even Joan's superstitions have disappeared since she came to America.

I'll never forget the morning we drove to the Paris airport, to catch a plane for London. Because it was Friday the 13th, she was nervous and tense from the moment we left the hotel. When the plane's departure was postponed twice due to engine troubles, Joan refused to get in the plane before it finally took off, although she had promised to be in London at day.

Today, she still won't whistle in her dressing room, walk under ladders, or regard most so-called "bad omens." But neither will she get as upset as she used to be when someone else does.

I think this is a good indication of the healthy adjustments my sister has made since she came to this country. Obviously she is happy....

Who's Bandini?

continued from page 23

Lony to Kim Novak. It's a throwback to mastoid trouble in childhood; her ears were her plain hell. But that wasn't found out until she was well into her starlet period, when a friend next to her on a flight to a personal appearance date happened to glance across the aisle. Kim was gripping the sides of her seat. Her face was not contorted but it was a set task of agony. Tears flowed steadily down her face. She finally confessed her trouble but insisted it would be all right when they touched ground—four hours away. She didn't want to complain, she said. She wanted to do as the studio told her to. Obviously, yes, this was a kid taking no chances at all where her place in the sun was concerned. But it was also a kid of incontestable physical bravery.

But her assumption of new poise and assurance has changed that, too. Now if she thinks altitude is going to hurt her ears, she will say as much to the brass.

Then again, she summoned up another line of guts when asked to comment on one of those bizarre goings-over-the-stars haves been getting at the hands of the scandal magazines. Miss Novak was fined under an avalanche of innuendo, mutter and nudge. It was a rough piece. By heavy inference, it raised hoo with

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WHO'S BANDINI?

continued

her moral character. By press and even on television in the East, she was pressed for a reaction.

Unruffled, she fielded the query with her bare hands. Accordant and unctuous as the article was, she said, she had a certain sensation of pride over having been singled out. It seemed to mean she was getting somewhere as a star. The interviewers laughed delightedly and let her off the hook.

A small, but new and reasonably spiffy, apartment was awaiting her return from abroad, a little job in the Cheviot Hills section of West Los Angeles. So were a lot of reporters, a brief vacation, and a lot more work ahead of that; e.g., "Pal Joey," with Rita Hayworth and Frank Sinatra. In the interim, however, she could sit in the shade (never the sun; it wrecks her skin), ride the horses she loves so well, and meditate on the plans and emotions and whims of Count Mario Bandini, whose countess she may well become. And if so—hall and farewell? Yes, very likely.

Countess Bandini. It is indeed something to think about even though it may never go beyond the area of conjecture.

For a year ago, this timorous wood-sprite was biting her nails to her biceps from needless worry, peddling bicycles around Sunset Boulevard, and wondering whether she'd make people madder by being too early or too late. The right-on time gambit struck her as pedestrian sure to make everybody mad.

As previous chroniclers have made clear, she's a Chicago girl from a nice not too-well-off family who got some extraordinary breaks just one-two-three and managed to parcel them into somethin' with nothing more than looks, talent and perseverance. Before that, she'd been a psychology major at Wright Junior College and this, peculiarly enough, rattle her worry antennae. At one point, a profound was her insecurity, that she worried about people liking her, on that dubious premise that these might be un::hinged.

On the other hand, she has a sneakier idea that she once enjoyed worrying; fe lost without it.

Just lately, her star has come to zenith as most know. "Picnic," "The Man With The Golden Arm," and "The Eddy Duchin Story," coming as a triple, certain did no harm.

In fact, there's no doubt at all the days where Kim Novak stands professionally. Up there only a few stories below of the tip of the Empire State Building. The question is, what's she going to do about it? And who's going to answer the question—Kim Novak or Count Mar Bandini?

EN

“Do I Worry? Do I Ever!”

continued from page 55

things, and that always leads to added problems. "Perhaps I try too hard," he confesses ruefully.

He lives in a small apartment with a small patio emblesish with a tiny fish pond. One moonlit evening recently, he invited a girl and another couple to dinner. "Just hamburgers, salad and garlic bread," he promised. "I very much wanted everything to be perfect. Y'know what happened? A few minutes after I put the hamburgers on the grill the whole broiler burst into flames. I did the only thing I could think of . . . carried them out, blazing, and dumped them into the fish pond!"

His comfortable little patio which he enjoys so much is a source of worry to him since he has beautified his bit of outdoors with some choice plants, and naturally worries about them when he has to go away on a location trip or for some other reason. When he took his horse, Swizzlestick, to the horse show at Del Mar, he forgot to ask his landlady to attend to the watering and consequently worried about the state of the soil all the time he was away. It was all so unnecessary, because she had noticed that he wasn't around and took care of his yard for him. The Del Mar trip caused other worries because he had been wor ing on a picture in the weeks preceding the horse show and he hadn't had time work Swiz. The competition was keen at she didn't do very well. He realized a little that it would have been wise to wait until both he and the horse had been in better shape.

He doesn't worry, as some men do about his dates. "I only date girls I know pretty well and we're always rather serious about it." Tab very seldom makes a thing of a date. However, he does admit having had some anxious moments with a girl (he rather pointedly didn't say who she was) come out of the East a mon or so ago. She must have been somewhat rather special because he fretted for se several days before she was due to arri about how best to entertain her. The when the day came for her to arrive, thick fog locked in the airport and he worried about that for a couple of hours I kept wondering if the plane had land somewhere miles away and she would have to take a bus into town, and if b cause of the two-hour delay, she would irri. By the time the plane finally rolled to a stop on the runway, I was soaking wet from sweats out the lo
wait in spite of the prevailing cold fog.

The writing of a letter, especially if it is an important business letter, turns into a painful and major operation for Tab. "I write it over and over, anxiously looking up words in the dictionary and wondering if I have really said what I intended to say. You see," he says, with that disarming grin of his, "I'm not only a bad speaker, I can't express myself very well on paper.

He worries about not having time, these days, to keep up his skill at skating. "I haven't really had time to practice for about two years," he laments, "and I'm afraid I'll lose the knack."

What about the new things? The singing and dancing lessons all take time and the belated Tab is eager to develop them.

He worries about talking too much when he meets new people whom he likes and who he hopes will like him. After one of these encounters he is likely to berate himself, "You certainly didn't contribute any little gem to that conversation." He can brood for days after a chance meeting with someone he wants very much to have like him. Either this, or else he will just keep still and regret it later, knowing that they think he isn't able to open his mouth.

He broods, too, about losing his temper, which he does, suddenly, often surprising himself with a burst of outburst. "I get over it almost as quickly as I explode," he says, "but I wonder if other people can understand or forgive me . . ."

He wants to learn to take criticism in his stride, to learn from it but not to be defeated by it. "Criticism," he concedes, "you have to have. You have to learn to take it and to learn to profit from it. But how in the world do you ever learn how to sort out the constructive, valuable criticism from the petty, malicious stuff? How do you ever figure out who is right? How do you know whom to heed?"

There is a worry for all worriers to worry about.

But, as Tab says . . . and there is wisdom in this, too . . . "Maybe I'd better start worrying about worrying too much—and try to stop it!"

END
Doris lives in constant danger that Jour- dan will carry out his promise to murder her, too. With Barry Sullivan’s help, Doris changes her identity, returns to her former job as airline stewardess and stays away from the West Coast. When Jour- dan finally catches up with her in a crowded plane, he kills the pilot, seriously wounds the co-pilot and, dying, cycles with satisfaction at the thought of Doris plunging to her death in a pilotless plane. But wait! Without any previous training, Doris is forced to land the plane, and oh! those murderous minutes from the time she makes her approach to the airport. A good thriller that’s bound to leave you hanging on the ropes. (MGM.)

The Opposite Sex

Wearing sheath dresses and claws to match, the females move into the driver’s seat for this. Based on Clare Boothe’s play, "The Women," this dilly slithers through a jungle of womanly wiles, and in several very fancy lessons shows cooking might be the way to a man’s heart, but there’s a more direct approach. When choring Joan Collins makes a bee-line for June Allyson’s husband, producer Leslie Nielsen, June reacts with proper affronted dignity. She scampers to Reno. There, among a collection of cynical females, June begins to realize gentleness and submission are not always potent counter measures when home and family are in danger of smashing up. Taking a deep breath, June flexes her more obvious and important muscles and proceeds to reclaim what’s hers. These powder room tactics should amuse male viewers. Beside revealing all the feminine tricks of the trade, this sports such eye-peeking scenery as Dolores Gray’, Ann Sheridan, and Ann Miller. Not so toothsome, but equally man-conscious are Agnes Moorehead, Charlotte Greenwood and Joan Blondell. A sophisticated comedy, punctuated with music, that rips, slashes and claws along its jolly Metrocolor way. (MGM.)

Anastasia

Brings Ingrid Bergman triumphantly back to the American screen in an incredible story based on fact. With 10 million pounds waiting in an English bank for any living child of the slain Czar, White Russian Yul Brynner and his aide-de-camp, Akim Tamiroff, start on a hocus calculated to put control of the fortune into their hands. Since the Czar and his entire family were massacred by the Bolsheviks, Brynner compiles a dossier on Anastasia, one of the Czar’s daughters, then spreads the rumor she had escaped the slaughter. With uncanny good luck, Brynner finds a woman, Ingrid, who reasonably resembles Anastasia. She even has scars on her face and hand which might have come from bullet wounds. Mentally disturbed because of some past incident, Ingrid has no recollection of her own past except some disjointed memories. These dim pictures become enmeshed in the story Brynner makes her commit to memory. Eventually, Ingrid feels a deep affinity for the girl she’s impersonating and in time actually believes she is Anastasia. Finally, presented to the one remaining member of the royal family, Dowager Empress Helen

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My favorite WOMEN STARS are: (1) (2) (3) (4) (5)

The features I like best in this issue of Screenland are: (1) (2) (3) (4) (5)

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Coming Attractions

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The Opposite Sex

Wearing sheath dresses and claws to match, the females move into the driver's seat for this. Based on Clare Boothe's play, "The Women," this dilly slithers through a jungle of womanly wiles, and in several very fancy lessons shows cooking might be the way to a man's heart, but there's a more direct approach. When choring Joan Collins makes a bee-line for June Allyson's husband, producer Leslie Nielsen, June reacts with proper affronted dignity. She scampers to Reno. There, among a collection of cynical females, June begins to realize gentleness and submission are not always potent counter measures when home and family are in danger of smashing up. Taking a deep breath, June flexes her more obvious and important muscles and proceeds to reclaim what's hers. These powder room tactics should amuse male viewers. Beside revealing all the feminine tricks of the trade, this sports such eye-peeking scenery as Dolores Gray', Ann Sheridan, and Ann Miller. Not so toothsome, but equally man-conscious are Agnes Moorehead, Charlotte Greenwood and Joan Blondell. A sophisticated comedy, punctuated with music, that rips, slashes and claws along its jolly Metrocolor way. (MGM.)

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COMING ATTRACTIONS continued

Hayes, Anastasia meets her most crucial test. Beautifully done drama that spins an intriguing story about one of the most provocative Madame X's in history. (20th Century-Fox.)

The Ten Commandments

COMBINING the Old Testament, historical research and that unmistakable Cecil B. DeMille touch, this is a 3-hour, 40-minute Technicolor spectacular of the birth of the Hebrew religion. It stars Charlton Heston as Moses and Yul Brynner as Rameses, the Pharaoh, the men who finally freed the Israel people. The tremendous cast constantly surges across the screen, and includes Anne Baxter, Yvonne DeCarlo, Nina Foch, Debra Paget, Edward G. Robinson, John Derek, and Vincent Price. In addition to the Old Testament, DeMille does some artistic supposing but, as usual, his imagination brings an intense humanness to the picture. In recalling the life and times of Moses, this is an exciting, not too noticeably long, study of a dim past made vibrantly alive. (Paramount.)

You Can't Run Away From It

A TECHNICOLOR remake of "It Happened One Night," that includes songs, dances and snappy sayings. As the heroine to daddy Charles Bickford's millions, June Allyson is a slightly limpid version of the head-strong rich girl married to a fortune-hunting gigolo. Bickford is determined the marriage remain on an in-name-only basis, but June manages to escape. En route to her slimy spouse, June's path crosses with Jack Lemmon, a cuddly unemployed reporter. Once Lemmon discovers June's identity, he figures they need each other. To get his exclusive story of June-bug's escapade, he's got to tag along with her. If she does anything to louse up his plan, he'll inform on her whereabouts. The first night ensemble, June is pixie-like in Lemmon's paj's. The next night, June looks precisely girl-child as she snuggles into a haystack. And on the third night, again in Lemmon's pjs, her target is devastated. While Lemmon sneaks out to get a job so's he can ask June to marry him, she thinks he's flown the coop and hurries to the waiting arms of gigolo. Some of the songs are cute, one rather naughty, and in the final analysis this is an enjoyable way to pass an evening at the movies. END

Ingrid Bergman Defends Her Life! continued from page 63

achieved separately, and lately they have decided to divorce their careers. Even today, after more than seven years, the storm hasn't entirely died down. For Ingrid, a personal climax came when she returned to her native Sweden for a long delayed visit in the spring of 1955. Friends who met her reported her as "radiantly elated" and "snappy beyond words." However, deep disillusionment set in within a week. Although her appearance in "Joan At The Stake" was a great success, running for 22 instead of the scheduled 8 performances, she shivered under the coldness and hostility of the reception she was given otherwise. The press insisted on raking up the past. At a polio benefit at the end of her stay, following an especially vicious personal attack by the same paper which had asked her to appear as a favor, she got up on the stage and—at last—spoke her mind. It was a bitter denunciation of what had been done to her, an indictment of the Swedish press and of Swedish critics for their unwillingness to forgive and forget. She knew then that she'd never again set foot in her native land.

Ingrid is a proud woman who won't crawl and grovel for the sake of popu-

larity and approval. Even in adversity she refused to bend her head. She did what she felt she must, did it with dignity—and didn't try to avoid consequences.

Today her career is booming again and she has built a new, full life for herself. She has emerged from her ordeal stronger, wiser, mellowed. It would be difficult not to admire her forthrightness, courage and honesty, and not to feel some sense of awe at the drama of a human being in search of her destiny.
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Mrs. Fisher, Mother Hen

continued from page 31

THEY'S never a dull moment for Debbie and Eddie. Latest excitement, a fire at home.

Mrs. Reynolds had only two complaints about her. "Franny works too hard, and 'Franny never cleans up her room.

I will never forget Mom Reynolds' expression the day she took a photographe into Debbie's room for a picture layout. Guiding him through the living room and hallway, she kept apologizing for the mess he was about to find in her daughter's room because she hadn't had chance to clean it up after Debbi left that morning. To her surprise, when she walked in there wasn't a stuffed monkey on the floor, not a book or magazine on the bed, no dresses, slips or shoes scattered around the room.

The mystery cleared up when Debbie came home and raised the dust ruffle on her bed. Underneath she had shoved every loose object that had accumulate two previous days—enough to fill three wardrobes! How different from the girl I visited the day before she went to work in RKO's "Bundle of Joy."

When I rang the bell, Debbie herself opened the door, dressed in levis, and old white shirt, moccasins, and a bandanna tied around her head. "I'm cleaning house," she explained.

"Why?" With a cool, a valet, a maid and a gardener, I couldn't see the necessity for it. Besides, the doctor had tol her to take it easy.

"I suddenly realized it's fun to go down on my knees and scrub floors once in while..."

And I'll never forget the first time Nobby and I had dinner at her house. When we got through with the soup, Debbie picked up a little silver bell an shook it, to get the maid's attention. For a moment she looked very sophisticated almost distant. Then her face softened into a smile. "Just look at me," she giggled. "I'm a great lady now."

Always teasing, always joking, always taking life as it comes. Yet with a heart and warmth and tenderness that could be matched by any other girl I know—that's my very best friend, Debbie Reynolds.
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If the above described equipment is repossessed, all amounts therefore paid by the undersigned purchaser on account hereof shall be considered rental for the period while in the undersigned's possession and upon repossession expenses, if any, this agreement shall be deemed liquidated and the undersigned discharged as to any unpaid balance and other liability hereunder.

Purchaser agrees to keep the equipment in good condition and assumes full responsibility for same, including its safe keeping, damage or destruction.

The undersigned purchaser agrees to accept delivery of the above mentioned equipment upon acceptance of this agreement by Remington Rand Division of Sperry Rand Corporation and acknowledges receipt of a copy of this agreement.

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Screenland

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March, 1957

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AN M-G-M PICTURE
HELLO. This is your Hollywood reporter, checking in with the latest Scoop. Glam and Wham from the only city in the world, HOLLYWOOD.

Ava Gardner should have come and gone by the time you read this to get that l'il ole divorce from Frank Sinatra. They say that when it's all over she will sign her name Mrs. Walter Chiari. Whether it's Tom, Dick or Walter, here's hoping she finds the peace she seeks. She's a generous, big-hearted gal. . . . And Kim Novak was on the phone to say vehemently that she will not be wedding for a while. But if Count "Canned Tomato King" Bandini can wait, he might ring the bell and win the Prize.

The reason Pier Angeli held back on the new baby announcement, there was a special picture she wanted to do first at MGM. But it's impossible to keep a stork secret in Hollywood. . . . Whether "The Sleeping Prince" is a hit or not, don't wait for Sir Laurence Olivier and Marilyn Monroe to pair in a second picture. In spite of his repeated "Marilyn darlings" he'll never forgive her for being late so many times to the set. Of course, if the picture is a hit, everything changes.

. . . Diana Dors took a big loss selling the swank American car she ordered for herself and Dennis Hamilton in Hollywood. As of writing, she hasn't sold their $175,000 mansion here. Diana will be back in the summer for another picture with RKO—if Dennis doesn't object.

Michael Wilding refuses to stay away from his two small children who are living with Elizabeth Taylor. In spite of the divorce filing, he's hoping against hope that she will one day realize he is the better Mike. . . . As for Mike Todd, he does not want to get married. And some people doubt whether that 30 carat $100,000 ring he slipped on Elizabeth's best finger is the real McCoy. Liz has never failed to get her man and if she wants Mr. Todd, he's as good as got.

The British agreed with me about Gregory Peck's "Moby Dick," which the New York press praised so extravagantly, I told Greg he was miscast as the psycho—continued on page 8.

Wait... Wait... Wait....

Why?

There's absolutely no reason why every normal woman, married or unmarried, shouldn't use Tampax. Millions and millions of women all over the world, have used billions of doctor-invented Tampax. Why shouldn't you?

What are you waiting for? Why should you continue to play "martyr" when Tampax internal sanitary protection will make you less conscious of "time of the month"... permit you to continue all your normal activities unhampered by annoying reminders? It helps women to be carefree, poised. Why not you?

Just read a few of the many advantages you receive by using Tampax: No chafing! No belt-pin-pad harness! Can't feel Tampax when in place! No chance of odor forming! Easy to dispose of! Convenient to carry extras!

So do try Tampax this very month. You're the one who benefits! Tampax comes in 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior) to provide for individual needs. At drug and notion counters everywhere. Economy package gives an average 4-months' supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women.
For the first time Alfred Hitchcock goes to real life for his thrills! It’s all true and all suspense—the all-'round biggest Hitchcock hit ever to hit the screen! Warner Bros. present HENRY FONDA, VERA MILES and the exciting city of New York in ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S

The Wrong Man

Somewhere... somewhere... there must be the right man!

CHALLENGE! If you don’t believe that this weird and unusual story actually happened, see the records of Queens County Court, N.Y., Apr. 21, 1953 Indictment #271/53, “The Balestrero Case”
pathic Captain Ahab. As one British writer put it, “All that money and talent squandered.” I hope he gets back soon to loverboy roles. . . . Merle Oberon called Hollywood “a dead city,” until she realized our taxes weren’t as dead weight as in England. Then she came to life and made plans to make another movie here. . . . Jerry Lewis, usually so punctual about benefits, slept until 2 p.m. on the morning he was supposed to entertain YMCA kids in the Hollywood Bowl. He was so embarrassed he stayed hidden for 2 days. . . . Elvis Presley's next at 20th will have more emoting, less gyrating. Don't be surprised if Elvis plays Hamlet. He's got the acting bug—bad.

Vera-Ellen should know better than to raffle her $1500 dress at an auction in Scotland. The unworn new gown brought less than a hundred dollars. But this pretty gal is so thin, who else could wear it? . . . Tyrone Power will need another bank account to marry for the third time. First time out with Annabella cost him $50,000 a year. Linda Christian will get one million by the time the tallies are in. No wonder Ty shies away from the nuptial knot with all those European beauties he's been dating from Mai Zetterling to Jill Medford.

Joanne Dru came out of her marriage with John Ireland somewhat poorer than when she went in. John didn't get any money either—it was invested in their Arizona Racquet Club. . . . Rock Hudson refused to do a “Person-to-Person” for Ed Murrow, claiming that what little he had left of privacy belonged to him and wife Phyllis. For the same reason he won't allow Phyl to give interviews such as “Why I Love Rock Hudson.” This sort of thing almost wrecked Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh—until Tony's psychiatrist told him to stop talking. . . . Clark Gable will be a bit leery of attending premieres in the future. He's still recovering from the mauling he received at “The Ten Commandments” premiere by a middle-aged lady admirer.

Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher have inherited the “Every Party an Dance” tag formerly held by Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman, and before them, Ethel Williams and Ben Gage. . . . Tired man at his own parties—Jack Benny, who hates to stand for four hours at a stretch! But he gives lovely wingdings, so they go on and on. . . . Yvonne DeCarlo calls spade a spade and a stunt man, a stunt—even if he’s her own husband. She doesn't get nervous when he gets bit by plane or falls off a cliff—“As long as don't see it.” Yvonne, thank goodness, one mother here who loves to see pictures of her baby son—and she doesn't wait for you to ask, or whether in dark or light. Out come the cute snap Bully for her.

Doris Day, back at Warner Bros. for “The Pajama Game,” is being a little difficult again, according to the studio grape continued on page 2
"LEAVE THEM ALONE, SON!
Your sister's got to have her minute
of happiness—with him
talkin' quiet and his hand
touchin' her face! And if you
go out there and shorten the
time they have together—I swear I'll
come after you with a whip!"

Suddenly... happiness
floated through her!

ANOTHER TRIUMPH FOR HAL WALLIS,
PRODUCER OF "THE ROSE TATTOO"
AND "COME BACK, LITTLE SHEBA"!

... Introducing Earl Holliman—
new star sensation!

"HAL WALLIS' THE RAINMAKER"

DIRECTED BY JOSEPH ANTHONY
SCREENPLAY BY N. RICHARD NASH
BASED ON HIS PLAY PRODUCED ON THE NEW YORK STAGE
MUSIC SCORE BY ALEX NORTH
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
vine. She was so cooperative at MGM. What happened? If I have the nerve, I'll ask her next time I see her. . . Did you know that John Wayne is the highest salaried star in Hollywood? Before deductions he receives $600,000 per film. But no one seems to know when John's "Jet Pilot" will be released. It was started "way back in 1948. Duke's marriage with Pilar Palette is a joy to behold. They're so congenial.

Audie Murphy, insisting on a vacation after two years of non-stop emoting, can't decide where to spend it—on his $130,000 ranch, or on his boat. The little war hero is making a fortune for his studio—and himself, I hope. It doesn't always follow.

Van Johnson was a sick boy on location with his last picture in Spain. And it may be his last there. The food was too rich for his simpler tastes. I didn't hear of wife Evie being there with him, but if she was, you can bet she sailed through everything like a breeze. This gal is strong.

I wonder who Joan Crawford meant when she told a reporter that after 74 movies she had only met one actor who was an absolute stinker. All she would reveal was "He's an ex-boxer and I thought he was unnecessarily brutal during the film. He hurt people." I guess I know—but I'm not talking. . . . Susan Hayward is still playing the field. I see her mostly with her agent, Hugh French, but she's on guard against marriage, that's for sure. (This is her cue to elope with a Mr. Nobody tomorrow.) . . . Talking of gals and fellers, Tab Hunter is more interested in dancer Jan Chaney than any other female here. "She understands the problems of my work," he confided. He smiled when I mentioned Natalie Wood and said, "She's wonderful but she wants to sow a few wild oats before she settles down."

How about that Mr. Presley? Elvis says he isn't in the marrying mood. But I believe Nat could change his mind. . . . And talking of marriage, the most stubborn hold-out in Hollywood is handsome, busy Richard Egan. With the money and position he has, earned now, he could have married Ann Sothern. Only he didn't have it then when he had it bad for Annie.

Robert Mitchum set the acting profession back 50 years when he related, "I learned about acting from Rin Tin Tin. What timing that dog had." Wife Dorothy has even better timing. This marriage, after some bad storms, seems to be in a safe harbor.

Why, oh why, is Yul Brynner wearing a black wig for "The Buccaneer"? He's the only man in the world who looks better bald as an egg. But with or without hair, Yul can always put my heart in high gear. . . . Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer are sailing into the third year of the marriage their critics said wouldn't last. She told me that the printed stories (not by me, I know better) that she and Mel had fought to a fare-thee-well over who should drive their new Thunderbird are absolutely untrue. "In the first and last place, I can't drive," she кличнула. . . . Who owns the most autos in Hollywood? Of course, Elvis has five Cadillacs, but they're for business. Jack Warner does all right with three autos—including an English Bentley that set him back $17,000. But don't ask him about the Alfa-Romeos that he bought in Italy for $13,000. He didn't care for the engine, so replaced it with that of a Cadillac at a cost of $5,000. Then sold the whole shebang to Jack Webb for $4,000. Gary Cooper has two Bentleys—each cost $21,000. . . . Debbie and Eddie would like to co-star in a filmed television show. And it reads like a very good idea.

Jayne Mansfield is getting a medal from the press boys at 20th Century-Fox for her swell cooperation. This beautiful blonde is always good for a story and never too tired to pose for her picture or give an interview. Jayne has dated Robert Wagner and director Nick Ray, but her heart still belongs chiefly to Mr. Universe, Mickey Hargitay. After a few more pictures, I think they'll tie the knot. . . . "I'm not the playboy people think I am. I'm the shy type," said actor Ron Randall, after calling the press to announce he was dating Rita Hayworth. . . . And talking of Rita, she can be friendly with ex-husband, Prince Aly Khan, because she doesn't give two hoots about him or his love life, which one day is on with model Bettina, the next day off. As of this second, it's on. Rita will be back in Hollywood for "Pal Joey" in February. And if writer Peter Viertel arrives with her, you can chalk him up as husband number five.

PROUD PARENTS Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger present their new daughter, Tracy.

WITH wife Pilar, John Wayne boards a ship in New York en route to Europe for a U.A. film.

TABLE souvenir at party intriguers songbird Dinah Shore and hubby George Montgomery.
my father know me?
big laugh...
the only time I see him
is at the
dinner table--
or when
he wants
to
bawl me
out

seventeen isn't an
age... it's an eternity...
nobody knows you...you
hardly know yourself
Coming Attractions
BY RAHNA MAUGHAN

Three Brave Men

WHENEVER our nation’s security is threatened, safety measures are hastily instituted to ferret out spies and traitors. In the zeal to protect our liberties, innocent people occasionally have been accused of being communists. One of these people is played by Ernest Borgnine, a civilian worker for the U.S. Navy Department. Defending him is Washington attorney Ray Milland who willingly hazards his reputation to get proof of Borgnine’s loyalty to his country. Also concerned with clearing up this crippling injustice are Dean Jagger, Frank Lovejoy, a Navy captain, and Nina Foch, a WAVES lieutenant. Well-told and excellently acted drama that admits mistakes do happen but courage and determination are effective weapons against blind prejudice and hearsay. (20th Century-Fox.)

Rock, Pretty Baby

If nothing else, this shows that all teenagers aren’t juvenile delinquents. True, the kids get a weeny bit out of hand at times, but, hah-hah-hah, it’s all good, clean, boisterous mayhem. Actually John Saxon, who looks too pretty to be for real, is so wrapped up in making with the rock ‘n’ roll beat, he hasn’t time for much else. His parents are perfectly nice, he has Luana Patten as a steady date, and—who else at the age of 18 has a band with a real crazy drummer—Sal Mineo. The only problem this cool cat has is to get ahead in the music business, and because success isn’t dished out to him on a gilt platter, Saxon suffers like mad. Nothing about Saxon is very conducive to dredging up sympathy, somehow you just don’t give a damn. Everyone else does a neat enough job in the film, including young Mineo, who looks quite scant in bathing trunks. (Universal-International.)

The Wrong Man

CIRCUMSTANTIAL evidence is a potent weapon against crime but often it can weave and twist a net of guilt around an innocent person. A victim of mistaken identity, musician Henry Fonda faces the grim prospect of serving a prison term while the guilty man goes free. Needing money to pay off a dentist bill for wife Vera Miles, Fonda tries to borrow cash on his insurance policy. While in the office, a clerk identifies him as a hold-up man who had recently robbed the company for the second time. Several other people identify Fonda, too. Then, as the topper, his printing and mis-spelling is similar to the bandit’s. Nor can the protesting Fonda produce witnesses or proof that he was nowhere near the scene of the crimes at the time they occurred. With the odds so heavily stacked against him, what can a man do? In this case—nothing, except pray and hope. A fact-detective suspense thriller that bears the unmistakable skillful touch of Alfred Hitchcock. (Warner Bros.)

Baby Doll

REEKING with atmosphere, and introducing gusty tidbit Carroll Baker, this is the latest slice of moldy Southern componee served up by Tennessee Williams and Elia Kazan. Married to ripe 19-year-old Carroll, Karl Malden’s relationship with his bride is in name only. Naturally, this look-but-don’t-touch status upsets Malden. He’d like to be a proper husband but l’il ‘ole Carroll is balking at the prospect of cosying up to a balding, bankrupt spouse. Using the direct approach to bring business to his defunct cotton gin, Malden burns down competitor Eli Wallach’s thriving gin. Wallach puts two and two together: Malden and an empty kerosene can. Using Carroll to get at the truth, the Sicilian is able to pin the goods on Malden. With him out of the picture, Carroll and Wallach are free to

FALSELY accused of a crime, Henry Fonda reassures wife Vera Miles in “The Wrong Man.”

continued on page 74
Finish this sketch
You may win a $375.00 Scholarship in Professional Art

Winner gets a complete art course—free training for a money-making career in commercial art, illustrating or cartooning. You are coached, individually, by professional artists on the staff of world's largest home study art school. Many successful artists today have studied with this school, founded over 40 years ago. It's a member of the National Home Study Council, Washington, D. C.

If you like to draw or sketch in your spare time, you may have talent worth training for an exciting career in art. Try for this free art course! As contest winner, you also get a complete drawing outfit and a series of valuable art textbooks.

Finish this sketch right on this page (or trace it). Use the photo as guide. Use pencil. Then mail coupon below, and drawing, as directed in coupon. Drawings for March 1957 contest must be received by March 31. None returned. Winner notified. Amateurs only. Our students not eligible. Mail your drawing today.

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Please enter my attached drawing in your contest. (PLEASE PRINT)

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Address__________________City________________Zone____
State____________________County______________Occupation_________
HOLLYWOOD
LOVE LIFE
BY DOROTHY O'LEARY

SENTIMENTAL ROCK—Never underestimate the sentimental streak in a guy named Rock Hudson. He was determined to find a really unique first anniversary gift for Phyllis and did. But it wasn’t easy. He had a commercial photographer come to the house and spend a whole afternoon taking pictures of Phyllis’ pet miniature poodle “Demi”—and he had to time this when Phyl would be away. Then he had the pictures mounted in a beautiful hand-tooled green and gold leather scrap book, and Rock captioned each one himself. Phyl’s present to Rock, a pair of gold cuff links engraved with musical notes which spell out a message. Rock won’t tell what it says but admits that it’s sentimental.

TWOSOMES—At the very, very swank anniversary party given for the Hudsons by Rock’s agent Henry Wilson, Rhonda Fleming with her Dr. Lew Morrill—they’ve reconciled again; Martha Hyer with George Nader—they still date frequently. Diana Lynn was radiant and happy with Morty Hall; she had just announced her forthcoming marriage to Morty, former husband of Ruth Roman. Diana Dors, who had just admitted her separation from husband Dennis Hamilton, was escorted by Raul Fulton. At this party no one pushed the busy Britisher into the pool! Incidentally, Diana and Dennis are now in London and trying to work out a reconciliation, Rock told us now that he has some time off between pictures he’s given up the idea of a trip because he decided he’d get a better rest at home. So that’s where he’s relaxing, also working on his back yard and re-doing the patio. This is rest?

WOOD’S WORD—Natalie Wood, never adverse to publicity, nevertheless went into a verbal tailspin after a columnist printed that she and John Ireland were “romancing.” Nat vowed they had merely been at the same dinner party, but that she wasn’t his date nor had they had any other dates. Could she be worried that Elvis might object? Incidentally, she had lots of mail from fans saying they didn’t like the idea of her “chasing” after Presley all the way to Memphis. Nat just bought a big new house for himself and her family, so don’t hold your breath waiting for her to marry.

BOONE FOR “BERNARDINE”—Pat Boone, Elvis’ strongest rival in you-know-what field, has also succumbed to Hollywood’s blandishments and signed for two films a year at 20th Century-Fox, so the two rivals will be on the same lot! Pat’s first will be “Bernardine” in which he’ll be teamed with Terry Moore. How’s that for a sizzling combo? And guess who’ll be Pat’s mother? Janet Gaynor, who comes out of an 18-year retirement for this! Pat wouldn’t sign a picture contract until he had finished another term at Columbia University.

INTERNATIONAL DATE—Dennis Hopper, busy portraying Napoleon in Warners’ “Story Of Mankind,” has flipped over Etchika Chouraeuf, the pert little French girl at the same studio for “Lafayette Escadrille.” He speaks no French, she no English, but through an interpreter he invited her for a date and got his pal, George Stevens Jr., to invite Etchika’s secretary-companion along for a foursome. They all went down to Olvera Street, in the Mexican section, for frijoles and cha-cha-cha. Oh, yes. They all speak a little Spanish!

TONY’S GALS—No doubt about it, Tony Perkins is one of the most popular young bachelors in town these days. Despite his heavy work schedule—he goes from one film to another at Paramount, now “The Tin Star” with Henry Fonda—he manages time for dating. Now that Norma Moore is in New York—they were “steadies” before she went East—Tony has resumed siring Elaine Aiken, who was his favorite date before Norma. But he’s also dating Barbara Rush! And he does find time to write Norma often!

ANOTHER CHAMPION—All of Marge and Gower Champion’s friends were confident their baby would be a boy and they weren’t disappointed when Gregg Ernest was born. It was the dancing stars’ first child after nine years of marriage. Marge was very calm, but Gower had a first-class case of fatherhood jitters and insisted on several trial runs to Cedars of Lebanon Hospital to test time necessary for the trip! They made it!

ANOTHER “HE”?—When a friend asked Don Murray whether he and Hope Lange wanted a boy or a girl, Don replied, “I don’t care what he is.” “But you—
The whole wonderful story of today’s tempestuous teen-agers told the way they want it told... with all the excitement of rock and roll, with all the laughter and heartache of growing up!

Sal Mineo - John Saxon - Luana Patten

Directed by Richard Bartlett; written by Herbert Margolis and William Raynor; produced by Edmund Chevill.
HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE
continued

role in "Garment Center." While locating for that back in New York, she
dated co-player Kerwin Mathews a lot,
showing him the town; it was his first
visit. Kerwin is the Wisconsin lad who
was signed for the lead in "Joseph And
His Brethren," but the film wasn't made
and he's been waiting around. Now the
personable Mathews gets his start and
watch him go, go, go! He's handsome, a
bachelor and a well-trained actor.

MORE YOUNG FACES—Roger
Smith, Victoria Shaw's bridgegroom,
finally got his career going with one of the
three male leads in "The Young Rebels;"
and finished in time to join Victoria on
that promised trip to Australia to meet
her family. Roger was signed last year by
Columbia but had to do TV roles waiting
for this big break. By the way, Roger,
Bob Ivers and Lucy Marlowe all studied
drama together at the University of Ar-
izona and Roger has had as a house guest
another classmate, Bill Hafford, who's also
going his Hollywood start with Hecht-
Lancaster. Who says Hollywood isn't get-
ing new talent?

ALL OVER—Cynthia Lenmon went to
Las Vegas to establish residence for a
quick Nevada divorce from Jack, a sur-
pise to their friends who expected Cyn-
thia to file in California where it takes a
year for a final decree . . . . Efforts at
reconciliation didn't work and Joanne
Dru filed suit to divorce John Ireland.
They were married seven years.

HAPPY AT HOME—Yvonne DeCar-
lo, just about the traveliest gal in town
in her bachelor-girl days, has really be-
come a domesticated stay-at-home since
her marriage to Bob Morgan and the
birth of their son Bruce. Yvonne went
to New York, was so lonesome she
phoned home every night and after one
week flew home! She has had some very
enticing offers to make films in Europe
but has turned them down. "I'll make
those I can do here," she says firmly.

"MOM" WILLIAMS—Esther Williams
is another one who hates separation from
her Ben and their kids, so they usually
go along with her on trips. While she was
staging her big swim show in England,
Esther engaged an English tutor for them
and brought him back to the States.
When she goes to Italy this Spring to
make a film for U-I, the kids will traipse
along, with their tutor. They'll continue
schooling but still be with mom.

BABY TALK—Come next June, Pier
Angeli and Vic Damone will welcome a
brother or sister for little Perry . . .
Julie Adams insists her son, Stephen,
already looks like daddy Ray Danton.
Ray has snapped pictures of pictures of his
son, but thus far he has resisted the tempta-
tion to buy the four-month-old a toy train
. . . . Greg and Veronique Peck will take
their four-month-old Tony to Spain with
them this month. Greg goes to do
"Thieves Market," his own production;
Veronique and Tony go along for the
ride . . . . Carroll "Baby Doll" Baker will
have welcomed her own Baby Doll by
the time you read this. Her husband is
director Jack Garfin, who pampers his
B. D. by serving her Sunday morning
breakfasts in bed. Her favorite dish is
strawberry waffles. That's what she said!

GOOD MARRIAGE—It's a pleasure to
write about a happy marriage and such
a one is that of Deborah Kerr and Tony
Bartley. Somehow they've always man-
aged to make that old maxim "Absence
makes the heart grow fonder" work for
them, for their two careers have kept
them separated as much as they've been
together during their married life. But
they always make sure they are together,
with their two little girls. For holidays
and special events. For example, Debo-
rab was in Trinidad for "Heaven Knows,
Mr. Allison" and Tony has been in Eng-
land, but came time for their 11th anni-
versary and Tony flew to Trinidad so
they could celebrate together.

NOW "MRS. MILLER"—Marilyn
Monroe insists that since her playwright
husband, Arthur Miller, likes to live and
work in Connecticut, the Eastern state
will be their home and she'll come to
Hollywood only when making a picture.
She's due here about the time you read
this. Marilyn says she'll also keep a small
apartment in New York City, to use
when she's studying at the Actors Studio.

MORE "TOGETHERNESS"—Since
Roz Russell has signed for a full year
with smash hit "Auntie Mame" on Broad-
way, she's transferred son Lance, now
13, to Buckley School there, and her
producer-husband Fred Brisson will com-
mute from coast to coast. His next pro-
ject is "The Pajama Game" for Warner

NEWLYWEDS Donald O'Connor and Gloria
Noble take in a bit of Hollywood social life.

USUALLY seen with George Nader, Martha
Hyer switches to Don Taylor for this date.

WHEN Ava Gardner returns here, her current
boy friend, Walter Chiari, will be along too.

AGLOW with excitement, young Felicia Farr
attends brilliant opening with Cliff Robertson.
MORE popular than ever since "Giant," Rock Hudson obligingly signs his autograph for fan.

Bros. which will bring Doris Day back to her old studio . . . Bob Mitchum's wife Dorothy and their 4-year-old daughter Petrine went along with Bob to the West Indies for "Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison." Little Petrine liked everything there except the beard her daddy had to grow for his role. "It scratches," she complained. Bob's been working 14 hours a day which left no time for cutting capers . . . . When Brenda Marshall said she was going to Ceylon with husband Bill Holden for "Bridge On The River Kwai," somebody got the idea she was coming out of retirement to play the femme lead, but Brenda put that straight in a hurry—she's going along just to be with Bill.

DEVOTION—Tab Hunter had to report every morning at 7 on location in Santa Maria, Cal., for "Lafayette Escadrille" and had to leave his motel a quarter-hour earlier. But his teenage fans up there got up even earlier. Each morning in the cold gray dawn there was a group of girls waiting to catch a glimpse of him as he headed for work! When Tab is home—he's been on location a lot recently—he still dates cute little Jan Chaney. Tab says he's going to take flying lessons as soon as he gets some time off. His studio doesn't like the idea!

DATA ON DATES—As soon as Ralph Meeker got back from New York he resumed dating Felicia Farr, gave her an amethyst pendant for her birthday . . . . May Wynn and Jack Kelly will have two wedding anniversaries; they had a civil ceremony in Arizona, then several days later, a church wedding here . . . . Mona Freeman is still Bob Wagner's regular date, but Bob has also been squiring Jayne Mansfield—and her best beau continues to be Mickey "Mr. Universe" Hargitay . . . . The Bachelor Brigade here is real happy that Linda Darnell, now divorced and beautiful as ever, is back in town.

The true story of Col. Dean Hess, clergyman turned fighter pilot.
Told in the heroism of battle's hell...
cherished in the hearts of those who loved him...
living forever in the happiness of the once-forgotten children of a ravaged land!

as told in his best-seller...

MARTHA HYER
DAN DURYEA

DON DEFORE•ANNA KASHFI•JOCK MAHONEY
with CARL BENTON REID

Directed by DOUGLAS SIRK Written by CHARLES GRAYSON and VINCENT B. EVANS Produced by ROSS HUNTER
LOST in a daydream, Monty takes a solitary breather between scenes.
Hollywood’s No. 1 Puzzlement

By DORA ALBERT

Why, despite talent, wealth and public acclaim, does a cloud of misfortune continue to hang over the head of inscrutable Monty?

W HAT’S all this about Montgomery Clift? Is it true, as one columnist has said, that he has lost all interest in life, that he’s pale and listless, and acts as if he doesn’t care whether he lives or not? Is it true that he carries a burning torch for Liz Taylor, and that one of the greatest blows of his life was losing her to Mike Todd? Or is that other interesting gossip item true, that the real passion of his life is the former torch singer, Libby Holman; and that he would marry her in a minute if it weren’t for Libby’s fear that marriage to her would jinx him, as it did other men in her life?

In an effort to separate the truth from the mountain of rumors built up around his name, I talked to several close friends and business associates of Monty’s.

“Montgomery Clift is exactly the same kind of person he has always been,” said a studio official who knows him well. “No two people could be more different than the screen image of Montgomery and the actual Mr. Clift. The real Monty has always been a scared youngster. Almost as frightened of people, in his way, as Garbo has been in hers! He trusts only intimates. So naturally, others find him reserved, seemingly listless. Monty’s never had too many interests, and has always been indifferent to most things. He takes very poor care of himself, and is continually getting into accidents.”

David Lewis, producer of “Raintree County,” said, “After his nearly fatal accident, Montgomery was spiritually, physically and mentally exhausted. I wish the studio could have given him more time to get himself together, but we couldn’t spare him any longer. So he is still exhausted. No man can put as much into his acting as Monty does without being somewhat depleted at the end of eight months of almost constant work. Add to this Monty’s accidents during the making of the film—and it’s no wonder that he sometimes gave the impression of having lost interest in life. But it was a false impression, just the same.”

During the making of “Raintree County,” Monty suffered at least three accidents—the almost fatal automobile accident near Liz Taylor’s home; breaking the big toe of his left foot on location in Danville, Kentucky; and slipping on the steps of his swimming pool when he was emerging from it one day.

There seems to be no doubt of the fact that Monty is accident prone. (Some time ago, two doctors at Cornell University discovered that accidents don’t happen by accident, so to speak. They found that one-third of the population of the United States is accident-prone. According to them, accidents usually happen to unhappy, badly adjusted, emotionally upset individuals.—Ed.) It may seem incredible that Monty belongs in this category. What has he got to be upset about?

“Monty is one of the most terrified young men I have ever met,” said an intimate. “Believe me, any other attitude on his part is just a cover-up. They say he didn’t make a picture for continued on page 20
“He’s unsure,” confided an intimate. “He doesn’t feel as if he knows how to handle people”

A CLOSE friend of Monty’s reported: “One myth about Monty gives me a laugh: that he is a lone wolf, who prefers not to mingle with others. The truth is that the one thing Monty dreads is solitude. He’s the most emotionally dependent person I know. He can’t stand his own company.”

On location in Danville, Monty was given every opportunity to be the lone wolf tradition says he is. Believing that crowds would besiege the homes of the stars in the film, the studio arranged for a police guard at each star’s door.

The morning after the arrangements had been made, a studio official asked the cop who’d been stationed outside Monty’s door whether the actor had had a good night’s sleep.

“Never met a movie star like him before,” he said. “At three in the morning, he opened his door and asked me if I’d come in and have coffee with him. Then we sat around yakking till 6 a.m. He told me that he didn’t feel like being alone, and that I was doing him a favor by talking to him.”

Actually, Monty is the victim of violent moods. Whatever he does, he’s apt to do to excess. There are times when he is so wrapped up in his thoughts, that if his closest friend passed by, he wouldn’t see him.

When Monty is in the mood for socializing, he’ll make friends with strangers on park benches, in bars, on buses, in the street. When he’s not in the mood, he may go to bed on a Friday night, exhausted, and sleep all through the week-end.

Probably the most interesting rumors about Monty are those that pertain to his love life. When Monty first came to Hollywood with New York drama coach Mira Rostova, their friendship was misinterpreted as a romance. Actually, Mira was just one of a succession of women to whom Monty has turned for the kind of mothering he seems to need, and which almost every woman he meets wants to give.

PROBABLY no one but Monty and Liz Taylor will ever know the whole truth about the love that almost sprang up between them. Today Liz says, “Monty’s like a brother to me. I’ve told him everything, even things I’m ashamed of.”

Several years ago when they were co-starring in “A Place In The Sun,” Monty and Liz became very good friends. Maybe it was just puppy love, but Liz was completely fascinated by Monty, and showed it. But Monty sensed the fact they weren’t right for each other. Also, at the time, Monty wasn’t ready to marry and settle down.

After Liz met Nicky Hilton, she got over her feeling of romantic love for Monty. He was one of the first to wish her happiness. When her marriage to Nicky collapsed, Liz turned

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INTIMATE of few, rarely granting an interview, the enigmatic Monty displays the wan smile "that fills women with a desire to mother him."
I: Monty Clift continued

"RAINTREE COUNTY": A legend of man's quest for the unattainable. Monty, as the "seeker," plays the most difficult role of his career.

Monty's brilliant performance in

again to Monty, for comfort and help. By this time, their feelings toward each other were purely those of friendship.

They were good for each other in many ways. Sometimes, Monty comforted and protected Liz; at other times Liz comforted and protected Monty.

"Theirs is the funniest relationship," chuckled a close friend.

"One day Liz is Monty's mother; the next day Monty's her father. They both give each other advice, though neither can give the other good advice.

"Before she met Mike Todd, Liz would break an engagement to help Monty conquer the blues when he was in one of his indigo moods. Even after she became engaged to Mike, Liz once delayed seeing Mike for an hour so Monty could come up to her house and tell her about his troubles.

"On the other hand, when Liz got sick in Natchez, Mississippi, Monty moved to a room on Liz's floor, to be near her, and sat up all night with her."

Though Monty can be the mature, thoughtful, serious father-confessor to whom Liz confides her secrets, he can also be a big, mischievous kid—full of the devil. With most people, he won't let down the bars long enough to have any fun, but he and Liz would romp like children together. On location they engaged in water fights, sneaking behind each other to duck one another in the water; sluggd it out with pillows, and once Liz even rubbed Monty's nose in the dirt... a liberty he wouldn't have permitted anyone else.
LIBBY HOLMAN is a fabulous woman, the kind around whom headlines naturally revolve. One of the great torch singers of all time, she was never a beauty, but she has such magnetism and artistry that men are always attracted by her.

At the height of her career, Libby married Zachary Smith Reynolds, heir to a great tobacco fortune. After marriage, she discovered that Reynolds was a moody, unhappy, jealous man.

Then one day he was suddenly found dead of gunshot wounds, after a party at which he and Libby had quarreled. Evidence indicated that he committed suicide, though there had been suspicion of murder.

Since that time, other men, involved with Libby, have also met unhappy fates. Perhaps the greatest tragedy in her tragically-filled life occurred when her son, Christopher, was killed about six years ago while trying to climb Mount Whitney.

When Monty was injured in the accident near Liz's home, it was Liz who cradled his bloody head in her arms till an ambulance arrived, but they say Libby's name was on his lips when he was delirious. As soon as she learned of the accident, Libby flew in from the East to be with him and to comfort him.

After his minor accident on location, Libby once again came to see Monty. Friends suspect that Monty, growing lonely after Liz found Mike Todd and fell in love, sent for Libby.

Those who had thought that Liz and Monty were reviving an old romance were puzzled by this new turn of events. But they needn't have been. Though Liz enjoys mothering Monty, she herself wants a man on whom she can lean in marriage. Though Monty is brilliant, well-read, well-traveled, he doesn't have the breezy self-sufficiency of Mike Todd.

"Emotionally," a close friend said, "Monty is far behind other young men of his years. Most men of his age—about 35—have been married for four or five years or more. Monty doesn't appear to be ready for marriage.

"In a way, he resists growing up. His moodiness and his tendency to get melancholy are typical of adolescents.

"Probably it's the little boy quality in Monty that appeals to women of all ages."

Is Libby Holman in love with him? It's hard to believe that any woman could be so self-sacrificing, so willing to put a man's interests above her own, if she were not in love. Some believe that he reminds her of the son who died so tragically—a slim, idealistic dreamer like Monty.

Monty will always remain a man of mystery as long as everyone who meets him sees him so differently. He is Hollywood's most complex and contradictory character. END
Don’t call her “wholesome”!

There’s an adventurous streak in Natalie, a healthy attitude of “let’s try anything once” that defies conformity

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

DARK-EYED Natalie Wood attended a party in honor of Kim Novak a few nights ago and Mac Krim was there, naturally.

When he was presented to Natalie, this smiling sophisticate remarked, “I haven’t had the pleasure of meeting you before, but I have seen you . . . and I shall never forget it. It was wonderful. I got into an elevator with you in a swank New York hotel and I can tell you exactly what you were wearing. (1) Pedal pushers (very neat ones), (2) an off-the-shoulder blouse (very nice, indeed), (3) frivolous, high-heeled shoes (surprising) and (still more surprising), a mink stole! All this with a raggedy little boy haircut.

“I had never seen just such an outfit anywhere, especially in a gilded New York hotel elevator. But it was charming and arresting . . . and unforgettable,” said suave Mac, gallantly.

Natalie giggled, “I guess I do get into some unconventional outfits sometimes,” she said, equably, “if I feel like it. Sometimes people get a little stern with me about it . . . but if I feel like it, then I’ll just do it. I don’t like to feel fettered about small things. I like to be me, no matter where I am.”

This girl who celebrated . . . and I do mean “celebrated” . . . her 18th birthday last July 20th may be destined to return to Hollywood some of the color and excitement it lost when Ava Gardner became an expatriate and Lana Turner chose to dim her exciting lights. Not that Natalie is deliberately working at being a femme fatale or even, consciously at least, at being an exciting personality. She just wants to enjoy herself in her own way, and a very amusing way it often is.

The outfit she was wearing when Mac Krim encountered her is typical. When she left New York after that same trip, she donned a similar outfit to wear on the plane to Hollywood, over the stern protests of her chaperon that, “You mustn’t get yourself up like a freak! Try to look like a lady!”

But Natalie was cheerfully adamant and when the party debarked at the Chicago airport at three in the morning for a bite to eat (Tab Hunter was along), the waiting crowd . . . and there was a sizeable crowd there even at that hour . . . was enchanted with her. She is so petite and so vivacious. They probably all went away thinking that that is exactly what the well-dressed movie star wears on a night flight across the continent! “Natalie,” her friends are fond of saying, “has the knack of getting away with things. She has an adventurous streak in her, an attitude of ‘let’s try anything once,’ which makes life a lot of fun for her.”

She does, too. Take the matter of strange foods in exotic places . . . she tries them all. She has eaten rattlesnake meat in Texas, buffalo steaks in some state or other, and when she was in Honolulu not long ago she happily ran the gamut of poi, raw fish and other curious Hawaiian delicacies as well as, one evening, the birds’ nest soup and ancient eggs she encountered in a Chinese restaurant.

“The Chinese place was the real ball,” she reported, eyes continued on page 27
LIFE has been a gay whirl for Natalie this past year, what with reaching that all-important 18th birthday with all of its new freedoms.
BENT on enjoying herself in her own way, Natalie happily runs the gamut of poi, raw fish and other exotic dishes during visit to Hawaii.

NEW SKILLS are a fetish with Natalie who learned to play a uke and do the hula in Hawaii. She's now on a rope twirling kick.

ANYTHING that's "a little dangerous" intrigues Natalie. She even fell in line with the Brides Muyh fad, had herself hoonitized.
shining, "because my date and I not only ate—and honestly enjoyed—all those strange things, but we made up our minds that we were going to use chopsticks or else. It nearly turned into 'or else' because we stayed there five whole hours trying to push a meal into ourselves with those little things. And we wound up being pretty uproarious because we imagined that we had mastered the chopsticks so well that we tried to light our cigarettes with them!"

This latter feat, she finally conceded, is impossible.

But, perhaps to make up for this small defeat, she says that she has eaten and actually learned to like that peculiar French delicacy, snails. "Raymond Burr introduced me to those," she says, "and I love 'em. I also," she went on, dreamily, "like to nibble mustard blossoms and nasturtium leaves . . ."

Perhaps "uninhibited" is the word for Natalie.

"I think it is very important," she says, earnestly, "to be yourself, to express yourself. You must obey your impulses and be true to your own feelings and emotions and not bother about what other people think of you doing it.

"One night Tab and I went to a big premiere . . . dressed to the teeth we were, too! We went on to a big, formal party afterward which was all quite dignified until suddenly Tab and I had an impulse to start jitterbugging, so of course we did, although no one has jitterbugged at least the way we were doing it, for years. But it was fun for us and pretty soon a lot of other people were doing it and having fun, too."

There is Natalie, "getting away with things" again and what's more, inspiring other people to let down the barriers and join in her spontaneous romps.

For instance, while on a personal tour recently, she attended a supper dance in a big hotel in Minneapolis and the orchestra struck up some Hawaiian music. Natalie, of course, had only just returned from the Islands where she had enthusiastically insisted upon learning the rudiments, at least, of the intricate hula-hula.

Hearing these fascinating strains again so far from where she had first heard them "did something to her," as she explained afterward, and in a matter of moments she was on her feet, undulating away in the little Hawaiian dance to the enormous delight of everyone in the huge room, although on this occasion her audience didn't join her. It was content to watch as she made a spontaneous and immediate hit. Her habit of obeying her gay impulses often pays off in genuine applause and admiration.

"Things you don't plan are so much more fun than things you do," she keeps saying. And no wonder.

The day she went on a picnic with a happy group at Hansen Dam Lake she certainly hadn't planned to go swimming. Horseback riding was on the program and when they had finished their ride and were ready for lunch they were hot and the lake looked beautifully inviting. Still more tantalizing was the fact that some of the picnickers had thought to bring along swim suits and presently they were disposing themselves in the water.

The sight was simply too much for Natalie and the first thing anyone knew she had pulled off her boots and plunged into the water herself, in her jeans and shirt . . . just what she had worn for her ride.

"I'll dry off in the sun," she said, placidly. "I'm not going to miss a swim just on account of not having a suit!" That's another thing about her . . . she never makes a Big Thing of doing what comes naturally. She just does it.

But much as she loves to swim, and she is truly enthusiastic about it, she has yet to take a dip in her own beautiful swimming pool which was installed at her home a year ago!

"I've been in such a whirl all this time, I just haven't gotten around to it yet," she explains. Then, brightening, "You know what will be fun? I'll give a party on the first anniversary of the day the pool was first filled . . . I'll invite a lot of people and I'll take my very first dip in it to celebrate! That should give us a lot of laughs."

But who ever heard of a girl, even a movie star, having a lovely pool for a whole year without even dunking herself in it at least once?

Life really has been a whirl for Natalie this past year, what with reaching that all-important 18th birthday with all its new freedoms and that glorious sense of independence, as well as an exciting series of triumphs on the screen and in personal appearances. No wonder she seems a mite breathless.

She has made one rather solemn concession to her new grown-up and responsible status. She has acquired an appointment book which she carries everywhere with her. She really wants to be conscientious and punctual about appointments. The only trouble with that is that she is constantly putting the book down somewhere and forgetting about it until she reaches her next stop . . . and the trouble with that little habit is that not only is her schedule of appointments in the book but as likely as not she has stuck her current paycheck in it, too!

"But it is always returned to me," she remarks, cheerfully, "and I think it just goes to show how nice and honest, how really good most people are." She seems to be genuinely continued on page 68

**CO-STARRING** again with Tab Hunter, Natalie's latest picture is "The Girl He Left Behind." She'll next appear in "Bombers B-52."
A CHIP off the old block, 4½-year-old Terry mimics his Dad who pretends he’s so disappointed in Terry’s behavior that he’s going to cry.
Murphy and Sons

Poppa takes a breather when Terry and Skipper, with Mom, of course, pay a visit to Audie on location in Colorado.

WAITING for Audie to join them, wife Pamela and little Skipper watch as he does a scene in his latest U-I film, "Night Passage."

EXCITED Skipper gets right into the spirit of his Daddy's new picture about the Old West by letting out a couple of war whoops.

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Corralled by son Terry for some Western-style fun, Audie doesn’t get much chance to relax during a between-scenes break in his acting chores.

“GET ’EM UP!” says Terry as he decides to take in his prisoner at gun point. In the film, Audie isn’t so lucky; he gets killed daid.

DAD cringes a bit as Terry puts a little too much zest into his roping. Audie’s already taught him to swim, ride horseback.

TERRY gets his man. In “Night Passage” it takes many men to catch train-robber Audie, but Terry does it single-handed.
A DEVOTED father, Audie doesn't let his zooming career (his current movie is "Joe Butterfly") interfere with his relationship with the boys.
At 38, a wiser, more mature
Rita proves she still has what it
takes to resume her place as
one of Hollywood's great stars

By ERNST JACOBI

ON LOCATION in Trinidad, Rita enjoys a refreshing native drink with her co-star, Jack Lemmon, between scenes of "Fire Down Below."

ON NOVEMBER 10, 1947, when she was at the very summit of her career, Rita Hayworth received an accolade which will remain with her for as long as she will live. In tribute to her pre-eminence as a beauty and to her lush sex appeal, "Life" magazine dubbed her a modern "Love Goddess" and compared her with the likes of Aphrodite, Helen of Troy, Cleopatra and others.

It would be apocryphal to say that nine years and three husbands later, Rita, with one new picture—"Fire Down Below"—already completed and another, "Pal Joey," in the works, has emerged unscarred and her lustre undimmed. Uprooted, hurt, harassed by marital and financial difficulties, she is no longer the radiant young goddess of yore. Yet all are agreed that Rita still has everything it takes to resume her place as one of Hollywood's greatest stars. And, what is perhaps more important, she has acquired from the crucible of her unhappiness a new dimension as a human being, a greater depth of feeling and understanding.

At the age of 38, the former Love Goddess has had to take stock and pick up the pieces of her life. She'd been married four times and had failed four times. She'd earned millions, yet she was broke. She still had fame, but she hadn't been before the cameras in years and there must have been at least a creeping doubt in her heart as to whether she could recapture her public or whether her fame was—after all—only notoriety.

And she was alone. The woman who'd lived for love was without a man toward whom she could turn her heart. She probably was in no mood for love anyway after that last bitter disillusionment; yet that emptiness in her heart was probably the worst symptom of what life had done to her. Pictures and reports of Rita from a year ago showed her as drawn, pinched, too thin, haggard. It was a bad period of her life, indeed.

The only solid support she had to fall back on in those days was her two children, Rebecca and Yasmin.

There is no question but that Rita is an affectionate and devoted mother who is adored by her children. "It's heart-warming to see Rita with those two kids," says Jack Lemmon. "I spent a couple of afternoons with the three of them at Rita's flat in Mayfair, and I've never seen a warmer, nicer mother/daughter relationship anywhere. They play together, do things together, and have a lot of fun together. Incidentally, the girls are just adorable. They're as nice and unspoiled as they come."

Similarly, Tom Wood, press representative for "Fire Down Below."

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Story!

RITA still has her figure, looks and special brand of magnetism.
After three years, Rita feels a strong

THE SHYNESS that's a basic trait of Rita's character is nowhere in evidence as Bob Mitchum lends a helping hand with the suntan lotion.
excitement being back at work

Below,” reports that Rita’s interest, while she was on location in Trinidad, seemed to center almost exclusively around her girls, then in Paris with a governess. “I know she wrote to them every day and called them long distance frequently,” he says. “And it was a pleasure to see Rita whenever the mail arrived on the set. She’d always look for a letter from the girls first, read it, chuckle to herself, and frequently read some passages aloud. She acts quite wacky about these kids.”

RITA refuses to talk about her former husbands. Bob Mitchum, Jack Lemmon and Wood all agree that during their five months’ association she never mentioned them. When one tactless reporter once needle her about which of her former names she wished to be known as—Judson, Welles, Khan or Haymes—she coolly replied, “Miss Hayworth, if you don’t mind.” But she was stung. She is sensitive to the aura of notoriety which she feels might still cling to her and is, therefore, quite shy in her contacts with strangers.

Most everybody who knows Rita well agrees that this shyness is a basic trait of her character. Although she grew up in show business—she started dancing with her father’s troupe at a very early age—she actually led a sheltered life during those years. The Cansinos have been dancers for generations with deep roots in Spain where Rita’s father, Eduardo Cansino, was born and grew up before coming to this country. And during Rita’s formative years, her father guarded her jealously in the old Spanish tradition. Rita’s shyness with strangers is, therefore, not hard to understand.

Some observers believe that Rita’s shyness may even have been the basic reason for the break-up of her marriage to Aly Khan. On the face of it, this was the most promising of all her marriages. and Aly appears to be the only one of her former husbands for whom she still has a soft spot in her heart. But the hurly-burly of the international set, along with the prominence of the social position into which she suddenly became propelled, was probably too much and too bewildering for Rita. Besides being shy, she is something of a homebody with an almost plebeian fondness for letting her hair down in the sanctuary of her own home. She’s a good cook, incidentally, specializing in Spanish dishes. While in Trinidad, she acquired a new recipe for a fish soup called “Callaloo” with which she has since regaled some of her friends.

These days, Rita’s diffidence is further enhanced by incidents such as the following related by Bob Mitchum: “The day Rita arrived in Trinidad,” he recalls, “Jack and I met her at the airport, helped her get settled at the hotel and then took her out to dinner at a restaurant. Shortly after we sat down, some man came over from another table, bent over Rita and tried to kiss her. A total stranger, mind you. ‘You do it in the movies,’ he said. The fellow was hustled off fast by a couple of waiters. I probably would have blown my stack if it all hadn’t happened so quickly. As for Rita, she just brushed it off and didn’t even mention the whole thing again.”

ALTHOUGH Rita has enough poise to appear unruffled by incidents such as these, she hasn’t nearly enough brass not to be affected by them. During the remainder of her nine weeks’ stay in Trinidad and neighboring Tobago, she rarely went out and had most of her meals sent up to her room. She had practically no social life outside of a couple of visits with Jack and Bob to the islands’ famous steel bands where she was serenaded by Trinidad’s foremost calypso singers.

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The power of Podesta

Fortunately for movie fans, Rossana gave up her ambition to be a doctor for acting; now she's good medicine in pictures

BEAUTY treatment hardly seems necessary for Rossana who starred as "Helen Of Troy" after a search for "the world's most beautiful girl."

FITTING for Rossana takes place in salon of Schuberth of Rame, couturier for European aristocrats and movie stars.
ROSSANA PODESTA, star of "Helen Of Troy" and "Santiago," shows her classic features in the historic Caffe Greco in Rome, Italy. 

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ROSSANA PODESTA continued

A classic young figure blooms amidst

PERCHED upon ancient ruins, 22-year-old Rossana studies the script of her next movie. Married to an actor, she has a son, Stefano, 3.
the ruins of the “Eternal City”

THE COLUMNS of antiquity frame Rossana as she breezes along near Rome. Rossana was born in Tripoli, Libya, on June 20, 1934.

ROSSANA was discovered for the movies by an Italian film mogul who saw her swimming one day in Rome when she was but 16.

SVELTE figure emerges from dunk in the ocean. Rossana’s five-feet, three-inches tall; her measurements are 37-21-36. END
SAL MINEO:

What's his

SAL's a handy fellow with a line—for fishing or dating.
"I can talk for hours," Sal says. "It fascinates me." And plenty of girls seem to find it intriguing, too

By HELEN HENDRIX

SITTING across the table from Sal Mineo in a restaurant one can easily see why a writer had described him as looking like a fallen angel. "With his jet black hair," she said, "tumbling on his forehead, his full, black eyebrows over huge, deep eyes, his mouth tucked into dimples."

He looked like a very natty fallen angel with a skinny dark tie falling neatly against his white shirt front, and all of him in a grey flannel suit.

"A girl's eyes are the most important thing," he was saying, and I was convinced he was right. "Appearance is important, too. But I don't mind if she wears blue jeans and T-shirts. I like to wear them myself."

He didn't mind talking about girls. For a boy who dates in crowds he has a pretty shrewd eye in judging the fair sex one by one, but he seemed to prefer talking about water skiing which some people consider a more dangerous sport.

"When I was down in Savannah for my latest picture, the girls called at the office all the time to ask if I could go skiing with them. Oh, it's wonderful. It's just skimming on water. Mr. Waxman (the producer) was afraid to let me go. But I'd get out."

"Yul Brynner taught me how to water ski. He had a place on Long Island Sound and he stood me on the dock, taught me how to use my muscles. Then he lowered me into the water. You know, a girl doesn't have to be perfect. I like to teach her things," he added with a twinkle. "You don't even have to know how to swim in order to water ski. It's really great fun."

"Mike and I have a boat," (Mike's his brother, a good-looking fellow of 19 who studies at Columbia University and travels with Sal when he can.) "It's only 14 feet now—"

"Do you think it'll grow?" I said.

When he laughed this time I could see what he meant about eyes being important. Those teenagers who turn numb at the sight of him aren't so silly.

"I mean we want to buy a bigger one, a regular speedboat. We use it out on Long Island Sound near our house. You know, we're getting a new house in Pelham Manor. It's a funny thing. It's going to stand halfway between Westchester and New York. We'll have to pay taxes in both places."

"Talk about girls," I said.

"I think a girl ought to be a good swimmer," he said.

"We covered that," I told him. "Let's get real personal. Let's talk about girls who aren't soaking wet. For instance, what don't you like?"

"I enjoy a girl's naturalness and one who treats me like a person. I don't like the ones who think an actor is not a person. I don't like the ones who think my career was just a lucky break or those who want to know who is behind me and sponsoring my career. It was not all luck; it was a lot of hard work. And I hate phonyes."

"One night a few of the fellows and I went to a movie up in the Bronx. Afterward, we stopped at a diner. We were sitting..."
GETTING OUT of bed in the morning has always been a painful experience for Sal. But there's fishing ahead, and time's a-wasting.

Part of Sal's charm lies in his around talking and these girls came in. They were pretty nice. They came over and we kidded around. All of a sudden this real lively one got a funny look in her eyes.

"Are you Sal Mineo?" she said, looking like someone had just hit her over the head. "I mean you can't be," she said. "Are you?" Boy, she was stunned.

"All of a sudden I was a different person to her. She couldn't say another word. It was the strangest thing. I mean, I was the same fellow she was joking with a minute ago, but to her I was different. It was a normal reaction and I enjoyed it all.

"My sister, Sarina (she's 14), is the only fan who hasn't gone overboard about me. You think I impress her? This year she flipped over Rock Hudson. Rock and Tony Curtis. Her bedroom's plastered with their pictures. She's got a teeny-weeny one of me down in a corner somewhere. That's because I'm her brother. She doesn't mind giving out autographs herself, though. She started at Columbus High School in September and the kids all ask her for them.

"In Savannah all those pretty girls would come up to Mike and ask him for an autograph. Before they got up enough courage to ask me, they asked Mike."

"Do you date actresses?" I said.

"I date a few. One of them is Natalie Wood. She's a real sweet girl. But I like her more as a person than a girl friend."
complete naturalness; he remains simple, unaffected by success

We have such a good time together we never have to worry about getting serious. There's no time left for that.

"I get a kick out of meeting girls who aren't in show business, because I enjoy telling them about it. I can talk for hours—it fascinates me. If she is in the business then you'd better shut up because she probably knows more than you do. Or thinks she does. A girl who isn't in the business can tell me a lot of things about other fields that I don't know."

SAL'S mother is the one who knows exactly the kind of girl Sal wants. "A sparkling girl—that's what Sal should have," she says. "He loves fun and to be with people. He loves to play the piano and have us all sing together... Also, she should be a girl who has dated other boys, not too shy. I don't mean she should be forward, but she should have confidence in herself and not expect Sal to lead her by the hand."

Sal is willing to lead her a little—but not to the altar, not for about 12 more years.

"The idea of going steady doesn't appeal to me," he says. "There's too much to see and do. I cannot devote enough time to a steady girl because of my profession. It would be unfair to her because of my work. I spend several months in California, several months in New York and off-times on location. I feel more at ease not going steady. It's an advantage for.
He loves to be a clown, but surprisingly
Sal's face often mirrors a quite sensitive nature

a good and crazy sense of humor appeals to him the most.
"I have four books at home and there are ten thousand
jokes in each one. I spend a lot of time reading them, but I
can't even remember a line. So I have to tell the same old
jokes all the time."

The fact is, he doesn't tell jokes at all and his conversation
is sparked with wit. It's nice if a girl can appreciate it, and even
try to top him. But he's not looking for another Bob Hope,
because a date's a date and not a comedy show. On the other
hand, it isn't a funeral, either, and a girl who can't produce
anything better than a soulful look all evening is not the gal
for young Sal.

"I've had crushes on a couple of girls," he admits, "and
didn't get crushed back. But love! I love my parents, but I
don't think I've been in the kind of love people talk about. I
had another love happen to me, though..." and he'll turn
serious talking about his kid sister, the way he used to think
she was a pest, always having to be watched by him, and fed,
and led around. There was the day he came home from school
and found a note telling him to go to the hospital imme-
diately and he ran all the way.

"I WENT up to the children's ward. My whole family was
there. They looked scared. Mom told me that Sarina had
polio. And in that instant I think I hated myself for every
moment I had not loved and protected her. A couple of days
later the little girl in the next bed died. Then I knew what
real fear is. It was so bad I couldn't think straight. I used to
fall asleep praying for Sarina. She recovered and she's been
well ever since: 'That kind of love I know.'"

He also knows the kind of love a good actor has for his pro-
fession. It shows in his face when he talks about it and it
shows in his work. A reporter who was impressed with Sal's
achievements—five movies, a couple of Broadway plays, count-
less television shows and an Oscar nomination—asked him if
he came from a theatrical family.

"Are you kidding?" said Sal. "My dad is a casket maker. He
still says I can go to work for him if this crazy acting business
runs out on me... but I can't say that the thought of build-
ing caskets is my idea of a joyful career."

His idea of joy began when he was eight and he confounded
his mother by demanding dancing lessons. His two older
brothers—Mike and Vic—were on his side. The Mineos were
always democratic. What one kid got, the other got, too, and
they wanted clarinet lessons. So off Sal went to dancing school.
On the side, he sold newspapers at a subway kiosk. He was
always itching to go downstairs and get on one of the trains
but his brother Victor wouldn't let him.

"He was a real businessman," Sal says. "One day he
wouldn't let me keep my tips. I got so mad I ran downstairs
and got into the first train that came along. I rode on it for
what seemed like hours. Then I got off and followed the
crowd upstairs. All of a sudden I was on Broadway. Alone
and scared to death. Then I saw a theatre marquee. You know
what? I counted the letters to see if my name would fit. Salva-
tore was too long. So I changed it to Sal—right then."

CLOWNING in the backyard of his Bronx home, Sal uses hedge cutters to trim nails. His next film: Columbia's "The Young Don't Cry."
That was the name—the fame didn't follow for a couple of years. By this time he was at another dancing school (they'd run out of steps to teach him in the old ones) and Cheryl Crawford came up to him and asked him if he wanted to be in a play.

Sal grins when he tells it. "I turned to Mom and said, 'Mom, what's a play?'"

Whatever it was, he wanted to be in it. It turned out to be "The Rose Tattoo." He had two lines and a goat which he led across the stage. After that, there was no holding Sal. He went on TV and into summer stock and back to Broadway for "The King And I."

He got into his first movie because he looked the way Tony Curtis might have looked when he was a little boy. And he got into "Rebel Without A Cause" despite director Nick Ray's better judgment.

When Sal showed up for the audition, Ray told him, "As long as you're here—read. But don't get your hopes up high."

S AL finished reading and Ray said, "Sorry. You're just not it." A week later he called Sal back.

"Mr. Ray had a deep frown on his face when I walked in," Sal recalls. "He was very serious. Finally, after looking at me for a few minutes, he said, 'Sal, every once in a while a director has to gamble. I'm going to take a chance. You're Plato.' Plato (that is, Sal) was nominated for an Academy Award. "But I got a bigger thrill when I won a swimming medal in school than when I was notified of my nomination," Sal says. "The medal I could hold in my hand and know that I had accomplished something. With the Oscar nomination, I just couldn't bring myself to believe it."

Other actors talk about themselves as if they're reading rave notices. Sal has this mixture of unbelief and seriousness. He talks about his work like a professional who's still learning.

"When I took the part in 'Giant,' I knew I wouldn't have much to do. Mr. Stevens told me he was just looking for the right kind of face. But I took the part because I knew I'd learn so much just being on the set with him."

Now Sal has completed what he considers his first big role for Columbia, "The Young Don't Cry."

"It's funny how I got it. Two years ago I was looking for a book that could be turned into a screen play. I found this novel by Richard Jessups and called up my agent to ask him to buy the property. But someone else—Phil Waxman—had bought it.

"I told him I wanted to play it, but I guess I was still too young. He said, 'Look me up some other time.' Three months ago I read that Waxman Productions was making it into a movie and I didn't even have to call him. He called me."

"It's funny. You pick up a script and it's just lines. But with them you can make people laugh and cry..."

That's what Sal really loves and lives to do.
LOVELY Rhonda's married life has been slightly turbulent.
ONCE upon a time, there lived in Hollywood a beautiful red-headed movie star and an amorous young doctor who fell madly in love. And so—after some hesitation—they got married and set about the solemn business of taking one another for better or for worse, and keeping one another in sickness and in health. On the basis of four tempestuous years of their connubial bliss, there would seem some grounds for doubt that they may quite make the final phase of their wed- ding vows—the sacred pledge to put up with each other 'til death do them part.

So far it hasn't taken anything quite as conclusive—or nearly as peaceful—as the final sleep to induce Rhonda Fleming and Dr. Lew Morrill to part company. With them, it has not been 'til death do us part, but 'til a battle royal do us part. They are Hollywood's leading exponents of that ancient dilemma—the couple who can't live with each other, and can't live without each other. They have separated so often in the four-and-a-half years of their marriage that one Hollywood wag has offered to make them a gift of a revolving door if they last until their fifth wedding anniversary.

Their latest reconciliation, even more than their round of previous reunions, left Hollywood gasping more than ever—and just about ready to accept the proposition that they were gluttons for whatever punishment they specialized in handing out to each other.

As their stormy love feast ran its familiar, if erratic course, the titian-haired Miss Fleming made good two previous false starts at a divorce by betaking herself with her press agent to Mexico, and there effecting quick and merciful surgery from her surgeon mate.

If Rhonda thought that was the end of it, she had underestimated her husband's resourcefulness, if indeed not his love. Twice before he had turned the tide of marital disaster into fervent reconciliation, but this time his holding action was a trifle more unorthodox. Instead of pleading with Rhonda to set aside her Mexican divorce, he pulled a lulu out of his medical bag. He filed suit
ARRIVING in New York on a publicity junket for a recent movie, Rhonda is promptly besieged by telephone calls in her hotel apartment.

Rhonda’s busy career, with its great demands upon her time, has

RADIO interview in New York’s Pennsylvania Station is part of the publicity build-up for her movie. Latest is “Gunfight At OK Corral.”
Rhonda's precipitate flight to Mexico came in the wake of a roaring domestic Donnybrook of which, friends inform me, she distinctly got the worst. But as one confidante of Rhonda, wearily explained:

"Every time they separate, he pleads, sends her flowers and gifts and says it won't happen again. Let's face it. She must love him very much if she keeps on forgiving him like that."

What Rhonda is called upon to forgive, and what has sparked their marathon quarreling bees both in private and in public, is Dr. Morrill's addiction to chronic attacks of jealousy—jealousy of Rhonda's career, and jealousy of her beauty.

Rhonda, like Caesar's wife, has been beyond reproach. But Dr. Morrill, whose love has made him perhaps a shade inordinately possessive, sees red every time a man looks at her sideways. There is never much logic in affairs of this sort, so it would no doubt be idle to point out that he could scarcely expect a creature as beguiling as his wife not to be stared at and conversed with by men who are positively livid with envy at the good doctor's luck.

There is even evidence to suggest that Dr. Morrill broke out in his first blush of jealousy before he got Rhonda to the altar. As the voluptuous heroine of dozens of sex-and-sand movie operas so wisely observed when she was on the threshold of the marriage to the impetuous Beverly Hills surgeon:

"It's very dangerous to make plans in Hollywood because something always seems to happen. I'm very superstitious, so I'd rather not say anything is definite except to say that we'll marry in October if we both feel the same way."

That, as any Monday morning marital quarterback can tell you, was the tipoff on the rocky road that awaited the green-eyed Rhonda and her yellow-haired medico.

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All this— and popcorn

OO LA LA! The French fan, though he's been going to the movies for years, has yet to see a picture. Too busy with l'amour toujours!
Jerry does a take-off on movie-goers around the world in his newest film, "Hollywood Or Bust"
"JELLY Lewis velly funny comedian," says Chinese fan attacking meal with chopsticks.
From Shanghai to London to Nome, Jerry spoofs the film fan in a rib-tickling prelude to a comedy about screenland

"TAKE the blohsted stuff away, Trimingham. Cohn't you see I'm busy?" British fan is carried away by it all.

ESKIMO fan munches on his favorite dish, fish on a stick, of course. "Hollywood Or Bust" is a Hal Wallis production for Paramount.
Diana Dors:  

FORM that won Diana a bathing beauty contest at 13, has become her stock in trade.
with three dimensions

"I owe everything to 37-23-35," says British star Diana Dors, who's kicked up as much excitement here as MMM did in London

By JOHN MAYNARD

In Burbank, California, during a recent hot spell the climate was not very different from Death Valley, a neighbor a few hundred miles up the block. Of course, it is purely a question of degree. This is not abhorrent to residents of Burbank, who think people who live in cooler places are mollycoddles, but to a native of warm air that is like a damp rag, it conceivably could be unpleasant. Diana Dors, a spectacular subject of the British Empah, didn't say it was. But she looked vaguely unhappy. She also looked as though she could set a house on fire from a distance of three thousand yards. This may be so.

It was the first day of outdoor location for a picture Miss Dors was making for RKO in conjunction with George Gobel, who was riding a bicycle (Mr. Gobel lives around there) as if, didn't everybody? Miss Dors, though, was working in a street scene. She kept getting in and out of a taxi. Between takes, she sat in the shade and sometimes even went into one of the stores along the street, which was sort of foolish because the store didn't have a back, it being just part of the make-believe scenery.

This, you might have said, was Miss Dors' true introduction to Hollywood. That English complexion exposed to the rigors of the San Fernando Valley!

Of course, she'd been around for a spell now; some weeks. On arrival, she'd kicked up about the same kind of ruckus her counterpart here in the Colonies, Marilyn M. Miller, had kicked up in London, except that Miss Dors hadn't yet taken to riding to work hidden in the back of a hearse. Our British cousins take these things big. Miss Dors, on the other hand, had not gone unnoticed.

There had been her first press party, for example, when photographers had rashly tried to pose her behind sprays of flowers mounting to her chin-line. "Please, boys," admonished Miss D. gently. "You're hiding the merchandise."

There had been hoopla about the purchase of a $150,000 home and definitely the purchase of a white Continental motor car, and these items are expensive. There had been flat assertions that Miss Dors, after a look-around of about two minutes' duration, had declared herself a potential American citizen. And there had been wonderment over how, considering the voracious British tax-bite, she could afford so much as a waffle, let alone a capital layout along the extravagant lines described.

Then, too, there had been that cocktail affair which...

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DIANA DORS continued  "In the second place, there's her sense of humor."

generated into a brawl after Miss Dors and her hubby, Dennis Hamilton, either fell or were pushed into a wet swimming pool while fully clothed. Somewhat resentful about it all, they had lit into a UP photographer, who insisted he was merely an innocent bystander. Quoth the daguerreotyper:

"I was standing by the pool talking to Guy Madison about Lend-Lease when all of a sudden I was knocked down... Just before I blacked out, I saw Miss Dors kicking me in the head. She fought like a tiger."

None of this now was affecting Miss Dors. Nothing but the heat. The merchandise was tastefully covered with a light suit, but it looked nice anyway. Mr. Gobel had already been canvassed on his opinion of his co-star. His statement was tactful and brief.

"In the second place," he said, "there's her sense of humor." And pedaled away.

After a while, Miss Dors got into and out of the taxi to the satisfaction of the director, Hal Kanter, and was ushered across the street to the visiting press. "Juh do," said Miss D., and sat ornamentally in a canvas chair. The press, who had been warned that time was fleeting, took fast stock. It is a face of beauty but not classic beauty. The teeth are ever so slightly large, the under lip ever so slightly full. That's bad? The rest was precisely what Miss Dors herself has said of it.

"I owe everything," she has declared, "to three dimensions—37,23,35." Nor will she now disown what was put to her as "frankly a sex buildup."

"Why," she said now, "should I disown the sex buildup? I heartily approve of the sex buildup. I like acting for its own sake, yes, and especially comedy which is what we are doing here, but if I were to run down the sex buildup, it would be like kicking a dog that saved my life. You know, there can come a time when you have 77 full scrapbooks and still can't get a job. But I'm working. Sex is a durable institution. I have a feeling it's here to stay. The title of this picture is eloquent enough—'I Married A Woman.' Not, you will notice, 'I Married A Bicycle.' Or, 'I Married A Dishwasher.' These are the eternal verities. They must be faced. And if one becomes successful or—or prosperous—facing them, so much the better. No, you will have to look elsewhere if you want sex run down. It's a valuable commodity."

"Elsewhere? You mean...?"

D ON'T put words in my mouth. I'm an admirer of Miss Monroe. But I'm sure we're both individuals. For instance, I don't go to work in a hearse."

Miss Dors' eyes, besides being green and lucid, conceal quiet laughter, or they repress it. She rarely laughs aloud, yet, in the words of a colleague, seems to be laughing all the time. Something vastly amuses her; perhaps everything.
declares co-star George Gobel

What of the American citizen bit? Is there anything to it?

"Well, I've read the reports," she said. "I can't confirm them yet. (Actually, her British accent is not a strong one, certainly not unintelligible like that of a music hall virtuoso.) Time will have to tell. I've bought a house, that's true, and I'll be here for some time. Three more pictures anyway. After that—who can say? Not I. Not here and now.

"But I'm very fond of it here, what I've seen. Naturally, that hasn't been much. I've been working, you know. When the picture's done, I want to eat in drive-ins and see all the native wonders. What I can say surely right now is that picture-making here is more fun, more relaxed, than in England. There's a kind of tension there on the sets between takes. Here everyone seems to take it easy and laugh it up. But you get as much done.

"Then, the people here are more—more boisterous than at home. It's a difficult quality to describe."

In time, director Kanter and your favorite periodical got away to lunch, where Kanter proved exuberant. "She's funny," he said, with the air of authority reasonable from a man who himself is a professional funnyman of brilliant attainments (e.g., the Gobel TV show, which until now he has master-minded.) "She's cooperative. And she's talented. What else could I ask?"

There was nothing on the robust side? Nothing reverse?

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LENSING the Dors curves is job of cameraman Lucien Ballard.

"WHY should I disown sex? If I were to run down the sex buildup, it would be like licking a dog who had saved my life," says Diana.

TEMPERAMENTAL? "Not at all," says her co-worker. "Diana balks at changes but when explained to her satisfaction, she agrees."
FS* IS MOLDER, MUCH

The once frequently embattled Sinatra has found a new love and

IN LOVE with life, Frank rarely shows former symptoms of hostility nowadays.
ASSURANCE in his work is indicative of Sinatra's growth as a performer and as a human being. The years of struggle and chaos seem to be over.

By BILL TUSHER

I WAITED for the red light to go off above the big soundproof door outside Stage 16 at Paramount, then went inside to keep my appointment with Frank Sinatra. He was playing the role of beloved night club comedian Joe E. Lewis in "The Joker," a part he fell in love with—and optioned—when he read the autobiography of the same name in galley form.

I found Frank doing a scene in a doctor's office, stuffing his shirttails inside his trousers after a physical exam, and listening as the medico read the riot act.

It was one of the climactic moments of the picture, and Frank handled himself as effortlessly as if he were singing in the privacy of his shower. He tossed off his lines as if he'd just thought them up, not as if they were rehearsed. It occurred to me as I watched him skillfully ply his belated trade as an emoter that his easy assurance in his work was symbolic of the mileage he had piled up as a man. Frank Sinatra, at 40, had come a long way—an amazingly long way—both as a performer and as a human being. He had achieved that priceless intangible—stature.

Everything about Frank bespoke his stature—his easy way in front of the cameras, his merry banter with director Charles Vidor, his unconcerned acceptance of the steady procession of tourists hustled through the set to gape at him and thus feel contemporaneous with an American legend. His friendly, gregarious manner with members of the crew. He had a good word, a relaxed minute and a warm feeling for everyone.

Frank suggested we talk in his dressing room between takes. He asked what was new as if he really cared, and we hadn't chewed the fat very long when he confirmed my suspicion that he was in the throes of a new love affair. This was the big and potentially lasting romance he'd been hungering for in all the years of struggle and torment, setback and chaos, in the big climb up as man...
Always on the move, Frankie says, “Work is therapy. I’m happier now than I’ve ever been”

against crazy odds. I found the so frequently embattled Frank Sinatra crawling with the symptoms of peace of mind. I found him in love with life—in love with his fate, in love with his environment, and in love with his work. If there were any loose ends, he had them carefully tucked away. I could not see them or sense them.

I asked Frank for a first-hand account of his state of mind. “It’s a conglomeration of incidents and conditions that’s happened.” Frank took a slow drag on his cigarette as he put his thoughts into words, “I don’t know—I guess the accumulated knowledge of all the years has finally floated to the top. A lot of cobwebs have blown away. I’m doing things I’ve never done before. I’m thinking for myself. I’m happier now in my work than I’ve ever been in my life. Work is therapy. It’s a great joy. It’s a labor of love.”

You’d have to love it to labor at it the way Frank does. In making “The Joker,” for instance, he wasn’t content to rely for his performance on the hundreds of times he’d seen Joe E. Lewis do his stuff in night clubs. He took films of Lewis at a recent Las Vegas appearance, and he was running them at least twice a week at home to be sure he didn’t miss any of the well-known Lewis mannerisms in his film impersonation.

There is no sign of a let-up in Frank’s work rampage, waiting for him when he finished “The Joker” were personal appearances at the Sands in Las Vegas, the Copacabana in New York, a whirlwind tour of Australia and the Orient. On deck after that is the movie version of “Pal Joey” with co-stars Rita Hayworth and Kim Novak at Columbia, the title role in the controversial “What Makes Sammy Run,” and “Kings Go Forth,” to be shot in France. Two other pictures on the crowded agenda are “Solo,” with June Allyson, and a musical called, “The Jazz Train.”

“I’ve just got to be busy,” Frank shrugged. “That’s all there’s to it. If I knock off for five days, I’ve had it. I try to get as much rest as I can. I average about five hours sleep a night, but apparently it’s not hurting me because I feel wonderful. I guess I kind of work in such a relaxed fashion that it doesn’t bother me.”

But why this man-eating work load? Does it offer some form of emotional escape? Could Frank be running away from the hazards of a life still fresh with the scars of strife and unhappiness? All evidence suggests the contrary. The fact is that

AFFABLE and friendly to all these days, Frankie has won over newspapermen and photographers with whom he once clashed often.
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**New York 26, N. Y.**
A FEW years back, when the news broke that Jose Ferrer was going to marry Rosemary Clooney, a lot of people couldn't believe it. The ones who believed it nearly tore out their hair.

"It'll never work!" they screamed.

"Never, never, never!"

Then they pointed out, as calmly as they could, that Ferrer was an intellectual, nay, a genius. And that Rosemary, to put it simply, was not. Rosie, as Joe calls her, didn't argue about that. She'd never hidden from anyone the fact that her education had been catch as catch can. Indeed, it was sad but true, that she had never gone to Princeton. But Joe had gone, and now he'd have plenty of time to tell her all about it.

But Rosemary, who manages a house, a genius, two children, assorted pets and a successful career is a woman to be reckoned with

By FLORENCE EPSTEIN

"But Joe can do everything," friends wailed sadly as they shook their heads. "Yes, isn't it wonderful?" Rosemary whipped back.

Nowadays these same friends regard the Clooney-Ferrer marriage with something akin to awe. However, they're not speechless. "Rose was never a dumb kid," one of them says magnanimously. "But the cleverest thing is the way she learns from Joe. She has real respect and admiration for him. He's a genius and she knows it, and she shows that she knows it, and he likes that.

"But do you know what the greatest thing is that he taught her? She used to be shy. She used to think she was homely. He taught her she was the most wonderful woman in the world—at least, to him."

It's safe to say that Rosemary has also taught Joe a thing or two since their marriage. Things he couldn't learn at Princeton or from any book. They have to do with love.

To say that Rosemary Clooney is no intellectual is probably true, but if, after talking to her for only one minute, you're not impressed with her intelligence, you need help. A woman who manages a house, a genius, two children, assorted pets and a perennially successful career as casually as she delivers a song is a woman to be reckoned with. It was part of Mr. Ferrer's genius to sniff out such potentiality a few years ahead of his friends.

But just to keep the record straight, Mrs. Ferrer has read a book or two in her life. Actually, she's an avid reader and the first one in at whatever public library the much-traveled Ferrers happen to pass on their jaunts. She also owns a huge record collection—popular and classic—that has gone with her around the country. She prefers looking at Picasso to the comic strips. And she has a mind of her own.

"From a financial point of view there's no necessity for me to work," she says. "Joe earns us a very handsome living. But I doubt that I'd be as attractive a wife to him or as good a mother to our two children if I stayed home all day. I'm afraid I'd get into a rut. I'd have nothing to talk

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about at night except what the butcher had to say about the high price of meat or how the cleaner ruined Joe's new suit.

"I know that many, many women keep very busy with their homes and avoid this type of mental stagnation, but I'm afraid I'm not one of them. I've been working for so many years, it would be difficult for me to break the habit.

"Besides, Joe understands and respects my career. And I owe the continuation of it to a lot of people. After singing for ten years you build an organization and many people become dependent on you. You can't help feeling responsible to them."

TRY to give her credit for working on her TV shows while she was pregnant and she'll tell you to thank the designer, Marusia, who ran up some fashionable, flared coats that hid her condition.

Get her on the subject of her family and you forget that here's a girl who's already sold over 14,000,000 records in her young lifetime, made a slew of motion pictures and rises at 6:30 in the morning to report to the TV studio.

"Oh, I have fewer sacrifices than most to make," she says, with a shrug. "Being a singer is easier than having another kind of career. All you have to do is just get up and sing."

If you should point out that there are a lot of people who get up and try to sing but sound as if they're dying, she'll just laugh. A few million viewers may be entranced by the warm, easy charm that wafts into their living room come showtime, but Rosemary gets nothing but an eerie feeling watching herself on the screen (her show on film). It seems somehow indecent," she says, looking at angles of me I never knew I possessed...

...I feel like I'm eavesdropping on a girl I know too well.

The girl she knows so well has been singing for as long as she can remember—from the time she was a toddler in Maysville, Kentucky, where her grandfather was usually the mayor, through the time in Cincinnati, Ohio, where she sang on radio with her sister, Betty, and was discovered by Tony Pastor; through three years with Pastor's band and the big break on TV in 1950 when she sang on "Songs For Sale," through nightclubs and records and Hollywood. She may do another movie after filming the rest of this season's TV shows, but she isn't sure.

"I want to work when Joe works so that I won't be on location in Timbuktu while he's home, or vice versa."

The last time Joe went off to London for a film, Rosemary went with him. So did their infant son, Miguel.

When they got back Jose was the first guest on her show.

"I liked that," she says. "I didn't have to pay him much money. The other thing I liked was that he's a wonderful perform-

er. He's a star and a personality in his own right, but he didn't try to take over."

It's been nearly a year now that the Ferrers, having arrived home, have stayed put in one place. That's a record for them. It's also a very nice place—a rambling, Spanish style house in California.

"The house looks very large as you approach it," Rosemary says, "but the former owner had it remodeled inside. He broke down a lot of walls so there aren't as many rooms as you'd expect. But what rooms there are are big.

There are mornings when she has no desire at all to leave that house which now has the look and feel of home. Even though it was furnished when we got it three years ago, it's taken on our personality through the things we've added. There's a swimming pool out back and we use it a lot. Joe likes to swim and he takes Miguel (who's going on two) into the pool and lets him paddle around. I'm so glad that Miguel isn't afraid of water, but still, we don't rush him. I don't believe in throwing kids in with that 'sink or swim' attitude some people have.

"You know, Joe has a special trick he does with Miguel about five times a day. Not in the pool, in the house. He leads Miguel to the center of the living room and orders him to put up his 'dukes.' Then Miguel and he dance around, sparring, and Joe falls to the floor for the count. Miguel counts. He's getting to be a ham about it. We think he's precocious," she adds, proudly.

Rosemary used to call Miguel, "the greatest accomplishment of my life," until Maria Providencia was born a few months ago. Now she says, "I want to have so many children Joe will have to wade through them to get into the front door at night."

...As it is, he arrives about six every evening and wades through three Maltese Terriers and one Great Dane. "You know those big dogs who look so ferocious," Rosemary says, "they usually turn out to be gentle as lambs—so it is with Cuddles."

After Cuddles gets his licks in, Jose greets his wife and falls to the floor for Miguel. He's a doting father, but Maria will have to wait on the doting until she gets a little bigger. That shouldn't take very long.

"The climate out here is wonderful for bringing up kids," Rosemary explains, "and it's a great stimulant to the appetite.

"About two-and-a-half years ago my kid sister, Gail, came out to live with us. She wasn't under-sized, but she was small. Now she's a giant. She towers over everyone in her class.

"Our life is wonderful," she adds, out of the blue. "It's pretty much like other business families. Joe goes to work every morning at nine. I do the cooking sometimes. On Thursdays and every other Sunday. The kind of cooking I like to do is to put everything in a pot and put the pot in the oven and wait for it to be done—on the assumption that you don't have to knock yourself out if you have any imagination at all.

"I go absolutely crazy over spaces and sauces. I have a wonderful thing with a meat loaf . . ."

The wonderful thing is that even their friends like to eat it. So far, they've given only four Hollywood-scale parties. Usually, people just drop in.

"Our best friends," Rosemary is happy to tell you, "are director Stanley Donen and his wife, Marion Marshall, and Janet and Tony Curtis."

W were at the hospital when Kelly (Janet's baby) was born. I will still pregnant then. Before Kelly was born Janet was always hanging around Miguel and watching him. When I was pregnant with Maria I kept watching Kelly—I don't know why. Anyway, Janet and I saw a lot of each other when we were pregnant. We kept giving advice to each other every five seconds."

On weekend at home, Rosemary gets whatever advice she wants from Joe, and generally takes it lying around the pool.

"Before I got married I did a lot of horseback riding," she says. "And I always used the excuse that riding was the one and only sport I was interested in. I figured this would get me off the hook as far as playing tennis with Joe was concerned. I felt awfully lazy about getting out in the hot sun and running after a little ball. Didn't make any sense to me.

"So Joe said, 'All right, if you don't want to play tennis, I'll teach you how to play chess.'"

"I tried playing chess but got nowhere. I just don't have that kind of mind."

"'Horseback riding,' I'd tell him, loftily. 'That's my game.'"

"You know what Joe did? He decided to take riding lessons. In three months he was jumping. There I was trotting and cantering along feeling superior and he's ready for the Olympic teams.

"Oh, well," she says with a broad and satisfied smile, "I just can't win."
Girl With
Three Dimensions
continued from page 57

To date, we seemed to have all the flamboyance of a cup custard.
"Well," said Kanter darkly, "she knows a lot of limericks. More limericks than anyone I ever knew."

Notes were made. "But I heard she wouldn't let anyone change her from Diana Dors, whatever the script might look like."

"And you heard wrong," said Kanter. "Take the hair-do. That hair-do's a trademark of hers. Remember Veronica Lake? Same deal. Well, I wanted her to change it for some scenes. Okay, she balked. So we persuaded her just to try it. Gave her a pony-tail, for instance. And when she saw the tests, she was crazy about 'em. There'll be changes all through the picture. Call that temperament? Or stubborn? She just has to be shown to her own satisfaction, that's all. And wouldn't you?"

As a matter of fact, RKO Publicity has had a little trouble with her. It's not the invasion-of-privacy thing, also known as what-I-do-away-from-the-studio-is-sacred. It's mainly that in England they handle it all differently. Not on the set, for example. In England, there's a time for chatter and a time for work and no mating of the twain.

"You won't be mad, will you," asked a publicist of a writer recently, "if she walks away from you while you're talking to her? You'll understand?"

The writer, who could imagine few experiences more exhilarating than Miss Dors walking away from him, protested he'd understand perfectly and when was the first bus heading that way?

Despite all the photographic uproar, it may yet be that Diana Dors is a not too familiar quality to American filmgoers. If this is so, it is easy to correct within limits, of course.

She was born in Swindon, England, on October 23, 1932, and decided over her first teething ring that a cinema star was the thing to be. In fact, she decided it when she was nine, but there would seem not much appreciable difference. She was going to be a film star and "have my own swimming pool and cream telephone."

From this, probably, is traceable Miss Dors' adamant stand until now against coming to Hollywood. Our braves here were talking too ruddy little money.

But whereas most stars, on both sides of the ocean, become stars first and acquire the trappings later, Miss Dors reversed the process; and with impressive shrewdness. Perceiving herself in a cinematic rut, she promptly up and bought a Rolls-Royce, half an acre of furs, and a private plane. These acquisitions were possible as a consequence of a couple of astute real estate brains—hers and her husband's (whom she's now rumored to

continued on page 67

exclusive: what
JANE RUSSELL
thinks about
ELVIS PRESLEY
and
ROCK 'N' ROLL

ON SALE AT
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A
MORE Sinatra prize package—an album titled “This Is Sinatra” that holds some of Frankie’s more recent hits—points up the man’s amazing versatility. All this and an Academy Award, too (Capitol). An odd allegiance, Sam The Man Taylor on tenor sax and Dick Hyman at the organ, turns out to be a winning combination with a torchy treatment of “Blues In My Heart” and a successful search for the long-absent “Choo-Choo” (M-G-M). One of the newer voices that should cut a swatch through the current crop of female singers. Jerri Adams offers a batch of standards in a Columbia album bearing the misnomer “It’s Cool Inside.” The lp is definitely a temperature raiser from “Let’s Fall In Love” to “Love You Madly.” The Crew Cuts give their all for old Mercury U, on a pair of odes to higher education, “The Varsity Drag” and “Hall Of Ivy.” Major leters for all the lads are in order. Dean Martin reincarnates “La Paloma” with new words and a new title. “The Look.” It’s lost nothing in the translation. The backing is an upbeat ditty “Give Me A Sign” —all original and all right (Capitol). Ray Conniff and his completely compatible collection of voices and instruments enjoys a musical romp through a dozen familiar but far-from-hackneyed standards in an album appropriately titled, “S Wonderful” (Columbia).

Eartha Kitt’s new album, “Thursday’s Child,” is somewhat of a musical accompaniment to her autobiography published under the same title. “Thursday’s Child” is seven-days-a-week listening fare. Our particular favorite: “Lullaby Of Birdland” (Victor). Looks like Margaret Whiting should have a big money-maker on her hands with the catchy novelty “The Money Tree”—a big and bouncy sound. The flip is a typical Whiting treatment which means an un-typical presentation of the ballad. “Maybe I Love Him” (Capitol). The irresistible Mr. Presley’s latest gift to his teeming multitudes is an album with the ultra-functional title of “Elvis.” It supplies a dozen different reasons for his fantastic success (Victor). “Swaying With Her Nibs” is an album that spotlights the driving offerings of Georgia Gibbs (naturally) with a wonderful rhythm section backing. Her Nibs loses her audience exhausted but happy (Mercury). Mr. and Mrs. Multiple Sound Tracks—Les Paul and Mary Ford—break the four-minute mile on the standard “Running Wild.” The flip, at a slightly slower pace, is “Blow The Smoke Away” (Capitol). Patti Page has taken Gordon Jenkins’ supreme effort, “Manhattan Tower,” and sung her way right through from beginning to end with nary a pause for some well-deserved applause (Mercury).
be divorcing). After that, she became a star partly through osmosis.

For a while, though, it was tough. She won a bathing beauty contest at 13, fluming a year onto her age in the process; and at 14 enrolled in the London Academy of Dramatic Art. There she was protégé (and accepted) the Alexander Korda Cup as “the most promising future screen actress of the year,” which boosted her morale stoutly, and the year after that she signed a ten-year contract with the formidable J. Arthur Rank.

For some years thereafter nothing very significant happened. Indeed, Diana returned to the stage for a spell, at first suffering and then succeeding in a mild way.

But it was no more than mild, so she went off on this Rolls-Royce pitch, and it proved a wover. That, plus the plane and the pilot’s license, plus the three dimensions, plus the great strides made in still photography, made the difference.

In the few years after the campaign began, Diana turned up in some 20 pictures and became as much a legend in Britannia as Miss Monroe was becoming here. Now that the swap has been affected, who is the richer?

Miss Dors, by the way, achieved in general what she had in mind in the first place. When in England, she occupies a Thameside house at a place called Bray, which is not far from London and whose incidental services include a private theatre (with leopard-skin seats), a sunken marble bath, a tennis court and a boat-house. But alas, no pool, no cream telephone. Or anyway, no mention of either.

Well, if you can afford ‘em, you don’t have to have ‘em, as Shakespeare would have said if he’d thought about it. And meanwhile, Diana Dors, for a pre-stipulated sum exceeding half a million dollars, is with us for four pictures and possibly a lifetime.

END

Rita Hayworth’s Comeback Story!

continued from page 35

Partly, of course, this was also the result of both the gruesome summer heat and the shooting schedule requiring her to get up at five in the morning, while the filming lasted frequently until the last rays of sunshine. But even on her occasional days off, Rita kept pretty much to herself. She tried to go shopping one day but attracted such enormous crowds that she gave it up soon after, too. Later in London, where the schedule was somewhat easier and the risks of being mobbed in public less great, she did have more of a social

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Helpful Heart Facts

1 Some forms of heart disease can be prevented... a few can be cured.

2 All heart cases can be cared for best if diagnosed early.

3 Almost every heart condition can be helped by proper treatment.

4 Most heart patients can keep on working... very often at the same job.
Don't Call Her "Wholesome"!

continued from page 27

heartened by this new discovery of hers. As you must have gathered by this time, she loves to acquire new skills and she treasures new experiences. One of the skills she is attempting to acquire at the moment is the intricate art of rope twirling. She developed this yen recently when she was named "queen" of a local rodeo and watched the cowboys doing tricks with their ropes. She admits that she hasn't progressed very far with this new fad as yet, but she has hopes.

One of her recent experiments with new experiences and one she does not want to repeat was allowing herself to be hypnotized. The hypnotist "regressed" her to the age of five and she repeated some lines and sang snatches of a song from one of her first pictures.

She thinks, rather dubiously, that it all
may have been "interesting" but, despite the fact that the hypnotist told her she would wake the next day feeling "fresh and wonderfully rested," the fact was that she woke up feeling horrified and suffered with shakes and morbid feelings for some 24 hours. Hypnotism, she has concluded, is definitely something to be avoided when practiced by amateurs. Even Natalie has to admit that there is such a thing as being too adventurous.

She already shows symptoms of being as capricious and changeable as many another beautiful woman before her. A year or so ago she was as thrilled as any other teenager would have been over the "real movie star bedroom" her family installed for her and all done in her favorite pink with a big bed complete with a fluffy canopy and satin spread, thick velvety carpets, a TV set and, she said, "even a pink telephone!"

But now she thinks she would like a whole new deal about her personal little suite at home. "I want a really ultra-modern decor this time," she enthuses. "All black and white and bright red, with shiny flat surfaces and lots of metal and those fascinating mobiles floating and twirling all over the place! Something really exciting. And maybe have my own private entrance and... Oh, I can hardly wait!"

She reacts strongly to color and it is extremely important to her. Sometimes she wears nothing but pink for an entire week and follows it with nothing but yellow for the next. Then she suddenly has the whim to scramble her colors and will emerge in vivid Hawaiian pants topped with gay multi-colored blouses.

She is completely unrefined when someone remarks that she looks as if she were dressed to be a "Hallowe'en spook." "This is how I feel like dressing just now," she nonchalantly observes.

"One thing you won't find me wearing," she says, with finality, "is of those dear little gingham aprons. And one thing you won't find me doing is scrambling any eggs. I am not domestic. I guess I'm just not what is described as 'the home-body type'."

She has two dogs, but she collects stuffed members of the cat family—tigers, wildcats, leopards etc.—and likes to carry them with her to parties. Recently she has decided that it would be exciting to have a pet ocelot and is putting the pressure on her parents to get her one. "It would be rather exotic," she muses, "and they say that after a couple of years they become a little dangerous..."

It is possible that the idea of a pet that is "a little dangerous" intrigues this adventurous girl.

Anyhow, life for anyone in Natalie's vicinity is never going to be dull. As for Natalie, herself, you can't imagine her ever enduring a solitary dull moment. She simply wouldn't put up with it. Hollywood is definitely a brighter place for having her around.

---

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On Again—Off Again Marriage

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It is to be gathered that come October they didn’t feel the same way. For it wasn’t until the following July—when presumably the old feeling of which Rhonda had spoken was revived—that they got around to saying their I-do’s.

“I know now,” Rhonda said when they tied the knot, “that I am in love with Lew and care for him more than any other man, and I think we will be happy.”

That’s approximately what she says every time they kiss and make up, at which they have now had more practice than Romeo and Juliet. Her frequent changes of heart doubtless suggest the depth of her emotional involvement with Dr. Morrill, but they also point out that she may not hold herself blameless when she appraises their problems.

Her philosophical acceptance of the turbulent nature of her marriage well may be explained by this remark she once tossed off in a moment of contemplation:

“To me, life is like going to school. We have lessons to learn, and each experience is a lesson. I have too much pride and a tendency to lose my temper instead of ‘reasoning things out. I’m afraid I’m also too independent. After all, I’ve been earning my own way since I was 15.”

Rhonda’s independence, of course, is expressed in terms of her career, which has been going on a much more even keel than her marriage. The indications are that her prize and her temper are provoked when her career becomes a source of contention, and an object and/or contributing cause of her devoted spouse’s tinder-box jealousy.

From the beginning, Miss Fleming has shown no disposition to let her marriage interfere with her career. Her husband, for his part, has refused to let her career interfere with the marriage. As a result, he seems always to be at her side, whether it is at an opening of one of her films in Reno or New York, on location in Europe or at a film festival in Brazil.

The romanticism of this attentiveness from her mate, has not been entirely lost on Rhonda, but such indefatigable affection has its hazards. It followed, naturally, that the more time Dr. Morrill spent with his traveling wife, the less time he had left to spend on his own practice. Outsiders are in no position to speculate on what mincemeat this may have made of his peace of mind, not to mention his income. But as far as any one has been able to notice, he seems much more concerned with maintaining what appears to be that almost round-the-clock proximity to his wife than with any business matters that he might be neglecting in the process.

The degree to which Dr. Morrill has been responsive to the itinerant require-

ments of Rhonda’s profession would seem to indicate that he was entirely reconciled to her career. What he would appear not able to reconcile to is the fact that it is inevitable for men to pay court to a woman in Rhonda’s position, and that when he is with her on a personal appearance tour the exigencies of plugging the picture are certain to make inroads on the time she can spend with him.

On one premiere junket to Reno when Rhonda was on hand for the unveiling of a Pine-Thomas picture, they had a whopping family spat after Dr. Morrill remonstrated rather forcefully with producer Bill Thomas for working Rhonda too hard on the personal appearance. This was Morrill’s own idea, and Rhonda hit the ceiling since she didn’t share her husband’s opinion that she was being oppressed, or even imposed upon.
for divorce on grounds of incompatibility and "grievous sufferings" at his hands.

Several days later. Dr. Morrill appeared at Rhonda's $75,000 Bel Air mansion to plead his cause. Rhonda was listening to his reconciliation overtures in front of the fireplace when she asked him to go outside to fetch some firewood. He slipped on a rock and broke his leg in three places.

Up to this point, Rhonda's position had been summed up by her statement when she filed suit for divorce: "We were never really happy, and I believe it is best for both of us to end an unhappy marriage."

But Rhonda's resolve to cut loose from Morrill weakened progressively during his convalescence at St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica, where she sat by his bedside day in and day out.

"I wouldn't think," she began to hedge, "of pressing my divorce suit at this time, but I don't know that we will go back together."

Then suddenly she instructed her attorney to drop the suit, with the explanation: "We're back together again and very happy."

Indeed, in the flush of their reconciliation, Rhonda waxed ecstatic.

"I can't say," she smiled sheepishly, "that I appreciated his flying over that swimming pool in Palm Springs, but now I realize that if he loved me that much I'd better not let him get away. He's more important than any old career, and the career can go down the drain if it has to."

"We're going to try and be married for another 40 years. I'd rather have him than anyone else."

Whether it had to or not, Rhonda's career did not go down the drain. Quite the contrary, it was not long before it was her marriage that seemed headed down the drain again—far short of her hopeful 40-year quota.

Rhonda's marriage continued to be career-based, and her career took her to such faraway film-making bases as London and Rome. And wherever Rhonda went, her faithful husband was sure to go.

And wherever the gorgeous Mrs. Morrill appeared, she was the center of attraction, and this distracting state of affairs sparked the old fireworks. They scrapped in London, and they scrapped on Morrill's two visits to his wife in Rome. There, Rhonda revealed: "I told him that I could no longer live with him and that I wanted my freedom."

She announced plans to effect this emancipation in a pre-Christmas quickie divorce in Switzerland. Again her plans failed to take into account the tenacity of her husband's devotion or the extent of his resourcefulness. Proceedings were balked by litigation over her Bel Air home, and Rhonda returned to Hollywood without a Swiss divorce on her husband's promise to vacate the house on her arrival in California. She made it clear that her first order of business, upon her homecoming, would be to file suit for divorce.

But when Rhonda got home, Morrill refused to live up to his bargain. He didn't at first appear to do his cause any good when he declined to leave the house—although it would seem that he would have given up the premises with much less reluctance than he was prepared to surrender Miss Fleming. In Rhonda's own heated words in the flush of this impasse:

"I can't get a court order until Monday to have him evicted from my house. So my son (a boy, Kent, 12, by her first marriage) and I will go to a hotel. I couldn't even sleep in a bedroom. I had to sleep on the couch because he wouldn't move out of my bedroom."

It wasn't long, however, before Dr. Morrill changed his tactics, an event which appeared to produce an almost immediate change of heart in Rhonda.

"I went out and rented a hotel," she said without rancor, "and do you know, the next day Lew decided to be a gentleman and move."

His voluntary exile was short-lived. Rhonda abandoned her seemingly resolute divorce plans, and she gave herself to the rapture of another fervent reconciliation.

Everything was sublime for more than a year until the old wounds opened, and a blistering embroglio sent her flying to Mexico for a divorce. Then Dr. Morrill filed his counter-suit in California, whereupon both of them forsook their divorce actions and plunged into their umpteenth reconciliation.

The reconciliation, it must be noted, did not noticeably interfere with Rhonda's career. From "Gunfight At OK Corral" with Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas at Paramount, Rhonda, back with her husband, went into "Gun Glory" with Stewart Granger at MGM.

As she has said in the past:

"I believe I function much better when I'm married."

Thus it would seem destined to go as Rhonda Fleming and Dr. Lew Morrill live—alternately together and apart—scrappily ever after.

END
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(4) will move to Cleveland, now a New York City resident.

(5) is pleased to announce her recent promotion to assistant editor at Screenland magazine.

Frank lives as indefatigably as he works. "I like the pace," Frank put it simply. "The pace presents itself to me now. I don't know how it will be a few years from now, but right at the moment I'm terribly contented."

"I've cultivated a wonderful group of friends," Frank explored his state of contentment. "I have a small circle of friends today—real friends, friends I want—instead of thousands. My kids are grown up. They're at an age where I can enjoy them, and they can enjoy being with me."

Frank didn't drag out the family snapshots, but the warmth and the pride were in his eyes and in his voice. His daughter, Nancy, a very pretty and bright young lady, will be 17 in June. His son, Frank Jr., is 13, and his youngest daughter, Tina, is 9. It is unusual for Frank to discuss his children, but this time he indulged the luxury—a bit of care and restraint lest he sound like a boastful parent. There was no need for the caution. He made the noises of a thoughtful and loving father. "Now they understand a little more," Frank pointed out, "because of their musical background. They're all studying piano, and each one is more advanced than the other in terms of age."

This seemed to bring special pleasure to Frank. "I have never played an instrument and can't read a note," he owned up. It was clear that it meant a lot to him for his kids to master something that he hadn't, despite the fact that playing music and life by ear had scarcely proved an inadequate formula for him.

"As I was saying," he returned to his original thought, "now they understand a little more because of their musical background. I can take them to concerts, to the opera—especially I can take the older ones to plays, too. These are things I would do anyhow, and now I can do it with them. Everyone is happier all around. Our general discussions are much more fun, too. Naturally, they're much more intelligent than they were five or seven years ago."

"Frankie," he said approvingly, "shows real promise as a composer. He writes little pieces, sort of piano pieces, very light kind of things. He seems anxious to go that way. Frankie sings a little, but you've gotta kind of push him into it. But he talks a lot about composing, and I think he'll follow that. He's got a great retentive memory, the boy has."

Frank allowed cautiously that his daughter Nancy might try to make a niche for herself as a singer, but he pointed out: "She's up and down with her school problems right now. You know how it is. She can't quite make up her mind."

Not long ago, Frankie thrilled his daughter and regaled some 2,400 fellow students at University High by showing up at the school auditorium with a four-piece combo, and arm-in-arm with Nancy on stage, singing a duet of "Side By Side."

Frank's warm relationship with his children continued on page 74

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HELLO from Hollywood and cinema cities around the world . . . Ava Gardner doesn’t know it but her husband before the last one, tootling Artie Shaw, has built himself a hideaway on a mountain top in Spain—not too far from where Ava dwells in what she inaptly titles, “The Witches’ House.” The seven-times-wed clarinetist left his mountain long enough to fly to London to state, “If I marry again it will be to some very mature person.” Question number one, will a mature person marry him? . . . Good thing that neither Victor Mature nor Anita Ekberg were in London for the premiere of their “Zarak” sea-and-sander. The fashionable audience howled—at, not with, them. Vic can afford to smile however. He gets $200,000 a picture and a percentage as high as 25% . . . Luisa Rainer, now retired, keeps her two Oscars in her ten-year-old daughter’s bedroom, “To teach her to have more respect for mother.” . . . And talking of retirement, the lady who wants it most for Elizabeth Taylor is her mother who is enchanted with the idea of Mike Todd for a son-in-law.

“Elizabeth has worked all her life. She deserves a rest from it all,” says her ma.

We hear that Grace Kelly who, on January 23rd, gave birth to her first child, a daughter named Princess Caroline, has her heart set on a family of six. Which is all right with Prince Rainier. . . . Ditto for Marilyn Monroe. And that’s all right too with husband Arthur Miller, who in between wholes, is writing a play for his favorite blonde. . . . To qualify for hard-to-get Swiss citizenship, Prince Aly Khan is building a palatial villa near Geneva. His marriage to model Bettina, will have less fanfare than the nuptials for Rita Hayworth. . . . With Deborah Kerr playing a nun in “Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison,” co-star Robert Mitchum who impersonates a Marine, was not allowed any contact with Debbie in the picture. Even a handshake was eliminated after a conference with a representative from the Legion of Decency.

Gino Lollo-you-know-who is hoping the bambino, expected in the summer, will be a girl. Says they are less trouble than boys. Coming from Gina, this is continued on page 8

SUSAN Hayward fusses with the flower in Johnny Green’s lapel as they stop for chat.

SURPRISE duo, Zsa Zsa Gabor and George Sanders give their autographs at a premiere.
Audrey's Hep!!

She's letting her hair down all the way rockin' and rollin' with Fred Astaire in her first big musical!

Audrey Hepburn

Fred Astaire

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Funny Face

KAY THOMPSON

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authentic... It's not true that Humphrey Bogart was unaware that he was dying. His questions to his friends that visited him in the last two weeks of his life prove he knew the end was close. Which makes his courage even greater. Bogie's place on the screen can never be filled... Unlike most movie celebrities Susan Hayward very quietly married her Washington lawyer admirer. Eaton Chalkley, on February 6th. And just as quietly left for a brief honeymoon in New Orleans... No wonder Swedish Inger Stevens speaks English so well. She has been here since the age of 14 and her stepmother teaches English to foreigners. But it was news that the 22-year-old leading lady to Bing Crosby in "Man On Fire" has been married and divorced.

From a weary-of-waiting Monroe employee—"She doesn't have a watch, she has a sundial—and forgets to wind it up."... No one believes that Mike Wilding will marry Marie McDonald. But he certainly was a very good friend during her kidnapping predicament. However, his television show with Marie is off.

With Rod Steiger and Diana Dors both in Spain at the same time—he for a picture, she for a vacation—the rumors of a romance were rife again. But Dors was with Dennis Hamilton, so the story told was wrong again. Diana needs Dennis in the same way that Judy Garland is lost without Luft. Career girls often need a man to supply the push that keeps them at the top... Mr. Steiger re the pursuit of the female by a successful actor: "Sometimes you get the feeling that you are something she is wearing like a fur coat, because you are fashionable this season."... The friend-

liest of the divorced couples—Tyrone Power and Linda Christian. Ty visited the beautiful Linda all over the world—but not to see her—to see his two cute daughters. And it's so much easier to be friendly.

Love that ZsaZsa Gabor's sense of humor. When she was asked if she liked big families, she replied with a straight face, "But of course, all the Gabors like two or three husbands!" But the three marrying sisters have only one child between them—ZsaZsa's Francesca, her daughter by multi-millionaire Conrad Hilton... Which brings me to his son, Nicky, madly in love—as of this writing—with 18-year-old Natalie Wood. She's the first female he has wanted to marry since his divorce from Elizabeth Taylor. Ingrid Bergman's visit to the United States was a prelude for longer visits to come. And this lends substance to some of the stories that all is not as well as it would seem, with her marriage to Rossellini. She told them in Paris that she wants to make that city her headquarters. What happened to the apartment in Rome?... Jayne Mansfield dates other males, but muscle man Mickey Hargitay is the lad she will marry when her divorce is final.

Now it can be told. Mrs. Clark Gable had several heart warnings before Clark knew what was the matter with his beautiful Kay. She tried to keep the minor attacks from him, but couldn't after collapsing one night when she was on location with him. She will take it easy for a long time to come... Gary Cooper's daughter Maria is receiving offers for a movie career. She's very pretty and very charming. How could she miss?... Anthony Quinn's prize-winning "La Strada" has caused him the most trouble. First, he had to sue to get his percentage. More recently he had a fight with the New York distributors who wanted to use another American voice for the American dubbing. Tony made this picture for peanuts because he liked the story... Mac Krim has finally realized that Kim Novak meant what she said about concentrating on her career, with no room for marriage. But watch her drop everything when Mr. Right comes along. And I don't think his name is spelled Count Bandini either...

Do you go along with Eva Marie Saint's recipe for losing weight? "Think Thin" she told me. She says it worked so well, now she has to gain weight... Deborah Kerr is the only star we know who admits she does not do all of her own singing in movie musicals. She took the low notes and Marni Nixon took the high notes for "The King And I." And the result was terrific. "I don't believe in taking the credit where it isn't due." Debbie, one of the nicest ladies ever to come to our town, told me... Joan Collins is less coy about accepting pres-
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The Little Hut

Married to British tycoon Stewart Granger, Ava Gardner is suffering from a gross case of neglect. She has the most delectable collection of nighties, but as far as business-minded Granger is concerned she might as well be wearing Mother Hubbards. To goad her lackadaisical spouse into romping around the bedroom instead of a board room, she uses Granger's best friend, David Niven. This triangle becomes very sophisticated, very British, and very complex once they find themselves stranded on a desert island following the wreck of Granger's yacht. With a bow to Granger's ingenuity, all survive admirably. In fact, Niven thrives on watching Ava scamper about in leaves, or lace chemise. He goes berserk in an accepted Bond Street manner. With scarcely a twitch of the mustache, he demands Granger share Ava with him. Yoicks! And to bounds! Fortunately for Ava she has another joker up her sleeve—the young Italian chef who was also washed ashore. There's nothing like fighting mire with mire. An Eastman color comedy that fades noticeably whenever Niven isn't on the screen. However, on occasion, it is fairly amusing and attractive to look at. (MGM.)

Funny Face

A musical light as soufflé, and as colorful as a ribbon counter caught up by a breeze. This modern-day Cinderella story transforms Audrey Hepburn from an ungainly, intellectual disciple of empathy into an elegant model. The only reason Audrey allows herself to be discovered by fashion photographer Fred Astaire, is to provide a means of getting to Paris where she can study empathy first hand. Naturally, once arrived in France, she's a sensation of high couture. Between empathetic bull sessions in a divey Parisian cellar and being photographed, she manages to fall completely in love with Astaire, and he finds her irresistible. Unfortunately, empathy almost wrecks this cozy duet. But coming to the rescue like Halley's comet spinning through all the heavenly Technicolor and dreamy photography is Kay Thompson, Astaire's boss. Gangly and with a face that has all the charm of a gargoyle, Kay is possibly the crispest comedienne nightclubs ever produced. Astaire, remarkable as ever, seems to have developed a new depth which adds still another dimension to his charm. And Audrey, as usual, is unbelievably excellent. She even makes something as phony as fashion photography come alive and exciting. The new tunes aren't the greatest in the world, but you're so wrapped up in watching the performers cavort through this, you wouldn't care if they used a comb and kazoo. (Paramount.)

Designing Woman

It's ironic that Dore Schary's last picture for MGM should be one of the most glittering, hilarious Metrotone gems to careen in view for many a dreary day. With Gregory Peck as a sportswriter, and Lauren Bacall as a very chi-chi dress designer, this marital romp starts generating sparks the moment the newlyweds arrive in New York. Neither one is prepared for the shock of how the other lived before they were wed. Each has an old love waiting. Peck has to tell TV star Dolores Gray that it's all over but the smouldering memories. Lauren has her career and some frightfully gay friends—theatre, you know. Around the time Lauren adds two and two together and gets a figure—Dolores—Peck is ordered into hiding by editor Sam Levene. Not as protection from Lauren, but to keep him from being bumped off before he finishes his expose of a crooked fight promoter. Thinking he's out of town following the Giants, Lauren gets quite a jolt when she finds one of Peck's shoes, with him in it, in Dolores' apartment. There's an explanation—it isn't there always—but much more smart dialogue must flow under the bridge before Lauren is convinced. More comedy from experts like Peck and Lauren is the adrenaline movies need. Everyone has a wonderful time, no problems, no realism, just slick, relaxing fun. (MGM.)

*continued on page 65*
Style No. 810 - PLEATED PRINCESS
One wonderful line from casual neckline to surprise show of pleats and unexpected bow for fashion news: Crisp rayon menswear button-front, in grey, navy, turquoise, brown.

Style No. 662 - SHAPE MAKER
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LOVE TOKEN—Elizabeth Taylor, who loves to unwrap beautiful presents, will find no Cellophane or bows on Mike Todd’s newest gift. After all, how can you gift-wrap a yacht? It’s amazing that Liz is still a boating enthusiast. It was while sailing with Todd that she slipped from a ladder and landed on her spine. It not only aggravated the crushed disk in her back, but led to her three-months hospitalization. In case you’re wondering how Todd can be so lavish with his gifts, it’s understandable. Just before his film, “Around The World In 80 Days,” was released, he was offered $10,000,000 for it. He turned it down, and is he glad! He’ll make much more than that in profit from the film.

WHAT SHE WANTED—After Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher bought their new home they took inventory of their furniture. “We owned a chess set, two lamps, and an occasional chair,” Deb told us. “We had to go shopping so we’d have something to move in.” The English-style brick house is everything Debbie has ever wanted—two acres of property and a stream that gurgles through the front yard. Should they ever need a golf ball or have to borrow some sheet music, they need only go to their nearest neighbors, the Dean Martins.

GETTING AROUND—Forgive the pun, but Barbara Rush is getting “the rush” from the stag line. She’s been seeing socialite-realtor George Gregson, and 20th Century-Fox public relations exec Frank McCarthy. She attended the President’s Inaugural Ball as the guest of McCarthy, who served in the Army under Ike and received a personal invitation. Barbara’s screen life is coming along nicely too. Since her comedy debut in “Oh Men! Oh Women!” she’s forsaking handkerchief roles to indulge in some comedy capers.

STILL GETS ‘EM—Elvis Presley has all the gals at Paramount in a dither. When we stopped by the set, we noticed a stack of photos on his desk, all to be autographed for studio personnel. Elvis, incidentally, must have a good sense of humor. He okayed that scene in his new flicker where a bully comes up to his table and picks a fight. The dialogue reads: “Drop that guitar and step outside. I’m just itching to make a fire-break in your sideburns!”

POWER OF A MAN—Maybe it is Nicky Hilton’s influence, but Natalie Wood is going all-out for sophistication. She was the center of stares at a recent Hollywood party when she wore all black, except for a wide silver streak across the front of her hair.

THAT GIRL, JAYNE—Jayne Mansfield is about as easy to overlook as a rocket-launching. She really trails glamour wherever she goes. At a recent premiere, she showed up in a clinging white satin gown with a sequinned tick-tack-toe scoreboard on the midriff. When we asked Jayne how to describe her dress, she giggled, “Just say it’s partly satin and fur, but mostly flesh!” Mickey Hargitay was also on hand wearing, believe it or not, a matching ice cream suit.

FORSAKING ALL OTHERS—Friends insist that Dick Egan will soon give up his bachelor status. Pat Hardy is THE girl. They explain he’s dated her
longer than anyone else, she's attended several family dinners, and that it's the right time in his career for marriage. Dick is the serious type who always likes to take his time in making a decision. Looks like his mind is made up this time, for he recently bought a home and paid cash for it.

LITTLE CHARMER—If Tracy Granger, baby daughter of Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger, doesn't turn out to be an actress, it won't be because of lack of "contact." She was named after Spencer Tracy, and she has the Cary Grants, agent Bert Allenberg and his wife, and producer Sam Zimbalist as godparents.

DATE-DOINGS—Barbara Nichols and Michael Rennie are a steady twosome again. . . . Tab Hunter is dating Jan Chaney and phoning Etchika Choureau in Paris. Etchika and Tab first met when they co-starred in "Lafayette Escadrille." Now he's hoping to visit gay Paree.

STORK NEWS—Debbie Reynolds, Mrs. Vic Orsatti and Mrs. John Payne co-hosted a baby shower for Mrs. Rory Calhoun. After seeing some of the gifts, we can easily predict that the youngest Calhoun will be the best-dressed toddler in town.

SOME PICKINGS—Mamie Van Doren is planning to record the theme song from her new Warner film, "Untamed Youth." It's called "You'll Never Make A Cotton Picker Out Of Me." She should worry, with a new mink stole from hubby Ray Anthony.

NEW CHARMBOY—June Allyson, once dubbed Hollywood's most nervous hostess, has certainly graduated from that description. She was as cool as a mint julep when she invited 100 people to meet O. W. Fischer, her co-star in "My Man Godfrey." Fischer, Germany's foremost actor, certainly lived up to expectations. He is charming, amusing and so continued on page 74

What was the secret of the girl in the TATTERED DRESS — and why did a whole town fight to keep it hidden?

The Tattered Dress

A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE STARRING

JEFF CHANDLER - JEANNE CRAIN
JACK CARSON - GAIL RUSSELL
ELAINE STEWART

with GEORGE TOBIAS - EDWARD ANDREWS - PHILIP REED

DIRECTED BY JACK ARNOLD - WRITTEN BY GEORGE ZUCKERMAN - PRODUCED BY ALBERT ZUGSMITH

SEE IT SOON...FOR AN EXCITING NIGHT OUT AT YOUR MOVIE THEATRE
"I'm married to three
"There are three so completely different personalities in my husband, Tony Curtis, that sometimes I feel almost like a polygamist!"

"I've just begun to realize," said Janet Leigh, seriously, "that I am actually married to three men. For all I know, there'll be another one along shortly to make it a quartet and me a real polygamist!"

"The Tony Curtis I see across the breakfast table these mornings is so different from the man I married. He has taken on such interesting new attributes and facets, and yet my original Tony is still there in bits and pieces. I certainly wouldn't want it otherwise. You marry a man because he has certain qualities which make him right for you. You want him to keep them. But it's been terribly interesting to see him adding new qualities so rapidly in the past year or two.

"My original Tony was filled with fire and gaiety and a host of enthusiasms. He was a fascinating playboy, a hobbyist, and in some ways he seemed utterly irresponsible with an incurable little-boy streak. All those definitions still fit him, I am thankful to say, except the last one. He no longer seems irresponsible. That is the big change which I have watched with loving amazement.

"And in addition to the playboy and hobbyist, I now find a serious businessman who is also a dedicated family man and 'head of the house.'"

"I don't know exactly when I started to notice these changes in him. Perhaps when we lost our first baby and he was so far away in Hawaii and I was here. He was so wonderfully understanding then. He was as disappointed as I was, of course, but his thoughts seemed to be all for me. That gave me a new insight, and a very comforting one, on Tony and I think it all contributed to the new husband I am discovering now.

"Of course, Tony has always had his serious side. He has worried about his parents and his young brother. He remembers the poverty and privations of his youth. But that is also one reason why he has been so . . . what shall we say? . . . light-hearted about responsibilities. When good luck came to him it was so very good that he couldn't..."
"You don’t want the man you marry to change but it’s interesting to see him adding new qualities”

"IN ADDITION to the playboy and hobbyist, Tony’s become a serious and astute business man," says Janet. "And I’m so proud."

take it very seriously. I think that for a long time he really didn’t believe it. That was one reason why he was so impulsive and extravagant. But he has changed in so many ways.

"For instance, one thing that used to trouble me about Tony was that he could never learn to say no to anything. Somehow he didn’t quite dare. Little things, like dinner invitations, or big things, such as offers to play in important films.

"NOW, here’s where I was wrong, because I tried to change him. I tried to tell him that he got us and himself into embarrassing positions and I talked about ‘moral responsibilities when you give your word’ and things like that. I shouldn’t have. He had to discover for himself that it is easier to be embarrassed for a moment or two when the matter comes up than it is to pay the penalty of hurt feelings (other people’s) when you change your mind or break a promise later on.

"I couldn’t do that for Tony. He had to mature that way, all by himself.

"About a year ago, I think it was. I was simply delighted to hear Tony actually decline a dinner invitation on the phone, and without even consulting me!

"And right after that, he actually turned down a part in a picture, referring the director to his agents for reasons and terms and future plans.

"Perhaps this all sounds trivial to you, these reactions of a man who had already reached a considerable stature in his profession. But to me it was a major step up for Tony. He was becoming a person in his own right. He was beginning to feel secure and to trust his own judgment at last. He wasn’t going to be the easy-going ‘yes-boy’ any more. I was so relieved about him!

"Another thing happened just about then which I knew was

BEFORE starting work on "Badge Of Evil," her first picture since daughter Kelly was born last June, Janet goes on a shopping spree.
good. Tony has always hated to return phone calls. Something, some sense of independence in him, resented the fact that someone could leave a call for him and that he was somehow ‘obliged’ to return it. There seemed to him to be some sort of subservience in that, as if he had to return it.

"I learned that I must not needle him about it, no matter how worried I might be. I must not say, ‘Darling, So-and-so called and you just must return it.’ That only irritated him more. I learned that, no matter how important it seemed to me, I must just tell him about it or leave the message on his desk and let him work it out himself.

"I think that Tony finally discovered, with no help from me, that it was a lot less trouble for him if he would just consider whether or not it was necessary to return the calls and then do whatever needed to be done about it. Mostly he returns them. And that was a good step, too.

"And along about then we learned what to do about arguments. We had them, of course. Every normal married couple has them, inevitably. Well, we used to argue heatedly and then make up with lots of affection and then find out next day that we really hadn’t settled anything at all!

"So we finally resolved that we would really talk things out, try to find out what we were arguing about, then sleep on the problem and discuss it again. You know, we discovered that most arguments start because you have a difference in just plain definition . . . you actually discover, if you try hard enough, that you have been talking about two different things! At least, that’s what Tony and I found out about the majority of our arguments.

"After you discover that, of course, the first thing you do is have a good laugh, which is healthy. ‘Well, was that what all the fuss was about?’ you jibe at one another. And then suddenly everything is clarified. You may still differ a little bit but you know why, and then it doesn’t seem to matter very much any more.

"Then.” Janet paused and considered, deeply, “I think that Tony’s work on ‘Trapeze’ had a lot to do with his new maturity. Not only his work on that picture but what happened to him during the time we had together in Europe, the fact that I found that I was pregnant with Kelly while we were over there . . . oh, lots of things. So many influences.

"You see, because of the deal he made for ‘Trapeze,’ Tony realized that he was really a businessman and an astute one. He knew he had done well with those new responsibilities and he was pleased.

"Then, because of his work in ‘Trapeze,’ pitted against such fine experienced people, Tony began to know that he had really arrived as an actor and an artist.

"And of course there were the many meetings abroad with cultured people who liked and admired him, stimulated him.

"Tony began to realize that he had something to offer. I doubt that he had ever really realized that before. He had always wanted to learn from other people, he had been humble

continued on page 66.
The Perils of Perkins

By REBA AND BONNIE CHURCHILL

TONY PERKINS' first year in Hollywood reads like an installment from Dick Tracy. It's not that he courts adventure, but that circumstances have a way of turning his well-ordered plans into chaos. For instance, the evening he took Gary Cooper's daughter, Maria, to an award-winning industry party, Tony spent 20 minutes signing autographs with one hand, and using the other to escort Maria through the crowd to his rented car—which somehow got lost.

Or, the time he'd spent weeks performing trick horseback riding shots for his new Western, only to have a group of visiting beauty queens watch him canter up a hill, and twice get thrown by the horse.

Truly, Perkins' year in Hollywood has been the most unsettled he's ever lived through. Partially, it was caused by his rocket-ride to stardom. But, also, due to his dogged efforts not to let success impose too many barriers.

Glance over the past 12 months, and it's easy to see Perkins is winning this latter battle. Who, but Tony, would admit, "I prefer to vacation in Cape Cod because it's as far as I can get from Hollywood on the North American continent."

Or, "I'd rather take a girl to a movie or play miniature golf than dance. Dancing makes me stutter."

Or, "I like tuna and cheese for breakfast. Chinese food for dinner, and chocolate any time. Except chocolates make my face break out."

It's easy to see why Hollywood has made an impression on him, and why he's leaving his mark on film town.

Things started off with an electric charge. His year began with a trip to Hollywood to launch his new Paramount contract. Although it was well planned, it was about as peaceful as a live wire. The night he was to leave for the Coast, he starred in a TV drama.

"I had only a matter of minutes from the time it went off the air to make my plane," Tony explained.

"While everyone was saying good-by and good luck, I ducked out of the TV studio, got a ride to the airport, and caught the plane just as they were closing the door."

In the intervening 12 months, Tony has made so many of these hurried cross-country flights that, as he said, "You'd think the sheriff at either coast was hot on my heels."

In contrast to his New York departure, his arrival in Hollywood was

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as thrilling as a cold fried egg. "I swear I didn’t have a friend here," he told us when we met for lunch.

He thoughtfully played with the straws of his malted milk as he relived the arrival. When we walked into Paramount’s Administration Building, a studio policeman spotted Tony, who looked even younger than his 24 years in his tie-less shirt and levis. "I keep telling the gateman to send you kids to casting," the officer sighed. "It’s three doors down the street."

"But, I’m Tony Perkins."

"Don’t tell me, son," interrupted the policeman, "tell the casting director."

"But I was brought here from New York for a rather large part," Tony tried to explain. "I didn’t want to say starring role, for that’d sound rather fatuous."

"Three doors down," the guard insisted, pointing the direction with his hand.

THERE’S one thing about Tony: he may seem quiet and introspective, but he’s as unpredictable as atomic fallout. Tony simply shrugged and followed the direction.

"I went to casting and joined a group of Chinese extras who were waiting for interviews. We looked more like we were lined up for a mass inoculation. I expected someone to grab my hand and stamp it."

In the line of Orientals, six-foot-two Perkins was as easy to overlook as a pit in an olive.

"Hey, hat rack," called the man at the desk, "are you lost?"

"Those were the friendliest words I’d heard," Tony said.

A few explanations and he was inside the studio. Here, things were different. The executives had seen his tests from "The Friendly Persuasion." had viewed him on TV, and had heard his recordings.

Everyone seemed glad to see him, especially Jerry Lewis. For weeks the grapevine had it that Elvis Presley was going to do a Western on the lot for producer Hal Wallis. At that time, they’d heard more about Elvis than seen him.

This day, Jerry leaned out of his dressing room window and spied a tall, thin boy walking down the street. It was Tony still dressed in jeans, with wind-blown brown hair and a shuffle in his walk.

"Hey," called Jerry, "you won’t look too bad on a horse."

Since Perkins was also slated to do a Western, "The Lonely Man," he slipped naturally into the conversation.

They talked—Jerry mentioning guitars and records—and Tony, unaware of the mistake, answering. After all, Tony was an authority, plays several instruments and has made records.

It was only when Lewis mentioned gyrating hips that Perkins drew a blank. Then, the dawn. "You’re not Elvis!" the comic shouted and disappeared from the window.

Later that day, Tony was assigned the star dressing room next door to Bill Holden’s and across from Jerry’s, so he and Lewis were properly introduced and had a good laugh.

By mid-February it was apparent to everyone that the newcomer was going to have to overlook. He enjoyed doing "what comes natchery." When he wanted to catch up on his correspondence to his mother in New York, he hauled out a typewriter on the curb in front of his dressing room, sat down in the warm sunshine, and pecked out a letter. When he was tired of wearing cowboy boots all day, he went barefoot. And, in March, when he had a recording session coming up he rehearsed his songs at every opportunity.

"You have a very good voice," we remarked during lunch.

"Have you heard my recordings?" Perkins looked up in disbelief. "Aren’t they terrible? I’ve made some more, but they’re real work. I can sing in the photo gallery, at a party, or walking along the street, but stand me before a microphone in a recording studio, and that’s something else again. When the man in the control room says, ‘Let’s make it a take,’ I’m destroyed. But I try to take singing lessons whenever I can."

IT was only logical that the studio would recognize his talents and assign him to a quartet of their biggest pictures. This was quite a switch from early March when he was unknown and used to sit in the lobby of his hotel just to have people around him, to April, when his schedule was filled with fun, fascinating people, and off-beat happenings.

For, whether or not Tony wanted it, he was getting the star treatment. When he mentioned that he liked to relax by playing the piano, the studio moved Crosby’s 88 into his dressing room. And, when he said nothing tasted better than
sliced chicken wedged between a grilled cheese sandwich, they promptly placed it on the Paramount menu, advertised as a "Perkins Special."

Being that rare Hollywood species, a bachelor, he found party invitations as regular as the morning milk. He also discovered Gary Cooper’s daughter, Maria, was one of the nicest girls he’d ever met. Gary introduced them and their first dinner date was a threesome, Maria, Tony, and Coop.

One thing Perkins soon learned, in Hollywood your date life was limited if you didn’t have a car. He decided to do something about it.

“At first, I was content to hitch-hike,” he grinned. “I met so many interesting people. One morning,” he recalled, “Rock Hudson picked me up on his way to work. We didn’t talk at first. Then he asked where I was headed. ‘To Paramount, I’m a stand-in for that new actor, Tony Perkins.’”

Tony paused, tilted back in his chair until his hands touched the floor. “Might as well get a little public interest going, don’t you think?” P. S. Rock saw right through the ruse.

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It was in May that he settled down to the business of learning to drive. "I borrowed Elaine Aiken's car. I drove the convertible around the executive's building what seemed like 43,000 times. Once I mastered the steering, I asked some carpenters to move two portable dressing rooms a specified distance apart. Then, I practiced backing up and parking."

The day arrived for his driver's license test. He'd spent the morning at Wrigley Field practicing baseball for his role as Jim Piersall in "Fear Strikes Out." That afternoon when he went to the Motor Vehicle Dept., he was accompanied by two baseball coaches, a studio driver, and a wardrobe man.

"They proved to be great friends. On the way there, the wardrobe man quizzed me from the rule book, the driver arranged for me to rent a car, and after the test, the coaches were the ramrods for a celebration party."

Tony, who can get depressed at the snap of the fingers, was in good spirits. He got his license, he was slated to start "Fear Strikes Out" in a few weeks, and he had tickets to see the Broadway hit, "My Fair Lady."

"I spent the first of June in New York. I said it was a week's vacation, but the prime reason was to see 'Fair Lady.' My apartment was as I'd left it. Looked like the Apaches had just run through."

That week was filled with Chinese dinners, walks in Central Park, and going to the theatre.

Perkins' bachelor quarters in Hollywood are much more confining. "There's room for a hot plate, a food blender, and me," he grinned.

LIKE most unmarrieds, Tony eats out a lot. Yet he always fixes his own breakfast. "First, I drop three eggs into the blender, then a can of tuna and several slices of Old English cheese. Beat it thoroughly, and then slap it into a hot skillet. That's living!"

"That's living?" we repeated.

"You seem skeptical. Why is it everyone always raises an eyebrow when I volunteer my recipe?"

We let the question ride, and continued, "You say your apartment consists of one room?"

"Okay, change the subject," he smiled. "Yes, it's small, but it has a terrace—just big enough for a chair for sunbathing."

The latter is an important item to Tony, "As long as I keep
Tony's future seems assured

a tan I never have to wear movie make-up. On cloudy days, I keep my tan by thinking, "See here, if you lose it, you'll have to get up an hour earlier to report to make-up."

"I do have interesting neighbors," Perkins pointed out, "but I only see them at a distance. Sometimes it gets a bit lonesome, being up early every morning, spending all day at the studio, and in bed by ten."

Of course, this schedule didn't hold true every night. There were those fun dates with co-star Norma Moore when they went on the rides at Ocean Park Amusement Pier, and the evening he stopped by to meet Shirley Booth and returned on cloud nine, since he was her selection to appear with her in "The Matchmaker."

There was also that July morning when a publicist called to him from the second floor of the studio press building.

"You made the cover of 'Life.' Like to see the results?"

"I thought he was kidding. I was scared, but not too petrified to take the stairs three at a time."

Still another exciting moment for Tony was the glitter and glamour of his first Hollywood premiere. "I went stag and sat in the bleachers," he told us. "After I'd watched the stars go in, I got up and went in myself."

His second premiere, in August, was more dramatic. He escorted Norma Moore, and the minute he got out of the car, the fans screamed his name.

In September, he was beginning to feel the strain of nine months of continuous work. His strenuous mental breakdown scenes in "Fear Strikes Out," were beginning to tell. His temperature went up to 104, while his voice gave out. As a result, he became a patient at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital.

"October was another hard month. As soon as they'd let me out of the hospital, I went to Vermont to recuperate."

"I'd been there only a few days when my mother was injured in an automobile accident. Ironically, it'd happened on her birthday, and I had just ordered some roses for her."

A hurried trip to upstate New York found Mrs. Perkins improved and ready to be discharged from the hospital.

November and early December found Tony back in Hollywood starring with Henry Fonda in "The Tin Star," attending a holiday party at the Gary Coopers, and getting his medical shots for his first European location trip for "The Sea Wall."

"I got all my shots in one day which really rocked me. I'll never know how I had sense enough left to select a hi-fi set for my mother's Christmas present. I must have done okay. She seemed to like it when I gave it to her."

"I'd planned to New York in time for the holidays. I don't know why, but New Year's Eve always depresses me. I think I haven't done enough in the past 12 months."

"Surely, you couldn't say that about your first year in Hollywood," we corrected.

"No," he smiled, "I couldn't. I only hope I have the same things to look forward to this year as I did last. Then," he winked, "maybe I'll realize two other ambitions."

"What are they?" we inquired.

"To sock enough money into the bank, so I'll only have to make two pictures a year. And to spend a month doing nothing but sleeping late."

These are nice daydreams for the future, but for '57 the pattern for Perkins' life is pretty well shaped. He's slated to star in three films, rent his first bachelor home, and, who knows, maybe find his first serious romance.
Rhonda goes blond-a
KEEPING an eye on the filming of his life is Buster Keaton himself.

Hollywood’s most gorgeous redhead becomes the screen’s most flamboyant blonde for her role of an old-time movie queen.

AS the star of a 1920 film, white queen Rhonda rules the jungle in a sequinned leopard sheath.

photos by Bill Avery

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"NO, NO! Not that way," shouts Buster, acting as adviser on film.

As the seductive film star in "The Buster Keaton Story," Rhonda shows why gentlemen in Dad's time preferred blondes.

RHONDA'S tresses get a quick once-over by studio hairdresser during a quiet moment on set.
TIME OUT for repairs by make-up expert Frank Westmore. As a glamorous star of the 1920's, Rhonda sports many alluring costumes.

BETWEEN scenes Rhonda rehearses dialogue for director Sidney Sheldon, then stokes up on some refreshments before facing cameras.
CRITICISM from the press, church and civic leaders bewilders and hurts Elvis Presley.

LONELY, restless and robbed of any personal life, the teenagers' idol is singing the blues.

The Ordeal of Elvis Presley

Victimized by both savage criticism and savage adulation, Elvis is finding the price of fame comes high.

ELVIS PRESLEY got up from the chair where he was slouching on his spine and began pacing around his dressing room at Paramount in his characteristic loose shuffle. His maroon silk shirt, opened almost to the waist, strained across his broad shoulders as he turned nervously to this reporter.

"Ma'am," he said, "when I was goin' to Humes High in Memphis I was a nobody, a small-town kid in a big city, without a dime in my pocket, not too good in my classes, kind of shy ... All the other boys wore GI haircuts. I decided to grow sideburns and wear my hair in a ducktail. I wanted to look older, to be different." Elvis smiled at the recollection. "I guess mostly I wanted to be noticed. My hair, the black shirt and trousers I wore did it. But don't think I didn't take a lot of kiddin' from my friends. But I stuck with it. I guess I always knew if you want to stand out in a crowd, you gotta be different."

This is the typical philosophy of a nonconformist and rebel—a declaration of independence against his poverty-filled environment against his parents, his teachers and friends who considered him an "odd-ball." But it paid off. His impoverished state filled Elvis with a drive and an overwhelming ambition. He didn't just sit and dream of clothes, Cadillacs and money; he was willing to work hard for them. And because he was, he is fearful of anything that continued on page 30.
"I've taken my share of ridicule, lies and means change—anything that may plunge him back into poverty and anonymity again.

To the suggestion that he learn other kinds of songs, that he needs more training, Elvis says, "I'm singing the kind of songs that I think the kids want. They're buyin' 'em, aren't they? People think all I can do is belt. I used to sing nothing but ballads before I went professional. I love ballads. I love to sing slow, but seldom get to do it. That's why I enjoyed singing 'Love Me Tender.' But if I sang only soft sweet songs I think my sales would fall off. There's no law that says a singer has to stick to one kind of song his whole life. I think I'll be singing rock 'n' roll for a long, long time, but I also hope that I'll be singing other styles, too.

"I don't have the whole say about what I sing. I hope, for instance, that it won't be too long before they let me cut some hymns and spirituals. But when I do it, I bet there will be some who'll say I'm just singin' those songs to make believe I'm religious or to win over people who've been sayin' all those mean things about me. But I'm not about to change my singin' style. I just couldn't." Elvis stared off moodily into space, then focussed his attention on his white loafers, with black and white sketches of Elvis and his guitar inset over the toes.

"Mind if I take off my shoes, Ma'am?" he asked. I didn't.
"I'm tired. Dog tired. Somethin' to do every minute. Been rehearsing the songs I'm goin' to sing for my new picture, 'Loving You.' Working on some new songs I'm going to record. I been workin' without a break for a long, long time. My mom says if'fen I don't rest I won't live to see 30. But how can I rest when there is so much to do? Sometimes I git so tuckered out, I can't even force myself to smile."

Elvis' face these days has an indoor pallor and fatigue clouds his deep-set blue eyes. It's obvious that he has been running hard and running fast this last year. This is his big time. Every minute is spent forwarding his fantastic career.

"Do you agree with the statement that you haven't advanced much this last year?" I asked the rock 'n' roll king.

"I never pretended I knew a note of music," Elvis said, a note of irritation creeping into his voice. "Some people have warned me not to learn any. They say if I ever learn how to sing good, I'll be out of business. I never had any music lessons; I play a little piano by ear. But I've been listening to records for a long time. That's how I taught myself to sing. When I made my first record I listened to it and thought, 'I'm terrible!' I wanted to cry. My gittar sounded like someone beatin' on a bucket lid or somethin'. But I kept trying."

And Elvis succeeded beyond his wildest hopes. In doing so, "continued on page 62"
Wine, Women and Longing

Pier's latest picture is a highly romantic story set in the colorful vineyard country of Southern France.

Director Jeffrey Hayden (Eva Marie Saint's husband) gets Pier Angeli in the mood for a love scene in "The Vintage."

Co-Starring with Pier is Mel Ferrer who's also getting instructions from Director Hayden.
EXCITEMENT of vintage time when happy-go-lucky itinerant workers arrive to harvest the grapes is reflected in face of farm girl Pier.

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In one of her strongest roles, Pier portrays a teenager in love with a man 20 years older.
UNSPOILED and naïve, 17-year-old Pier has a hard time capturing Mel in this dramatic story of young love vs. mature responsibility. END
What's In A Name?

Australia's gift to films has gone from Jeanette Elphick to Victoria Shaw to Mrs. Smith in just two years.

By JIM COOPER

THAT Victoria Shaw, Australia's and possibly heaven's most recent gift to Hollywood, is not often required to sign her square handle to autograph albums probably is just as well. For Miss Shaw's handle is Jeanette Ann Lavina Mary Elizabeth Elphick, which can take a lot out of a girl's wrist. On the other hand, an even squarer handle than that is Victoria Smith, due to an affair of marriage last July to a Mr. Roger Smith, a young actor on the lot of Columbia Pictures. But since we are dealing with introductory matters here, it would perhaps be best to stick to Victoria Shaw, the 21-year-old Sydney beauty who set up such a commotion in "The Eddy Duchin Story."

There's a fair amount to say about Miss Shaw, some of it confusing. She is, for example, one of those girls who looks like everyone and like no one, not even herself. It's a photogenically elusive quality shared by at least Audrey Hepburn, and conceivably a few other actresses. In a recent picture layout, for instance, Miss Shaw managed to look like Olivia de Havilland in one shot and in another like Tallulah Bankhead, whereas the resemblance of Miss de Haviland to Miss Bankhead is spectacularly negligible. But then again, seekers of signatures in New York insisted she was Miss Kelly or does not look like her at all. Depends on the light, most likely.

Much more certain, however, would be a report-on Miss Shaw's manner. She is gay, straightforward, and on the occasion of this magazine's first meeting with her, rather ferociously in love.

"This one," a friend said, "is somewhat less than a reluctant bride." The friend had just accompanied Miss S. on a nationwide tour in behalf of the Duchin picture, a rigorous presentation of the mores of this country to a child of Australia, and one that will be gone into presently. "All the time..."
MR. AND MRS. Smith act just like newly-marrieds, which they are.
The Smiths' neighbors all agree: "They

DREAMY guitar playing puts Victoria on Cloud Number Nine. Roger is under contract to Columbia, is itching to do a musical film."
we were out, from city to city, there was one recurrent theme: "If I can only get back to marry him!" As a matter of fact, the wedding was advanced from a Fall date to July, while workmen frantically hammered together a honeymoon home out yonder in the San Fernando Valley.

"Well," said Victoria, from around the edges of garlic bread, "it was a fact. It still is."

Quite a romance, too. The Australians move with celebrity in these matters. Miss Shaw and Smith met in the Fall of 1955, on the Columbia lot. Their first date was October 14. It was the last time either dated anyone else. On the 14th of each month thereafter, they dutifully celebrated the anniversary of this excursion—to Disneyland, as it happened. And it disappointed them both that the wedding could not take place on a 14th; but this regrettable would have been difficult, with Smith in Hollywood and Miss Shaw plowing about Minneapolis, speaking warmly of the virtues of that city and laying down powerful reminders of the date the Duchin film was scheduled to open.

In truth, that trip was quite an experience to Miss Shaw. An eye-opener. A sense-stopper. Twice she went over on her head, unconscious as a girl can be. The first time was in a New York hotel, after many hours of being lost in the vast reaches of Long Island, where some things can be more frightening than kangaroos.

"I," said Miss Shaw to an intimate, as they wobbled in the late hours into the lobby of their hotel, "am going to faint."

"Oh, no, you're not," said the friend. "Can't have any of that, you know. Chin up and carry on."

"You're so right," murmured Miss Shaw. And fainted.

The other time was after a press party in her hotel suite. It was a mildly bulbous outing except for Miss Shaw, who does not tope and sticks to coffee. But everyone except Victoria got away without any vertiginous or horizontal difficulties. Miss Shaw, as soon as they had gone, leaped nimbly into her bathtub, slipped, up-ended and knocked herself cold. Her associates, shuddering at possible inferences of our heroine being spied as a Lackawanna brakeman, called physicians in private and had some tatting done on their property's skull.

"And you are," said Miss Shaw recently. "You're nothing but a property on these tours. Oh, it's wonderful fun, of course, and exciting, but I kept thinking I should have been wrapped in Cellophane and tagged. It's largely a matter of getting on and off trains and planes, you know, and then following schedule. And those schedules!"

One query by the local press kept bemusing Miss Shaw, no matter how frequently repeated. It would occur by one or more reporters meeting her either at railway station or airport, and went like this: "Well,"—cough, followed by deprecatory chuckle, "how do you like our fair city?"

Miss Shaw would gaze dutifully at the west end of a soot-bedecked platform and say, also without variation, that it looked fine as far as she could see; i.e., two railway tracks and/or a windsock, plus a rather dismal terminal.

After that, Miss Shaw, who had been reasonably well briefed, would speak glowingly of points of interest she looked forward to seeing, without adding she doubted she could get to everyone of them in the minute and a half she figured she'd have left over. It was never like that in Australia.

Another favorite query on the road was, how did she happen to come to America? And that's a very good question prin-

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Hollywood's favorite curmudgeon lost his last great battle against illness, but he won many rounds in his lifelong fight against humbug.

He was rowdy, cantankerous and completely honest, and somehow this last quality softened the edge in the other two. For Humphrey DeForest Bogart was no muddled Don Quixote, tilting with windmills, but a down-to-earth warrior who broke his lance with very real enemies—cant, hypocrisy and injustice. His biting wit was a refreshing, if bitter, draught that was relished by a world weary of falsehood. "The people who don't drink must be afraid the truth will out," he would remark, holding a glass of his favorite Scotch. "Of course, you should be able to handle it. I don't think it should handle you." The king of tough guys was born into a New York society family in 1899. His next notable act was being tossed out of Andover prep school for his "unquenchable high spirits." After the Navy he fell into acting. But there were years of struggle before he landed his first big role as killer Duke Mantee in the stage and movie versions of "The Petrified Forest." During twenty years of stardom that included an Academy Award, his movie personality became a projection of the caustic, real-life veteran of four marriages and several notorious bouts which barred him from New York night clubs. When public relations men despaired of him, he would growl, "I don't think Hollywood has any guts. I don't give a damn what they say." Friends and fans will miss the raucous nonconformist whose courage outweighed his faults. He led the kind of life every man secretly dreams of, but few dare to live.
“THE PETRIFIED FOREST” (1936) launched Bogie’s Hollywood career. As killer Duke Mantee he menaced Leslie Howard and Bette Davis.

A hard-hitting nonconformist off-screen, Bogie leaves behind a gallery of filmland’s most famous tough guys

“THE MALTESE FALCON” (1941): Bogie starred as private eye Sam Spade, made love to Mary Astor.
"CASABLANCA" (1943): Bogie played a near-hero role opposite Ingrid Bergman; pals accused him of "going soft."


"THE AFRICAN QUEEN" (1951): Bogie slogged down an African river with Katharine Hepburn and sailed right into an Academy Award.
ANITA EKBERG SAYS:

“I’m Sick of Sex!”

Anita’s so fed up with the body beautiful build-up she’s fit to be tied. We mean she’s mad

By JOHN MAYNARD

ON THE DAY late in 1956 when Britain’s Parliament became officially unhinged over a display billboard featuring the celebrated length and breadth of Anita Ekberg, things were almost equally nippy in the West Los Angeles hillside abode of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Steel.

It would not even be too much to say that Mrs. Steel, née Kerstin Anita Marianne Ekberg, was set to blow her stack. It would not even be too much to say that she did.

“Somewahn,” she said thoughtfully, “I would like to bust right between the eyes. And mebbe I do it.”

Said Mr. Steel, himself a Britisher, husky, handsome, cultured, and a fellow with amazingly large wrists and hands—as amazingly large, for example, as his wife’s eyes: “And she’d be entirely justified, you know.”

And so came about the mildly historic information that the Steels, and Mrs. Steel in italics, have been building up ever since their marriage of not long ago a considerable head of steam against a variety of institutions, and now were ready to release the valve.

They had, of course, a number of unsavory alternates, such as throwing themselves off the cliff which drops sheer for hundreds of feet, 18 inches from the north end of their living room. For one suffering from acrophobia, the Steels’ is a spooky home. But they were choosing to make a stand instead.

“Sex,” said Miss Ekberg bitterly, “I am sick of the word. Sex is not because you have a beautiful body or you’re big here or—or slender there, or whatever you are. Sex is something that comes from within. I am sick of these pectures of me they took when I was struggling and now they print them in all these nasty little magazines. I am sick of having them re-touched so they are not so nice, not attractive, and I am sick of the nasty little men who have done it.”

“And a lot of them are,” said Steel, “Re-touched. I mean. What could she do?”

“Thees mus’ be a nation of sex-conscious pipple,” said Miss E.

“Maybe it is a world of sex-conscious pipple. But they do not know what sex is, not really. It is not of the body. It is from within. Oh. I get so continued on page 46
GOSSIP columnists have disturbed Anita with what she regards as distortions. "Somewahn I want to bust on the head," she fumes.

"Sex is not because you are big mad! Somewahn I want to bust right on top of the head."

"Not anyone in particular," said Steel. "It's an accumulation of a lot of things. I hope I can say it right for both of us, especially for myself. I wouldn't want it to sound as though I were browned off at this country. I'm not. I love it. Actually, it's an international situation, probably affecting all public figures, but Anita and I have had more than our share in the last few months." He lit his third cigarette in ten minutes.

"Like that thing the other night. I don't want to talk about it much. Besides, it was trivial. But I didn't see the red light, you know. I truly didn't."

"That thing the other night" was a charge against Steel of drunken driving. In Southern California it is not considered trivial, but Steel was justified in his choice of words if you set it against his conviction that he was not drunk or anywhere near drunk. (On the other hand, he pleaded guilty a day after this conversation.) However, Anita came to his rescue. Naturally, photographers gathered, and there was quite a bit of journalistic to-do.

"They wouldn't," said Anita indignantly, "even let him blow into the balloon, that leetle gadget, whatever it is. They said to me, 'Why should he blow the balloon, he's not seeck.'"
here or slender there," says Anita. "Sex is something from within"

I wanted to tell them off in Swedish. Somewahn I would like to bust right on the jaw. Somewahn preents or heents something about me, or me and Tony, that is not true, I will bust heem. I dawn't care who he is."

HER listener had an agonized view of a powerful woman columnist being slugged across ten yards of Mocambo, taking three breakaway chairs with her and disappearing through the wall; but Miss Ekberg disclaimed the notion.

"Awnly a man," she said. "I will bust heem if he's anywhere near my size. The things they say and write! Eet's terrible. Say I said so! I dawn't care! The other morning there is an item says 'Tony' and I have reefted—is the word?—and we are going to try a second honeymoon in the Bahamas. You're here—do we look as if we've reefted?" For a moment they embraced. "Does that look as if we've reefted? They've had us reefted ever since we were married. We called up the fellow who wrote the item and asked him where he got it. He said he had heard it. I would like to bust somewahn right on the point of the chin!"

"Besides," said Steel, "look around the room here, look out at those mountains, and try to put yourself in my place. I'm thousands and thousands of miles from home. I hope to be a success in pictures here—" (he had just completed his first, the independent picture, "Valerie," opposite Anita Ekberg) "but it's not a foregone conclusion, of course. In other words, why would I be here other than that I love my wife? What could be simpler? Why would I marry her if I didn't love her? What could there be between us but love? I'm not being emotional. I'm stating something that's so obvious, apparently the gossips can't bear it."

Obidentally, the visitor looked around the room. Steel was comfortable and relaxed, in sports attire. Miss Ekberg wore toreadorish slacks and a high-necked black sweater, if anything a size too large for her. Among the Greek chorus was the producer of "Valerie," Hal R. Makelin, who overrode vociferously constant printed reports that Miss Ekberg had been difficult, in fact intractable, on the set. His voice resonant with pain, Mr. Makelin asserted that the precise contrary had been true, that she had cooperated excessively with press and crew, had worked appalling over-time hours, that the same had been true of Steel, and that a producer ought to know if anybody did.

"I could be making pictures in England and Europe all the

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time,” said Steel pensively. “But I'm here. You see how it is, don't you?”

It seemed clear enough. But what of the alleged brawl in Italy? In the press, there had been implications of another man's unwelcome attentions to Anita. Steel rose as though activated from beneath.

“There's a clear instance of distortion,” he said in tones that brooked no doubt. “I'll tell you exactly what happened. It was in Genoa. In the hotel where we were staying there was this elevator boy. A kid, about 17. Now I'm not kidding. When Anita and I would get on the elevator, this hoodlum would turn his back on the handle, work it behind him, you know, his back to the door, and take us up without looking where he was going, simply staring at Anita from a few inches away, a look no husband would tolerate.”

“Or no wife either,” said Miss Ekberg. “It was awful and it was disgusting. In Italy, crowds followed us and sometimes the men would do more than look. They would brush. But this was the most awful.”

“Yes,” said Steel. “So about seven times in seven different days, I told the boy to stop it. I wasn't fooling. And the eighth time, I turned him around by force and slapped him on the rump. Hard, yes. But I could have made it harder. As a matter of fact, I wish I had. And that was all there was to that. But next thing I knew—well, I didn't know. Some versions I was a child-beater, in others, in a drunken brawl. It's not what you'd call a very responsible press or, in the process, a very responsible public. Too credulous, is what I mean.”

“Some explanation,” said Anita Ekberg, “I would like to bust right on the part of the arm where it hurts the most. I didn't have to take this nonsense, unless I'm a person who lies down like a rug and says, 'Walk on me.' I like being where I am and doing what I am, but I'm not going to do this nonsense of calling up this columnist or that and telling
them how I feel or what's new with me, just to get my name in the paper. If they want to know, they can call me. I don't have to meek any more chizzcake pictures and I'm not going to. I've always wanted to be an actress, not just a—-a beauty, or whatever they said I was. And that's what I'm going to try to do. Then they say, Ekberg the Iceberg. I think some English writer began it, partly because a play on my name, you know, partly because no more chizzcake, or maybe because I'm Swedish. That's all he knows. The Swedes must have warmer blood to live in a cold climate. They talk about Italians having hot blood. That's a laugh. They have thin, cold blood because they live where it's hot."

**S**WEDISH, yes indeed. Born in Malmo on September 29, 1931. Grew up to be Miss Sweden and a model, and kept turning down picture offers, in some degree, because she liked her own profession, modeling, and in some—where Hollywood was concerned—because her English wasn't yet good enough. That attended to, she did come to Hollywood, via New York, and rose very fast. Her present bitterness aside, she likely would not deny that publicity abetted this.

Steel, less well-known to America, has in other respects much greater acting depth. A cosmopolitan by inheritance—and by no means broke in the sense of family background—he approached the London stage after a durable war record, appeared in a number of plays, and finally began making pictures for J. Arthur Rank. There have been many of them, and Steel in the eyes of his countrymen probably is the bigger name of the two.

The two were married in Rome in May of 1956, and have been plagued by chitchat and the printed word virtually ever since. This magazine has now allowed them rebuttal.

"People," said Miss Ekberg in summation. "just don't know! How could they know? How could anyone but Tony and me know? But that doesn't stop them from talking and writing things that aren't right. I don't have to take it and I'm not going to any more!"

"She doesn't, really," said Steel. "And let me make this terribly clear: I love her and she loves me and it's going to go on that way. This is something that belongs to us. I know they say being a public figure entails certain punishment that you automatically contract to take when you become a public figure. But Anita and I don't think that includes malice and slander—and we've certainly had some. But don't believe I don't love her. Or vice versa." He looked out the picture window at the little pool and the driveway climbing precipitately to the Bel-Air road. "I'm here, you see," he said. "That's enough, isn't it?"
YUL BRYNNER:

EGGHEAD WITH OOMPH

The newest romantic sensation is anything but a glamour boy, but whatever sex appeal is, Yul Brynner has it

By MAXINE BLOCK

MISTER WEBSTER—the Dictionary Webster, that is—defines "phenomenon" as that which strikes one "as strange, unusual or unaccountable; an extraordinary or remarkable person." Old Noah might have been describing the newest male heartthrob in both the theatre and movie worlds; a kind of masculine panther who can say "Hello" in the most incredibly romantic way, who charms women speechless and answers to the improbable name of Yul Brynner.

Brynner, like in sinner.

What makes Brynner the phenomenon he is, is not at all what Hollywood has normally proffered womenkind in the past. Yul has muscles but no profile; his acting is good but not sensational; his age is anywhere from 36 to 41, depending on his mood of the moment; and his scalp, ministered to by a razor, not a comb, is as smooth and shiny as a billiard ball. Or an egg.

But Mr. Brynner, hair or no ("I have hair," he says, "but I never use it"), is currently rated pure catnip to the female of continued on page 52
VITAL, arrogantly masculine, Yul’s a man few women can really forget.
"I don't like romantic roles," says Yul. "In
the species—the "sexiest bald-headed man in the world." And if this isn't a phenomenon—strange, unusual and unaccountable—it will do until a better one comes along.

It may be true, as Yul's wife once said, that he is the only actor with five o'clock shadow on his head. But it is also true, as they'll tell you in Komanoff's, or in the producers' lairs of Brentwood and Bel-Air, that Bryner is a totally new kind of screen idol. Whatever sex appeal is, this egg-bald panther of a man has it. He seems to enchant all women, whether they're eight or eighty.

This reporter herself, married and with a teen-aged son, has not been completely immune to the Bryner screen charms. As a working writer, covering Hollywood week by week, I have watched Hollywood Lover Boys come and go, from Gable to Tony Perkins and Rossano Brazzi, from The Boy Next Door type to The Lumberjack On The Loose. I have been amused by them, flattered by them, even insulted by them. They are, in the main, delightful and charming men—gentlemen, most of them, though a few have been boors. But once their stories have issued from this typewriter, their charms—or their boorishness—have become history for me.

But Bryner, I must admit, is different. The flavor lasts; the impact of his arrogant masculinity lingers. He is a man few women can forget; once having met him, looked upon his glowing brown eyes, high cheekbones, flattish nose with flaring nostrils and fawnlike ears set close to his head, you know you have encountered a tremendously vital male.

"There is," said a girl who knew him during his TV days, "an awful lot of animal to him."

One day recently, an irked acquaintance of Yul's watched his own girl friend stare in fascination at Bryner's bald pate, the sensuous full lips, the deep-set, compelling eyes. "What," asked the man, in honest bewilderment, "have you got that women want?"

Yul shrugged. "How should I know? I'm not a woman."


Even eight years or so ago, when he was starring in some "Omnibus" productions for the Ford Foundation, Yul created quite a stir around CBS studios. One producer who worked with Bryner at the time remembers how Yul bowed over women like so many tenpins.

"He'd come to the studio directly from the theatre, still in make-up, and the front receptionist would give a pre-arranged buzz when he arrived, to alert all the girls in the offices, the secretaries, departmental assistants, everybody. They'd line up. They used to pretend to be frightened by him, but they were really mad for him. They all had crushes."

P E R T, fiery Rita Moreno, who worked with Bryner in the movie version of "The King And I," knows a little about sex appeal herself. She is a devoted Bryner fan. Said Rita, "I remember when I first saw him, wearing those diaper-styled trousers called panungs. Any other man in such a get-up would look comic or grotesque. Not Yul. He didn't come into the commissary often—just once or twice while he was making the picture. But all the talk and every female head was turned when he arrived. He was electrifying; the air crackled. As I said one day to Deborah Kerr, "Who needs hair with eyes like his?"

Yet Yul himself, insubordinate as always, disdains lover roles. "The part I most hated playing was that of Armand in 'Camille,' " he says. "I don't like to be called a romantic

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Deborah Kerr's Dilemma

Should Deborah be "practical" and give up her dream home—or sentimental and hold on to it?

Deborah Kerr has a personal and rather poignant problem which she hopes you will help her to solve.

Several years ago, when she and her husband, Tony Bartley, realized that she would have commitments in Hollywood for some time, they started looking for a place to live. They were rather half hearted about it because, after all, they didn't know how long they would be here or whether it would be permanent. Should they rent or buy?

Suddenly one day as they were driving "aimlessly," as they put it, they saw it. The dream house, the place that had everything they had always wanted... the rambling, white, two-story place with the magnificent views of hills and ocean on every side, With the pool and the space for a tennis court and... best of all... space for the rose garden that Deborah had dreamed of planting. A house with room to expand for an expanding family, a place to put down roots. And it was for sale. They could have it! Presently they did. It was theirs.

Now several years have gone by. Tony's work as TV producer and liaison officer for CBS between their New York and London offices keeps him away from Hollywood several months of every year. Deborah, to date, has had location trips to Jamaica, England, Africa, the Virgin Islands, and the West Indies, from which she's just returned after making "Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison." Altogether the Bartleys have had, in the six years they have owned the "dream house," about one-and-a-half years there together, and those in bits and pieces.

And, over the years, this dream house has proved to be an expensive luxury. During the many months that they must both be away, maintenance must go on. Gardeners, housekeepers, painters, plumbers, repairmen... all the people who are needed to keep such an establishment in running order.

Sometimes she must leave the children there, although she tries to have them with her if it is at all possible. She put them in a good school in London last year for a time. But she does have an excellent nurse and governess and can leave them at home if that is necessary.

Soon, however, they will be old enough to go to boarding school during her and Tony's absences and she feels that the steadiness of a whole school year will be better for them than whisking them here and there about the world at the whims of her career. So the house, the home, will not be as important, as necessary to them emotionally as it has been up to now.

Moreover, this dream house, lovely as it is, is so situated that it is difficult to drive to her studio. A still more difficult drive to downtown Los Angeles, what with traffic growing more congested in this area, moment by moment. It is even getting difficult to do the family marketing! And the expenses continue to pile up.

"Tony and I have always tried to be practical about money," says Deborah. "We want to think of our future and our chil-
DEBORAH’S daughters, Melanie [left] and Francesco, will soon be old enough for boarding school. Will she still need her house?

dren’s futures. We are wondering seriously whether or not we should sell this house and perhaps keep a permanent apartment, one we could close when we have to go abroad, for a sort of Hollywood base. It would certainly save us a great deal of money and a lot of headaches.

“But then, we know there are a great many things in life besides ledgers and bank balances and income taxes.

“There are lovely dreams of the future, with a family creating traditions out of Christmases and birthdays and anniversaries. There are all the important ‘firsts.’ The first rosebush we planted, the first tree, the first daffodil patch.

“We are truly sentimental people, Tony and I. And there is that spot where we stood the day we moved into the dream house, held hands shamelessly and gazed at our vistas of trees and hills and sea. We have all these lovely memories and roots and they are part of our children’s experience, too.

“Yet we want to be practical people and do what is best for all of us. And... the house grows less and less practical.

“What shall we do? Do the practical thing and part with it? Or cling to these lovely ties of sentiment and family feelings?

“Will you ‘stand up and be counted’ and write to tell us what you advise?”

Watch “Stand Up And Be Counted,” produced by Robert Wald, Monday through Friday on CBS-TV, 1:10-1:30 p.m., EST.

Results of your balloting will be sent to Deborah Kerr and posted in July SCREENLAND

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CHECK ONE

□ Deborah Kerr should sell her house
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Drama comes down the aisle in lush silk-faced satin, with swooping panels of lace, the neckline encrusted with pearls and paillettes. About $275. By Bianchi.
By Sue Collins

First, of course, you choose the groom—and then you choose the gown—to match! The secret is to pick a wedding dress that exactly reflects the girl he fell in love with in the first place! Many bemused engaged girls, in the delicious delirium of planning a wedding, and with the advice of mothers, aunts, bridesmaids and the world at large, find themselves stepping out of character in the selection of their wedding dress. So before you as much as set foot in a bridal shop, we suggest that you search your soul and discover what kind of girl you really are. Are you dashing and sophisticated and on the worldly side? Is your happiness as heady as champagne bubbles? Then you're dramatic, and drama is what you want on your day of days. After all, he proposed to you—not the sweet kid sister type. He wants you to be very much the leading lady—and nothing less than the full star treatment will do! For you, the choice is lush satin, or rich taffeta, or important peau de soie—cut and swooped and moulded to magnetize every eye as you come triumphantly down the aisle. But if you're romantic right down to the depths of your soul, that's the way he wants you to look when he forsakes all others. To symbolize his strong protective feeling to feminine you, choose the softer, more sentimental gown in lovely lace or misty tulle or ethereal organdy—so that every eye will be just a touch bright with tears. And keep your veil, your flowers and your music in exactly the same mood. Just keep in mind that if you're vivid and high-key, that's why he fell in love with you—and if you're demure and gentle, you can't look too fragile to suit him. The key to the perfect wedding gown is: look like the girl he dreams of—on the day he marries that girl!
EVEN summer Dorothy Collins and the rest of The Hit Parade crew take a 13-week vacation. Dorothy generally spends her singing at the 'Thunderbird in Las Vegas.

"At the end of my first engagement there they gave me this," Dorothy said, showing me a diamond-studded watch on a platinum band. "And Ray gave me this," she pointed to a diamond wedding ring, "and for my birthday, he gave me this," she lifted her right hand under the weight of a beautiful diamond ring.

"All of a sudden I've become a diamond girl. I never thought I was the type. But now I love diamonds, even though I don't like my hands. They're awful."

They didn't look awful to me. They looked like pretty nice hands, but it was obvious that arguing would be useless.

We were sitting in Raymond Scott's New York office. He's the music director of NBC-TV's Hit Parade, also Dorothy's husband (for four-and-a-half years).

"Of course, it's wonderful working together," Dorothy said. "In fact, the whole show is just plain fun. Everybody connected with it is so nice. This morning I just missed the train coming in. I felt terrible about it—being late for rehearsal and holding things up. But when I called to tell them I'd be delayed nobody blew up. They were all more concerned about me. Just don't be nervous, they said. Promise you'll stop being nervous."

Now it was afternoon, the rehearsal was over and Dorothy looked composed and smart with her blonde hair brushed long and smooth, her make-up and browline artfully applied, her dress quietly chic.

I mentioned that she'd changed a lot from the cute little kid who sang Lucky Strike commercials in a white blouse. Now she was glamorous.

"Well, I've been on the show seven years," she said. "I should hope I'd change. It would be pretty boring if I didn't. It would bore me most of all. I think it's mainly my hair. I used to cut it myself. Snip, snip, snip up to here. I was lucky to have any left. But now I put my head in wiser hands."

She thought a minute. "Maybe it was having the baby," she said. "I think I've changed since then."

The baby is Debbie—now a little over two years old. Dorothy whipped out a photo of her, a sturdy little girl with golden brown hair and a charming smile.

"She isn't beautiful—but isn't she cute?" Dorothy said. "You ought to see her playroom. I always used to say that my child would never have too many toys. I didn't approve of it. She gestured, helplessly. "But Debbie knows and loves every toy she has.""

"What else does she know?" I said. "Does she know how to sing?"

"Oh, yes. She has a good voice. She hears me run through the lyrics of a song and picks them up immediately. My mother always told me I could do that at her age but I never believed it until now. Debbie's current ambition is to sing on television. She stands up in front of the set and thinks she's on.

"Once I did a filmed commercial and it followed the Lassie show. Debbie and I both watched it at home. She looked at the set, looked at me sitting beside her and snorted. Now every night after Lassie she shouts, "Here comes Mommie!"

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FREE!
Mommie comes in person every time Debbie lifts her little finger. "I'd like at least one more child," Dorothy says. "I'd really like three more, but I'll settle happily for whatever I get."

She has a nice place to settle in—a 32-room house on Long Island that the Scotts bought a couple of years ago.

"That's a lot of house," I said.

Dorothy laughed. "I know. Once someone came out there to interview me and she wanted to know if it frightened me—having such a big place. It doesn't frighten me at all. I love it. They used to call it the old Milburn estate—they're the same Milburns who own Borden's. It's Georgian style and has four floors, if you count the basement. We closed off the top floor completely. It's as if it isn't there."

"That left three floors to decorate," I said. "What a job that must have been. Who did it?"

"Me," Dorothy said, in that blithe and careless way. "So far I've done 14 rooms. My bedroom is French Provincial fruitwood. I'm mad about fruitwood. And the rest is traditional. The walls are panelled beautifully—they came that way. And there are so many fireplaces. It was a nerve-wracking experience for Debbie at Christmas. She expected Santa Claus to come out of every one of them.

THEY also have between ten and eleven acres of ground—much of it wooded and a lot of it peat bog. A gardener keeps the front lawn trim but the Scotts aren't planning a park. Large as the house and grounds are (friends have suggested they call it Windsor Castle—Windsor, Ontario, being Dorothy's birthplace), the estate hasn't swallowed them up. The reverse is true. Their personalities are stamped all over it.

"Ray has a million hobbies—every hobby man can think of except hunting," Dorothy says, with wifely admiration. "And he has a room for every hobby."

Without hesitation she reeled them off. "He has a complete electronics lab, a woodworking shop, a recording studio, a ham radio room—say amateur, not ham. Ray doesn't think ham's the right word—a theatre with a projection room for running off kinescopes of the show, a complete darkroom. Did you get all that? Another thing. He loves to collect technical manuscripts. He has a library full of technical stuff. He's also a brilliant composer."

"It must have been love at first sight," I said, overwhelmed.

Dorothy laughed. "You don't believe in that, do you? Is there such a thing as love at first sight? I'd known Ray for many years. Then gradually it dawned on me that it was more important being with him than with anyone else. And he felt the same way about me."

"Well, let's see. We were talking about the house. We have lots of parties there.

The terrific thing is we can invite a hundred people and still have room to move around in."

"Formal parties?" I asked.

"Oh, no. Definitely not. Just a lot of people talking and eating and sitting around. Most of our close friends are not in show business. Ray's closest friend is Sam Freeman. They grew up together in Brooklyn. We see him and his wife, Eileen, very often. And another couple—a lawyer and his wife. I don't mind if Debbie goes into show business when she grows up, but I don't particularly want her to."

"Is that how your mother felt about you?" I said.

"Oh, me," she said. "I used to sing all the time at home but nobody paid any attention to it. You see my mother had studied opera—until my father came along. He didn't go for that career business. But we grew up with music in the house. (We—meaning Dorothy, her older sister and younger brother.)"

"Well, one day a friend of mine said she was going on an amateur show. I thought to myself, 'Gee, I can sing as well as she can,' and told my mother I wanted to go on the show, too. She was surprised but she didn't object."

"One of the reasons I wanted to do it was because the prize was a trip to Toronto where my grandmother lived. I won the contest, but by that time they'd switched prizes. All I won was a wristwatch. I won five wristwatches and gave them all to my mother who lost them."

"I won a lot of cups, too. You know, my brother and sister were always winning beauty cups. They were the most exquisite babies. I always used to ask my mother, 'Why can't I look like them?' and she'd pat me on the head and say that I was the one with character.

After her mother discovered that Dorothy had talent as well as character she spent five years touring the country with her. The way it happened—Dorothy auditioned for Raymond Scott in 1942. He told her to go home and practice and he'd be sure to remember her. She wasn't so sure he would. But, a year later, she sang for him again and this time he hired her as featured vocalist for his well-known quintet. She left Scott to join 'The Herb Shriner Time on radio and then toured with Raymond again. A few months later when he disbanded his group to direct the orchestra on Your Hit Parade she was out of a job. But in 1950 Ray got her back—first to sing the commercials, then hits.

"During the seven years I've been on the show," Dorothy says, "I've gotten about 20 movie offers and eight or ten Broadway offers. I never paid much attention to them because I wasn't ambitious. I feel different about it now. With my new contract I can take off any eight-week period during the season—and who knows what I'll do. It's very exciting."

TO prepare for who knows what Dorothy takes dancing and dramatic lessons Mondays and Thursdays—for three hours she's at the New Dramatists Workshop.

"I never realized how much was involved in acting," she says. "It was amazing how everyone came to class frightened and inhibited. I thought I'd be the only one. But after a while we got used to acting out things in front of each other and taking the criticism. It's all so scientific. I mean, there are definite tools that actually work for you. When I get applause from that class, I'm telling you, you can't live without me!"

Also on Mondays and Thursdays, for one hour, Dorothy studies "free-style" dancing at the June Taylor studio.

"Aside from that, I don't have any special hobbies—except ice-skating. I ice-skate whenever I get the chance. And then there's baseball."

"You play baseball?" I said, astounded.

"I watch baseball. The Dodgers. Well I used to play baseball. When I was a kid I used to be a pitcher."

"Debbie is really my whole interest—but, of course, she's no hobby. Except for those two days when I'm in town I spend as much time as I can with her. So does Ray. You know, Debbie loves to watch TV, but let Ray walk in and nothing can compete with him. Talk about little girls having crushes on their daddies!"

"The thing she loves most is to have Ray take her out for a drive. Just the two of them. Ray gave me a car for a wedding gift but I never did learn how to drive. At first I thought I'd let him teach me but everyone warned me against that. Never let your husband teach you how to drive!"

"I think I'd better learn pretty soon. Debbie's getting old enough to go to nursery school and she'll need a chauffeur."

And whatever Debbie needs, Debbie is sure to get. That goes for everyone at the Scott house.
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he's had to take more criticism than any entertainer has yet known. And maybe that's why he feels he has a right to sing the blues. In July, 1954, the highly nervous young man started his barnstorming one-night stands through Texas, Arkansas and Louisiana. His draped jackets, pegged pants, spectacular sports shirts and jackets, his mop of brilliantined hair, his sideburns, heavily-lidded boudoir eyes combined with a sexy, careless tough manner had an explosive effect on bobby-soxers. In his performances he showed his rebellion against his own parental control of early days (which was very strong) and he's still flailing at it. Although the young singer didn't understand it, he was acting out his hostilities and confusions against everything that bothered him — was asserting his own independence. Teenagers identified with him, found it easy to fit him into their dream world. He had a dynamic presence, a vitality, a forcefulness that projected across the stage. Hundreds of girls wrote in for his photograph.

In November 1955, RCA Victor bought up Presley's contract. Scarcely three months later the young crooner's recordings accounted for more than half of that firm's enormous output of records. And the end is not yet in sight. RCA executives were amazed — and happy. One of them declared, "We never thought his popularity would last this long; we thought it would have tapered off long ago, but we see no signs of that as yet."

DESPITE repeated efforts by critics to cool his sex-hot flame, Elvis Presley has remained the most incendiary figure in the world of rock 'n roll. Each of his big hit records seems to lurch inexorably toward the top of the best-seller lists.

Yet, despite the money, adulation and fame, today Elvis is not a happy young man, sitting on top of the world. From a musical standpoint, a critic compared his singing style to a "motorcycle club of black leather-jacketed members riding at full throttle up a hill on a quiet Sunday afternoon." From a personality standpoint, he's silent, ingrown, restless and brooding off-stage; on-stage, he's a completely uninhibited extrovert.

The obsessive beat of rock 'n roll whips through the audience with the power of a bull whip and the crowd breaks into hand-clapping, foot-stomping, dancing in the aisles, screaming so they cannot hear Elvis at all. At times, they plow through police guards in a mad desire to reach their idol on the stage. They tear his clothes, bomb his hotel with hundreds of calls; they lie in wait for him outside the TV station; they surround Elvis' home on exclusive Audubon Drive in Memphis whenever he returns there so that police are called to disperse them.

And how do all these worshiping Presleyites effect Elvis Presley? "Well," he says, "Since I started singin' I've tried to meet as many fans as I can. I never want forget that they made me. I just wish there was some way you could get around to every one of 'em and really show them that you appreciate their likin' you. But I can't. There's too much to do. When I came to Hollywood to start 'Lovin' You' I had to sneak in by train so there wouldn't be a demonstration. Paramount had to put additional guards on duty to keep the fans from interfering; my hotel is getting tired of the hundreds of phone calls.

"I can't deny that it usta be more fun than it is now," he sighed. Elvis can't sit or stand still. He is either jiggling his feet or tapping his fingers. Nervousness has caused him to bite his nails down to the quick. Suddenly he laughed in recollection. "I remember once," he said, "a blonde honeychile at one of my shows who came for all three performances and sat in the front row and didn't stop screamin' through all of 'em. She couldn't have heard a word I was singin'. The last performance she made a dive for the stage and the police grabbed her. She was a-screamin', 'Let me at him,' and it broke up the audience. I got so tickled I couldn't go on and had to walk off stage.

"But today, I'm getting a little tired of the mobs followin' me wherever I go... At the TV shows I'm got to stand around, wait until the crowds thin out so I can make a dash through the basement to dive into a taxi to get back to the hotel."

And that's the way it is almost every time Elvis goes anywhere. After a few years this can grow mighty irksome. "I can't even have fun in 'musement parks," he continued. "Those little o' gals keep a-followin' me and I got to leave. I got no privacy any more and I can't even take a gal out to dance. Some of my fans — but only a few — tear my clothes and even scratch me. A couple made away with too many mementoes. Like one who took a red sports coat and red shirt off the stage and also my guitar. That guitar cost me $250," he added. "At first, all this excitement was wonderful but now, honestly, sometimes I git plumb tired of the police escort, the pawin', the screamin' and clothes tearin'..."

It's understandable that Elvis is growing a bit jaded. "There is no gathering the rose without being pricked by the thorns," a wise man has said. So it is that over the course of years with it a price tag, Elvis Aron Presley is paying it. What's more, his parents, to whom Elvis is devoted, are paying part of that price, too. At intervals they must change their unlisted phone number. All day long and even at night fans gather around the

\$40,000 Memphis home Elvis purchased for his parents. Naturally, the neighbors resent this and there is growing animosity toward the Presleys.

But it's the vandals and mischief-makers who cause this kindly, friendly couple untold sorrow.

"Just last night," Mr. Presley told the press recently, "I was awakened about three by a noise and found some boys trying to get into one of Elvis' cars. I had to call the police. And a couple of weeks ago, a bunch of boys, way past midnight, were trying to force the name plate off the mail box."

"When Elvis comes home," added Mrs. Presley, "he has to hire a guard for our house night and day or he wouldn't get any rest at all, I worry so for his safety I can hardly sleep."

The Presleys and Elvis, too, have good reason to "sing the blues" at the inexplicable actions of teenage boys who dislike Elvis as much as their girl friends admire him. Outside the auditoriums, after Elvis' performances, as many as 50 boys gang up and threaten to "get" him. Without police protection the famous singer might be the victim of serious injury at their hands.

ALTHOUGH he has kept himself under control, a couple of times Elvis made the front pages when he engaged in fast fist fights with his tormentors. "I don't want to fight with anybody," he explained. "All I aim to do is earn an honest livin'. I've taken my share of ridicule, lies and slander. But when guys come up and hit me, that's going too far." He showed anger, too, at a Memphis girl who sued him and collected $5,500 for a photograph published in a magazine which showed Elvis with his head on her shoulder. But he recovered his good spirits quickly and asked

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ELVIS PRESLEY
continued

his audience at his next appearance, "Anyone got a shoulder they'd like me to put my head on?"

He hasn't recovered, though, from his chagrin over his old high school pals who snub him because they are awed by his success. "What's eatin' 'em?" cried Elvis.

"I considered them my friends and now they won't even stop to pass the time of day." He's been unhappy, too, at the jealous, embittered young men who flood his draft board with letters, asking that he be called up for service.

Early in January Elvis passed his pre-induction physical examination—four days before his 22nd birthday. Whether he is drafted depends on several factors, the Army said, ranging from the draft board's quota to the number of Army volunteers in Memphis. In any case, the call cannot come for at least 21 days and normally wouldn't be likely for six months to a year—if then.

"When they want me I'm ready," Elvis says. "Certainly I'd like more time, the way things are goin' for me. There's a mighty big difference between $12,500 a week and $74 a month."

It seems impossible to be neutral or objective when discussing Elvis Presley and his performances. Historians of the future, studying this phenomenon, will probably find that no stage personality has evoked such scorn and wrath from the press, the church, civic leaders and many parents. At the same time probably no other entertainer has won such a hold and loyalty from teenagers.

But what hurts deeply religious Elvis most are the ministers who have spoken out against him. "I've kept every article written about me," Elvis says, "and some of them make me feel so bad I can hardly sleep. I shouldn't let it worry me. But I can't help it. What gets me really sore is the way they try to smear the kids who go for my stuff as delinquents. What's the matter with grown-ups today? What are they so scared of? Why do they get so upset whenever teenagers get a chance to express how they feel?"

"Reporters write that I eat ten hamburgers at a sitting or eight eggs for breakfast. 'Tain't so. I been criticized for buying Cadillacs. Well, if I've got the money, why shouldn't I? And people keep sayin' that my manager, Colonel Parker, has got a good thing in me. Sure he has. And I've got a good thing in him. We both make money. He knows how to drive a sharp bargain for me. And he works night and day."

Every facet of Elvis' life has been criticized. It's been noted that he has a well-developed eye for the girls. "I enjoy dating more than anything," he'll tell you.

"But I move around so fast I never get a chance to know any one girl really well. So I play the field."

Though Elvis doesn't mention it, he is well aware that marriage isn't for him at
this stage of his career. Business-wise, an engaged or married Elvis Presley would cause general mourning among his worshippers. He is frightened, even, of going steady too long with any one girl. During his well-publicized romance with Natalie Wood, he was bombarded with letters begging him to give her up. So these days he is concentrating on a succession of girls—Dorothy Harmony, Jan Storey, Marilyn Evans and singer Monique Van Vooren who wangled an introduction to Elvis in New York and dated him here when she appeared at Mocambo.

Even with all his girls, Elvis Presley is not relaxed or at ease in Hollywood or New York. Still a country boy at heart, he’s constantly on the defensive against slight, imagined or real. He has the ingrained suspicion of the Southerner for the Yankee and is fearful of being played for a sucker. Naturally, too, he’s grown suspicious of the motives of others. “So many people want something from me,” he told me. Life isn’t easy for Elvis.

In America, where sudden and overwhelming success is not uncommon, Elvis Aron Presley’s rise to glory and gold in less than two years is still an incredible saga. He is already a living legend, a true life example of the affirmation of the American dream.

But is he a happy, fulfilled young man? Sadly enough, the answer appears to be no. Forever on the defensive in Hollywood, he’s still a country boy in an alien land, lonely, restless, overly-suspicious, victim of the most savage press a celebrity ever had, frightened of the future and determined not to go back to the past, robbed of a personal life—a boy who can’t hide anywhere.

Has Elvis a right to sing the blues? According to those who know him best—"You bet he has!"

**Coming Attractions**

*continued from page 10*

**Wicked As They Come**

WINNING a trip to Europe via a fixed beauty contest, Arlene Dahl has a peculiar notion of tourism. The only sights she’s interested in are wealthy males. When her Cook’s tour of society photographer Michael Goodliffe ends, and Goodliffe goes to jail because of her, Arlene opens her guide book to Herbert Marshall. Head of an advertising agency, Marshall gets Arlene a job, but that’s about all. Married to his boss’ daughter, Marshall would be fired if he became involved with Arlene. What would she want with a jobless has-been? Hmmm? So, she marries Marshall’s boss. So, what good is money when she’s later accused of murdering her husband. Fortunately for Arlene, there are a few men in London whom she hasn’t gone through. One

*continued on page 67*
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Reviews of new discs by BOB CROSBY

UNDER one album cover bearing the
title “In A Mellotone,” RCA Victor
has assembled a dozen jazz classics performed
by Duke Ellington and his or-
chestra, circa 1940-42. It’s a tribute to the
Duke’s greatness that, after 15 years, his
music shows precious little sign of wear
and tear. A tribute to another jazz
great has been put out on the Coral label.
A “Salute to Tommy Dorsey” by the
Modernaires covers 11 of his most pop-
ular numbers. It’s a fitting and proper
call to the sentimental gentleman . . .
LeRoy Holmes’ M-G-M Records orchestra
tackles the title song from the
film “Anastasia,” and backs it with “Au-
...
Coming Attractions
continued from page 65

is Phil Carey. He comes tearing to the rescue not only with an explanation for the accidental shooting, but produces a tired old newspaper clipping which explains why Arlene has been so naughty around men. (Columbia.)

Mister Cory

TO GET to the Big Time from the slums, Tony Curtis has to go through the swinging doors of a country club kitchen. Working as a busboy with room and board plus tips and poker sessions, he manages to put a little something aside. All of it goes in a poker session with professional gambler Charles Bickford. Also, Curtis loses debutante Martha Hyer when she discovers he’s a busboy. Well, ha-ha, nothing ventured, nothing gained. An Eastman color year or so later, Bickford has hired Curtis as a partner, and a Chicago mobster wants Curtis to front for a plughub gambling casino. Horatio Alger would be positively livid with envy! Of course, Curtis gets everything, including a well-deserved bullet in the shoulder from Martha’s rich but weak fiancé. The cops eventually close down the place just when Curtis gets to know his. On hand with band-aids and sympathy is Kathryn Grant, Martha’s younger sister. Boy, if she ever married Curtis, those family reunions would be hilarious. (Universal-International.)

The Big Land

TEXAS cattleman Alan Ladd doesn’t like what goes on in the cattle buying regions of Missouri. Being a man of action, he decides to build a cattle and wheat town in Kansas. It’s so simple you wonder why someone hadn’t thought of it before. Ladd’s partner, Edmund O’Brien, helps build the town, but in protecting Ladd’s interest, is murdered. That puts the clean-up job right where it should be—smack dab in Ladd’s lean-hipped lap. Virginia Mayo’s plunging necklines help relieve the flat WarnerColor scenery. (Warner Bros.)

Hot Summer Night

NOTHER off-beat crime story that pulls all the stops in order to achieve its jangling effect. Held captive by a bank robber and his henchman, newspaperman Leslie Nielsen gets more than he bargained for story-wise. The hot Arkansas summer night gets hotter and hotter, as the psychopathic gunman takes over. His idea is to hold Nielsen for ransom. The reporter’s wife, Colleen Miller, hasn’t anything, so that leaves the newspaper. More than a saga on good vs. evil, this points out how emptiness in people or places can be filled with corruption. (MGM.)
ents from Arthur Loew, Jr., than she is in her "I don't want to marry anyone" statements. In our day, an accepted present was a prelude to a proposal.

The big success story of the year is Tab Hunter's big record sale for "First Love." It all started when a Dot record executive heard him hum a few bars. Maybe now Warner Bros. will put Tab in a musical, which he has always begged to do. It's a whole new career for Tab.

Dean Martin is furious with ex-partner Jerry Lewis for stating in a magazine that one of the reasons for the break-up was that Dean didn't want to work more than a few weeks a year. "Now that I'm on my own," Dean called to tell me, "I'll do at least two pictures a year, four television shows, and personal appearances in Las Vegas and London. Does that sound like a man who only wants to play golf?" . . . When Elvis Presley was asked to gyrate at the swank Cafe de Paris in London, his manager asked $5,000 a week. After everyone came out of a faint, the answer was No.

Next time Joan Crawford makes a picture in England, she will live in the city. She teeped in the country close by a river the last time (for the "Golden Virgin"—what a title!) and would wake up most mornings unable to see—the mosquitoes just lived off her cheeks and eyelids. . . . Jack Dempsey wanted BRANDO to portray him on the screen. Too bad Marlon was so busy.

No one knows how close Dick Powell and June Allyson were last summer to separating. In fact they were apart—before each realized how much they needed and wanted the other. . . Lucille Ball would like to sit-back and let Desi Arnaz carry the work ball, and that's no pun. And you can bet that when and if the "I Love Lucy" rating declines, Lucille will love to stay home and be a housefrau only, Desi has proved himself a financial whiz with their Desilu company.

Now it's William Holden who wants to sell his home here and headquarters in the East. Bill has the travel bug very badly. And it's easier to go places from New York or Connecticut. . . Montgomery Clift seems to have recovered from whatever ailed him. I think it was a case of working too hard. I hope he takes it easy. Too good an actor to stay away from the screen. . . Jennifer Jones, all excited about her career again, has a physical instructor come to her home for one hour a day.

Richard "Robin Hood" Greene and Pat Medina should have remarried by the time you read this. When last heard from, they were both "thinking it over." They divorced in '52. . . Cruel review for Clark Gable's "A King And Four Queens" in a London paper. It ended with, "What about acting your age, partner? Be someone's young granddad for a change." Ouch, and again ouch. . . And that's all from Hollywood. END

Hollywood Lowdown
continued from page 8
"I'm Married To Three Men!" continued on page 17

and very eager. He had never, actually, realized that he had so many things to give. His verve, his excitement over experiences, his thrills over learning... and also his evaluations of what he had already learned. It was good for Tony to find that he had so much to offer and that it was so appreciative. He had been humble for too long.

"And then, while we were in Paris, I discovered that I was pregnant with Kelly. That did something still more important to Tony. He suddenly became, in the truer meaning of the word than ever before, 'The head of the family.'"

"Up until then I had been the one who attended to most of the details. You know, ordering breakfast, telling the maids about the laundry, taking telephone messages. Suddenly Tony didn't want me to do anything."

"It was he who sent the telegrams to our families and press representatives about our good news. It was Tony who attended to all the details of booking passages and seeing to it that things were packed to go home. I had never felt so pampered in my life. ... Did I love it!

"But, you know, I think Tony loved it still more, that sense of responsibility, the feeling of importance it gave him.

"And perhaps it was about her," she mused, "that he began to think seriously about money. He never had, you know. He had felt inexperienced and inadequate. He had a business manager who would keep him, he was sure, from going bankrupt and he simply didn't want any more than that about money. He loved having charge accounts and buying suits or presents for me or recordings or stuff for his hobbies without ever even looking at the amounts he was spending."

"Now, along with his new sense of responsibility, his participation in what was really a big producing deal, Tony became conscious of money and what it could mean to us."
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Egghead With Oomph
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hearthrob, I don't like romantic roles; I just want to earn a buck. As a matter of fact, I don't even like acting; I consider acting a part-time job."

But then Brynner admits that he has always rated high in insubordination, even when he was a TV director. "I guess I made life miserable for many a man in a gray flannel suit." Yul says now. "Time after time they tried to fire me—I was making more money than most of the executives—but I always managed to bring in results, so they had to put up with me."

Modesty is not one of Mr. Brynner's many virtues, but as a man close to him once said, 'With his success, who needs it?' There is no denying that Yul is an unusually vital man, bursting with energy and curiosity, pugnacious, restless, a breaker of rules, a complete original.

One of his friends, Jean Negulesco, the Hollywood director, maintains that Yul can't do anything without making a profession of it; and it is true that Yul works at his manifold hobbies with furious enthusiasm. He is so skilled an amateur photographer that he could probably earn his living at it; he has made jumps of 85 feet water skiing, as against the world record of 125 feet; he designs and builds modern furniture; plays Scrabble as though he invented the game. He can also issue commands like a top sergeant.

In many ways Yul is what is known in Filmtown as a press agent's dream, largely because of his color-splashed and somewhat mysterious past. Yet Yul himself is not inclined to stand still for any invasion of what he considers his private life. He has been married since 1943 to Virginia Gilmore, a former stage and screen actress. They have a ten-year-old son, Yul, Jr., nicknamed Rocky. Recent reports have it that Yul and his wife have reached an agreement to live mostly apart, but Yul will not discuss this, either.

"How I brush my teeth or what goes on in my family is none of the public's business," Brynner says, "If the public's interested in me, let it buy tickets."

As to whether he sleeps in the bottoms or the tops of his pajamas, fully-clothed or raw, Yul explodes at the very idea.

"Are magazine readers planning to sleep with me?" he asks. "I don't see any reason for revealing anything about my sleep habits, and I don't have to sleep with the press."

Back in 1951 Brynner told a New York magazine writer that he was born in 1915 on Sakhalin, an island off the coast of Japan, the son of a Romany tzigane, or gypsy, mother and a Swiss citizen of Mongolian descent. Today he reports the same biographical facts—except he now claims the year of his birth as 1920. These changes in detail leave his friends skeptical but affectionate. "I've heard a dozen versions of his life story," said one friend, "and they all came from Yul."

At any rate, the current version of the Brynner saga is this:

Brynner's father, Boris, was born in Switzerland, attained Swiss citizenship and studied mining engineering at the University of St. Petersburg. Later the elder Brynner adopted the name of Bryner, a fairly common Swiss one, substituting it for his Mongolian name, Taidje Khan. His mother's name was Maria Blagovidova. Yul maintains that his mother died when he was born, but Yul's own sister, Vera Brynner Raymon, has said that they did not pass away until some years later.

YUL does say that he spent his first eight years in China, where Papa Brynner owned lead and silver mines and an import-export business. Towards the end of his eighth year, Yul's maternal grandmother took him with her to Europe; she died not long after their arrival. Yul is loath to talk about the next five years of his life because, as he claims, "Some people who were supposed to do right by me let me down, and I want to forget about it."

Yul spent part of his early teens in a boarding school outside Paris, but at thirteen he packed up his guitar (his gypsy grandmother had taught him to play it) and ran off to see—and conquer—the world.

One evening in Paris he stationed himself outside a night club in the Montmartre section, struck a chord on his guitar and boldly began to sing some of his grandmother's tzigane ballads. A friendly passerby handed the youngster a 50-franc note ("Probably wanted me to stop playing," Yul says now) and afterwards, a group of gypsies working at the night club, offered him a job.

A bistro near the Cirque d'Hiver—the famed indoor circus—was a gathering place for the gypsies, and it was also a favorite with the Cirque's acrobats. One day some high-flying or aerialists kiddingly asked the 14-year-old Brynner if he had ever done any trapeze flying. Yul brashly retorted that he had indeed. The acrobats invited Yul to try a few trapeze routines with them.

"I pretended to be an old hand, but of course I was bluffing," Yul recalls now. 

"They took me into the troupe, anyway, and gave me some training. That period was probably the happiest time of my whole life."

Yul's career as an aerialist continued for about three years. He and the troupe toured Italy, Switzerland and France, and Yul loved every moment of it. Then one day, while rehearsing his act, he jumped...
into a net that had not been properly braced, and was hurled onto a set of parallel bars, suffering, he says, some 47 fractures on his left side; in the shoulder, arm, fingers and legs. When, weeks later, the casts were taken off, the doctors told him there'd be no more trapeze flying.

But Yul found that he could at least walk when he left the hospital, and he set out to confound the doctors by again leading a very active life. Winters he became a circus clown, to support himself, and summers he took a job as a lifeguard. He learned to play jai-alai so well that he became a pro, even though he hated it.

It was about this time that the theatre attracted Yul. A White Russian couple named Georges and Ludmilla Piteoff had a celebrated repertory company around 1934, featuring the plays of Shaw and Ibsen, as well as Russian and French classics. Now Yul knew what he wanted to be—not merely an actor, but a director as well. He worked with the Piteoffs as an unpaid apprentice, learning not only acting but also how to be a stagehand, scene-painter, carpenter, costume designer, stage manager and property builder. During his spare time in Paris he pursued his studies at the Sorbonne. When war came he volunteered for the French army, but was rejected because of the injury to his shoulder in the circus accident. In 1941, Yul came to the United States and broke into show business with a struggling Shakespearean troupe headed by the late Michael Chekhov. The group played mostly one-night stands and traveled via bus. Yul drove the bus and also slept in it. His salary was $25 a week. He also acted in roles in which he had few lines to speak, for in those days his English was still uncertain.

Today, of course, Brynner's English is flawless, except for a faint accent. (He's become an American citizen.) His command of languages is said to be superb.

Brynner credits Mary Martin for his first break in the New York theatre. Miss Martin had seen him in a show and decided that Yul was just the man she was looking for to play opposite her in a new play, "The Lute Song." She was right; the play was a smash success, in London as well as in New York. Later, after Yul had been working for some time as a television director, Miss Martin again remembered him. She knew that Rodgers and Hammerstein had bought the stage rights to the book "Anna And The King Of Siam," and were going to make a musical of it. Recalling Yul's brilliant performance in "Lute Song," she called on Rodgers and insisted that Brynner would be perfect as the king. He was. Yul today, with "The Ten Commandments," "The King And I" and "Anastasia" behind him, and Paramount's "The Buccaneer" coming up, is definitely a new kind of movie star. His shaven pate, the electricity he discharges with his slightest movement, have made him the newest romantic male sensation. Whatever sex appeal is, this egg-bald panther of a man has it. He grows on you; I know.

Yul sometimes carries over his Siamese King brusqueness into his attitude towards people whom he does not know well, yet he has been able to win the respect and affection of the feminine stars who have worked with him. Deborah Kerr has said, "Yul helped me so much, taught me so much. I'll forever be his slave." Ingrid Bergman admired him and was amused by him. Another Brynner fan is Terry Saunders, the Brooklyn girl who played Lady Thiang, the royal number-one wife in both the stage and screen versions of "The King And I."

"YUL," said Terry, "is not only a great craftsman, but a great human being. There's a 12-year-old Filipino boy in the picture named Patrick Adiarte whose father died in a Japanese concentration camp. He was only six or seven when he joined us in the play, and Yul practically raised him, teaching him acting and grooming him for the crown prince's part. It was at Yul's insistence that Patrick got the part in the picture.

"He has a genius for handling people, getting things out of them they never knew they had. I truly think he could make one of the finest directors the movies ever saw."

That, of course, lies in the future. Right now Hollywood is sure of one thing—that Mr. Yul Brynner, hairless skull and all, probably has more of that old sex appeal than a baker's two dozen of the younger, fully-haired boys. A certain top Flimtown biggie knows this to be true. The studio executive was chatting with a cluster of Hollywood lady stars following the first sneak preview of "The King And I." "This Brynner looks terrible," said the executive. "Women will be crazy about him."

"Will be?" chorused the lovelies around him. "Are, darling; are. How soon can we have his phone number?"
"I’m Married To Three Men"

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I married, after all. These new facets are just additions to the original, however interesting and exciting I find them.

"Then—I am happy again and touched when Tony comes home from the studio and has his ‘special time’ with Kelly. That ‘special time’ means that he takes her in his arms, walks around the house and garden with her, talking to her very earnestly. He says he is ‘explaining life’ to her, telling her about the plants and birds they see, and he insists that she is beginning to understand him very well. Perhaps she is, I wouldn’t know. But this is a lovely thing, this ‘special time’ that Tony spends with his daughter and I want never, never to disturb it."

"Tony’s new role as ‘head of the house’ has taken some other amusing turns.

"We have, as you know, bought a new home (especially for Kelly) and we are in the throes of doing things to it, as people always do to new houses. So, the other day, there were the painters and plasterers and bricklayers for the new addition we are making—and what do I hear? I hear my spouse saying, ‘Well, that’s all right for now, I’m sure. But don’t you think that about two years from now we should . . . . ?’ Don’t you think that will be a sound idea?"

"Two years from now he is talking about—and the present job not half finished! But this is our first home-of-our own and Tony’s ideas about it stretch into a limitless future. This, believe me, is a different man from the one a year or two ago who merely looked, with vague annoyance at the first-of-the-month bills. Here is a man with a plan."

"Now, of course, I think that the actual running of the house is my job and that Tony shouldn’t have to be bothered with any of it. But he is beginning to want to have a hand in it and I think it’s wonderful that this should give him so much pleasure."

"So when the Fuller Brush man came the other day and Tony invited him in and inspected all his wares with great earnestness, I didn’t say a word. But I had to leave the room to keep from giggling when I saw how entranced Tony was with all those lovely, labor-saving devices, most of which he had never seen or even dreamed of before.

"Well, you know how Tony loves gadgets so you won’t be any more surprised than I was when I tell you that he bought scads of the things, practically the whole list. And I didn’t tell him and hope you won’t, either, that we already had duplicates of nearly everything he bought! He was being the ‘man of the house’ and I wouldn’t have spoiled it for anything. Besides, we can always use those things.

"So there are my ‘three husbands’—the fascinating playboy, the enthusiastic hobbyist I married—and the new one who is a combination of artist, businessman and serious head of the house. They make a wonderful trio but I must confess that I keep watching Tony with great interest, wondering what new characteristics will appear! Life is certainly never one bit dull with Tony around!"

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Hollywood Love Life

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gallant! There's no telling, he may even bring hand-kissing back in style.

FAMILY NOTE—Rock Hudson had just convinced his father and mother-in-law that California was the place to live when the weather cooled. The Gates, here on a 10-day vacation from their home in Montevideo, Minnesota, were slated to join Rock on his San Diego location for "Pylon." "We had to call it off," Hudson winced, "when a heavy 'fog' washed away the sets.

SINGING BACHELORS—The talented scouts are beating the Holly-woods for young singing talent. They want to appeal particularly to the teenagers, so they're raiding the bachelor ranks. Among those cutting disks are Bob Wagner, Tab Hunter and Hugh "Wytch Earl" O'Brien.

ATTENTION, GIRLS! — Seventeen year old Pat Wayne, John's son, doesn't have a steady date. He's been too busy keeping up his A average at Loyola High School to develop a crush on any member of the opposite sex. But, come June, Pat will graduate. Besides socializing, he'll spend the summer starring in C. V. Whitney's "The Valiant Virginians." This role is part of his $10,000 a year film deal. He draws $200 a week when not working, $400 when before the cameras, which leaves him plenty of soda-spending money.

SO HAPPY—Marisa Pavan and Jean Pierre Aumont have decided that the June heir-rival will be born in the U. S. They return from Paris in April, so the baby will be a Hollywood native. Marisa, once a confirmed career girl, is now one of the happiest mothers-to-be, and both she and Jean hope it's a boy.

NO CHANGE—Jane Russell, who went platinum from her tresses to her fingernails for her role in "The Fuzzy Pink Nightingown," wanted to stay that way in private life, but her ever-lovin' Bob Waterfield put his foot down.

What's In A Name?

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cipally because it contains a quite meaty answer. It also poises us on the threshold of our introduction to Miss Shaw, as tasty a dish as Australia has sent us since Merle Oberon and the Davis Cup team of Rosewall and Hoad.

Miss Shaw didn't happen to come to America. She came on purpose, and right to Hollywood, with some idea of getting into pictures. She'd been a famed model in Australia, where models are very famed indeed. She was known as The Face, she'd had some limited picture experience, she had shot kangaroos in the backcountry, she had spent a childhood mugging before mirrors after seeing movies, and she knew what she wanted.

Enters now the name and person of Bob Hope, who was planning to do a few shows Down Under and wanted a fashion parade for one of the numbers. Victoria, naturally enough, was among those chosen. She didn't get especially close to Hope, or nowhere near as chummy as friends with daggars later were to sniff, but she did get to do a favor for Mack Millar, Hope's personal publicist. She helped him with his gift-shopping. So Millar said, as everyone in Hollywood always says when they're off base, don't forget to look me up if you're ever there. And Victoria said she sure would.

These things usually die a-borning, but not where girls named Victoria Shaw are concerned. In possession of a small bundle of loot, she by-and-by just upped and flew to Hollywood, giving herself a limited number of weeks to shake the town to pieces. Then all of a sudden, it didn't look so easy. Climbing down from the plane at the Los Angeles International Airport, she noted that most of the gentlemen wore denims and T-shirts and most of the ladies neither gloves nor stockings. Victoria, who to this day would not be caught on her way out of a burning building without gloves or stockings, shuddered and started up the ramp again. All seemed a trifle barbaric. But she steeled herself and climbed back down and taxi'd to a downtown hotel. Here she holed in like a gopher for two days, unable to go so far as the street. Then she decided this was ridiculous and phoned Mr. Millar. Well now, Mr. Millar is not only an amiable sort but one with an elephantine memory and an eye for beauty. He said he certainly remembered her and hoped she was as hungry as he was because how about lunch? From lunch, he took her to see Louis Schurr. Hope's agent, who took a look at her and screamed, "Chiquita!" Ah, yes, he did, that's just what he screamed.

Miss Shaw, who'd heard all about Hollywood agents, screamed back, "Victoria!" and prepared to leap out the window before she'd surrender even a handshake. Cinderella, however, was a bush-leaguer beside Miss Shaw. Schurr was speaking only of the role of Duchin's (Tyrone Power) second wife in the picture, and what he meant was that he thought Victoria was what Columbia had been looking for all along. Right, too. In jigger-time, that marvelous convenience of narrative journalism, he had Miss Shaw in the Columbia executive suite, and in semi-jigger-time anyway, she was slouching around Louisville, Ky., signing her name and beaming at the press.

To call the roll once more and once more only, Jeanette Ann Lavina Mary Elizabeth Elphick is the third of four children of Captain and Mrs. (Mineta) Francis W. Elphick, of Sydney. That "Captain" is an army rank. Victoria grew up on army posts, which is where she learned to bushwhack kangaroos (don't get too close, they'll clobber you); moused around in office work for a while, then became a model.

Lambs weren't having their tails that season, but if they had been, Victoria would have been a public figure before one could even revv his motor. She was Australian Artists' Model of the Year in 1951, Photographers' choice in 1952, and a film leading lady in 1953. Nothing to it, as you can see. Then along came Hope.

There have been several peculiar versions of this little distraction, but none with as much warmth as that attributed by Victoria to her obviously wonderful mother. Mrs. Elphick had been advised by a conceivably malicious neighbor that Victoria's American success was due as much to Hope's influence as it was to talent. She let it pass.

But in time, Mrs. Elphick received from her daughter a letter written while on tour—from an Eastern United States hotel whose conceit it was to allot to its Presidential Suite its own letterhead stationery. In short, Victoria was writing from the presidential suite of Hotel So-and-So.

"I wish," Mrs. Elphick wrote back to her, "Mrs. Nosey would call me up again. Now I could tell her about political influence that is political influence!"

Now aren't you glad you've met Miss Shaw? You'll do so again, all right, all right. You can count on it.
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